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Split second test track swerve proves precise low-profile handling of Bridgestone RD-207 Steel with patented Superfiller.

Amazing Bridgestone material delivers low profile performance on standard-size wheels.

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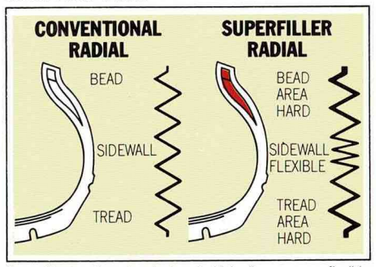
Bridgestone's newly patented Superfiller tyre material has created the Bridgestone RD-207 Steel. A remarkable radial that puts more effective tread area on the road than conventional steel radials.
It's not just a better tyre. It's an advance in steel radial technology.

The Ideal Radial Theory.

Most experts agree on what the ideal radial should be.
It should have a hard bead to help control the tread.
It should have a flexible sidewall to absorb forces which would otherwise distort the tread.



Superfiller creates a harder bead which allows a more flexible sidewall for more effective road contact.

It should have a hard tread to sit firmly and evenly on the road.
The discovery of Superfiller has made this hard-soft-hard theory practical.

Patented Superfiller.

Superfiller is a revolutionary, super hard tyre material as firm as many plastics. Its patent marks it as a milestone in tyre development.
In the RD-207 Steel, Superfiller creates an incredibly rigid bead which improves the radial's shape and efficiency.
The result is increased tread control, exceptional handling and greater grip.

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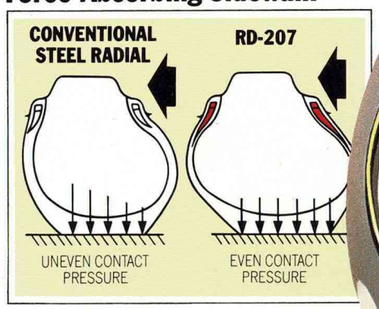
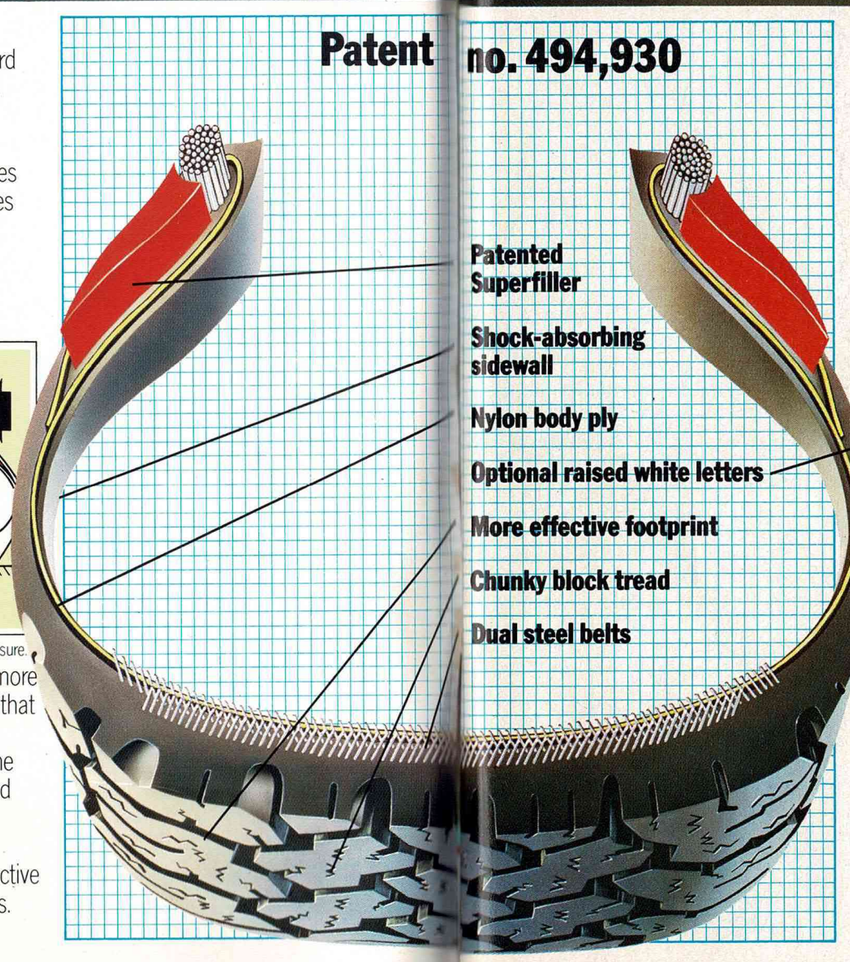


A more flexible sidewall means more even contact pressure.

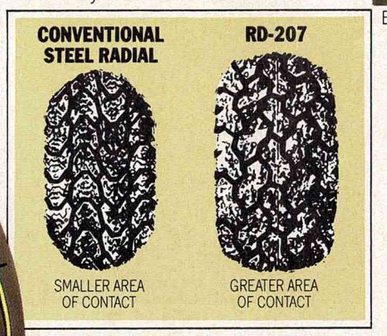
Because the bead of the RD-207 is more rigid, its sidewall is more flexible than that of a conventional radial.
This means it more readily absorbs the forces which normally distort the tread and lift it from the road, especially in heavy cornering.
It allows the tread to give a more effective traction area than conventional radials.



Just as importantly for those who drive performance cars with firm suspension, the flexible sidewall delivers a smoother ride. In fact on all cars, the RD-207 Steel acts like a second set of shock-absorbers to isolate you from vibration.

Block tread floods water away.

grooves that pumps water from areas of grip. The placement of the grooves is finely set to noticeably reduce road noise. Rolling resistance is also decreased with a resulting increase in fuel efficiency.



Hard Sticking Wet Grip.

The tread of the Bridgestone RD-207 is an advance in itself.
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The result is a block tread with thirsty rain

Black Sidewall or Raised White Lettering.

If you want low profile performance without having to change your wheels, see your nearest Bridgestone dealer.* He has a range of RD-207 Steel radials in sizes to fit most popular cars, in black sidewall or with raised white lettering.
If you don't know the location of your nearest dealer call your Bridgestone distributor on one of the numbers listed below.

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So Advanced, it's Patented.

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***RD-207 fits standard-size wheels as fitted to most popular cars. Sizes for some cars may not be available.**

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085.P.774

PLAYBILL

TWO MONTHS ago we gave you wondrous Karen West, the stunner from Melbourne who is the 1980-81 Australian PLAYBOY Playmate of the Year. This month, we introduce another great beauty, Terri Welles, delectably Californian, US PLAYBOY magazine's Playmate of the Year. Now we don't want to go into comparisons — the strain of trying to make up the old mind is too great — so let's just say how great it is to be able to present the gorgeous Terri hard on the heels of the sensational Karen.

Just how many Colonel Castarse jokes does **Phillip Adams** know? Well, he's given us this piece which is full of them, more dirty Colonel Castarse jokes than you could poke a stick at, or tell in the pub between six and midnight, or whatever. Adams heard the stories from a guy called John Gurney (Gurney's old man was Alec Gurney, the creator of Bluey and Curly, so maybe it's not really that surprising!) At any rate — Adams and Gurney and Castarse . . . oh boy!

Over the years, Morris West, perhaps Australia's most successful popular author, has produced books which have somehow anticipated public preoccupations, attitudes, moods. There was *The Devil's Advocate,* a book which touched the crisis of conscience about to emerge in the Catholic Church. And, of course, *The Shoes of the Fisherman,* the story of a pope from behind the Iron Curtain. Now West is about to publish *The Clowns of God,* the book he believes is his best. In a fascinating interview with PLAYBOY's **Paul Dougherty,** West explains that he was inspired to write this book by the rise of religous cults and the attendant decline of established religion and faith. In a sense, the book points to the end of the world, gulp, at least as we know it. It's an intriguing exercise, and an intriguing interview to read.

This month's centrefold features fabulous Julie King, 19 sweet years old, from Sydney. Julie, we thought you'd like to know, wakes up in the morning by diving topless into the surf — "it's a much better wake-up tonic than a juice or coffee" — and she prefers older men to younger, surfie types. She's got a great imagination, too. "Another thing I'll do when I'm rich and famous is have a loungeroom carpet made of mink. Then I can roll about on it with my lover in front of an open fire." Ah well, bad luck surfies. **Colin Stead** took the fabulous shots.

Just how many safe things can kill you? Well, according to writer **Lee Patterson,** the medicos of the world have identified so many allegedly innocuous ways of dying that he simply settled on the number 113 out of pique. Since Patterson delivered his copy, more dangerous things have emerged. Here's one that he doesn't list — did you know that potatoes and tomatoes give you rheumatoid arthritis? Okay, so it's not deadly, but it's bad enough. Now, read the piece and remember that laughter never killed anyone . . . at least not yet. The fine artist **Royce McClure** did the illustration.

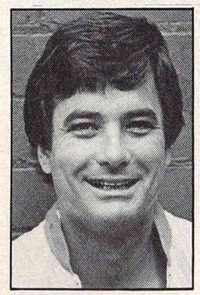
There are other marvellous features in this June edition. Novelist and writer **Peter Corris** gives us the short story Heroin Annie, a stunning thriller. **Richard Beckett,** sage and *bon vivant,* presently getting his act together in the bush, delivers a serious-amusing warning to drop-outs.

And **Michael Daley** takes us on an exciting adventure into stars known as supernovae. It's a mind-boggling piece which bridges the chasm of mythology that lies between archaeology and modern astronomy.

Then we've got an extensive and exciting feature on skiing, which includes fashion by **Kate Stead,** an exploration of the local scene by **Denby Browning,** and overseas skiing by **Rob Luck.** Slalom!

DOUGHERTY

ADAMS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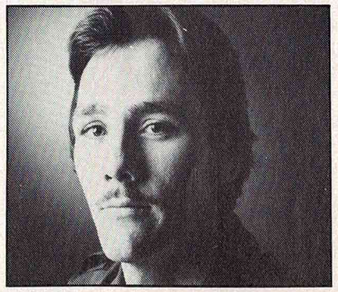
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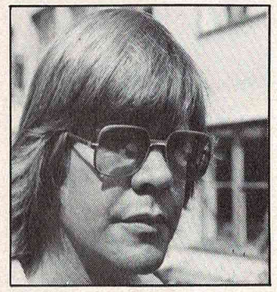
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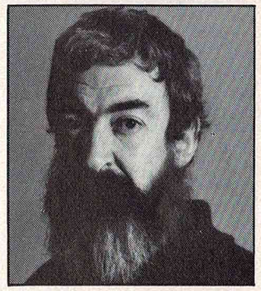
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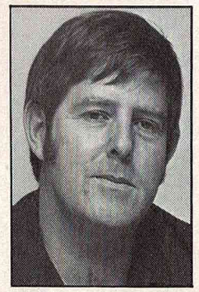
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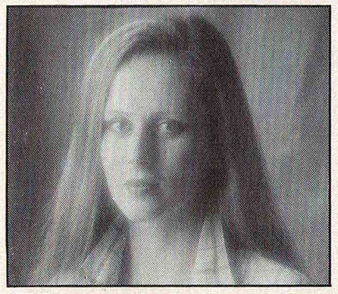
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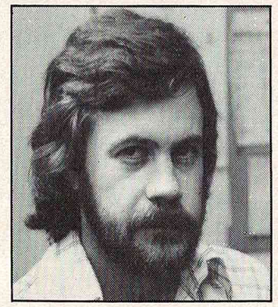
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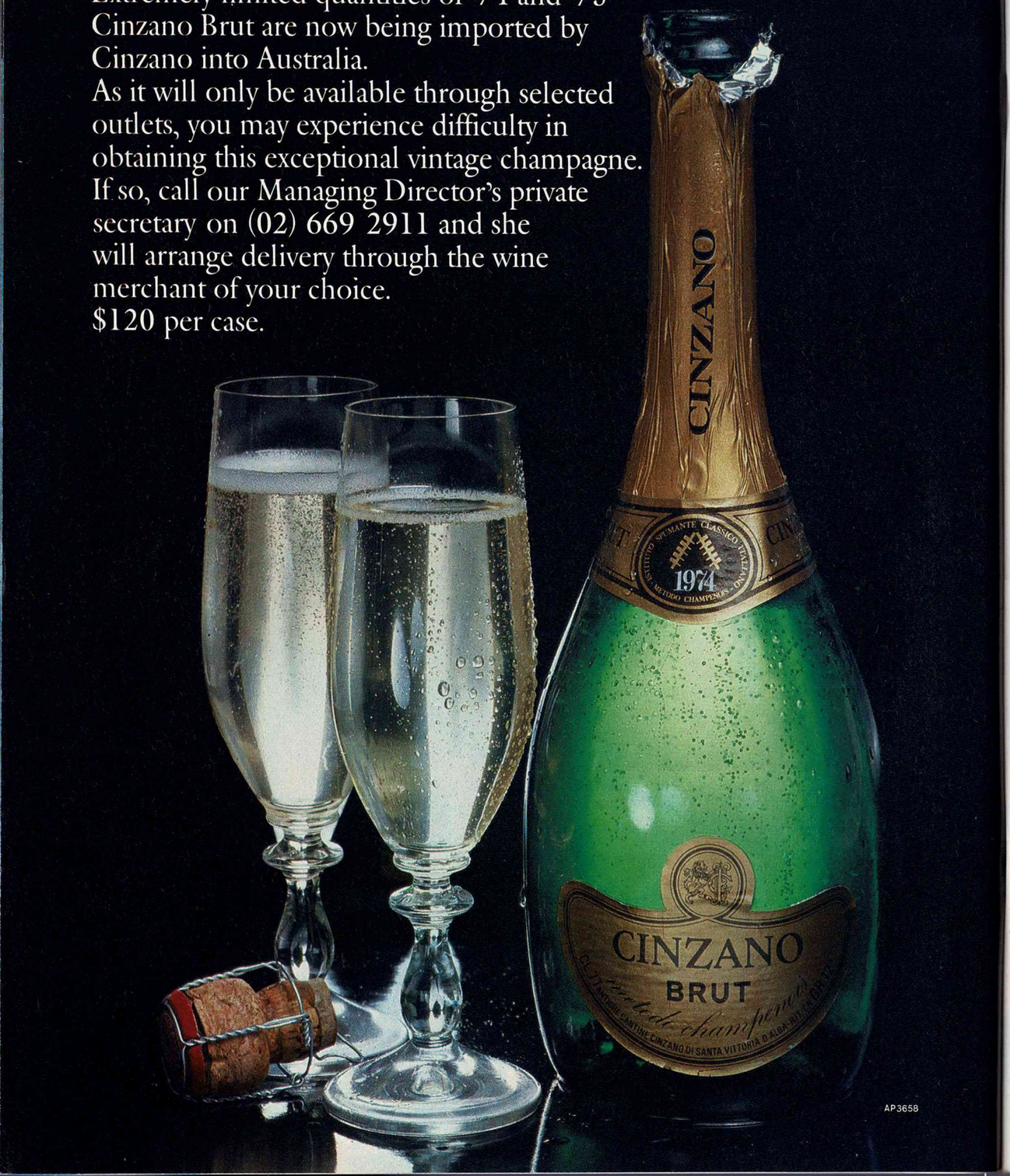

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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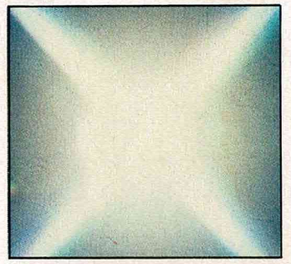

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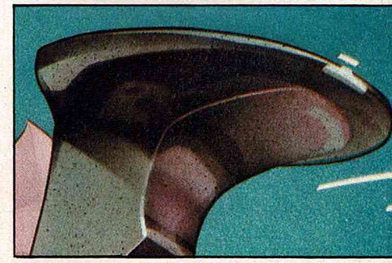

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

SYDNEY'S START

In his article on First Fleet debauchery (PLAYBOY, April), Ronald Rose says that Phillip was disturbed by the overt licentiousness between male and female convicts upon the Fleet's landing, the sentinels being ordered to fire on anyone entering the female camp. I have read elsewhere that Capt Phillip turned a blind eye to the orgy which took place, letting it go on for a full two days before the camps were properly established. Wrote Watkin Tench, Captain of Marines on *Charlotte:* "What was to be attempted? To prevent their intercourse was impossible, and palliating its evils only remained. So, marriage was therefore recommended . . ."

F.W.
Sydney, NSW

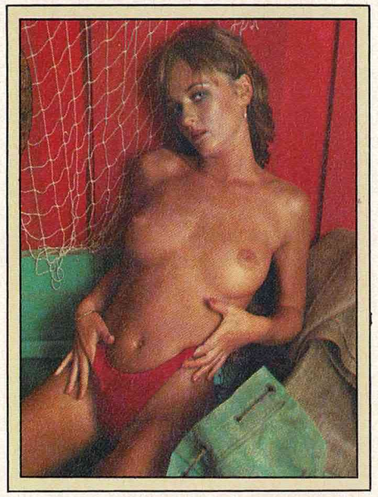
PS: If the First Fleet reenactment does take place along the lines suggested tongue-in-cheek by Rose, I myself would be more than prepared to re-enact the role of a randy young male convict, completely gratis.

HOWZAT

Coming so close on the heels of the Chappell brothers' underarm stymie of the New Zealand cricketers, the PLAYBOY profile by Paul Dougherty of Neal Travis (April) leaves me wondering what you Aussies have got against us Kiwis. I don't know who came first, the headline writer or else the author, but one or the other seems to have decided that Travis is nothing more than a combination of all that is bad and successful in contemporary literature in the United States.

Travis is what he is — a Dunedin-grown boy who saw his chance and hitched a ride on the Dirty Digger to cut himself a slice of the Big Apple. As Dunedin authors go, Travis might not be in the genre of Janet Frame, but it is nice for a town to be noticed for things other than sliding hills and phased-out cable cars.

To hell with the PLAYBOY sobriquet "ex-Sydney journo". Travis is a hometown boy and we are proud that he is growing filthy rich, even if he happens to be making and spending his money on the other side of the world. I wonder just what it was that made PLAYBOY publish it — Australian jealousy of the Kiwis perhaps?



P. J. S. Sinclair
Auckland, NZ

BORICH POWER

I would like to take issue with Neil Jameson over his review of Kevin Borich's latest album, *Angels Hand,* which I regard as the artist's best to date. I found the critique inaccurate, indeed totally misleading.

Jameson would be well advised to re-explore the roots of Borich's music. Borich stands as Australia's best guitarist, a position he has attained through hard work and his unique style. Borich has remained true to his original brand of rock blues and it is about time reviewers wised up to the fact that a talent like Borich happens only once in an age. In terms of sheer power and technical brilliance, he is up there with the best. One final point that I'd like to make here: your reviewer's comparisons with Deep Purple should be summed up in only one way: bullshit, Neil Jameson.

G.R.
Newcastle, NSW

BELLE MICHELLE

I have been reading your fabulous magazine for some time and I'd like to say how great it is. Your articles are great, your interviews are great — not to mention your very beautiful girls.

My own special thanks for the Michelle Randell centrefold in the May issue. She is a dreamboat.

My thanks also for the pictorial on Michelle (PLAYBOY, January). Great!

I am an avid reader of detective stories and so I thoroughly enjoyed The Fratricide Caper (PLAYBOY, November). More of this kind of story will put the seal on a fabulous magazine.

G. McA.
Ipswich, Qld.

SECOND'S BEST

When I heard Karen West had edged out Jane Priest and my own favorite, Lesley Clark, as Playmate of the Year, my first impulse was to cancel my regular copy of PLAYBOY from the local newsagent. But my resolve weakened, and, boy, am I thankful it did.

Judging solely by Karen's celebratory portfolio (April), the lady is growing more beautiful as time goes by. Colin Stead's interpretation of Karen certainly does uncover a rare and sensuous beauty that another of your stable photographers missed first time round. April's shots of Karen on Sydney Harbor were fantastic.

My condolences to Misses Priest and Clark, but Karen is a truly worthy "Queen of the Playmates".

Simon Neal
Edgecliff, NSW

ANNIK'S A TREAT

I want to congratulate you on the high standards reached in your magazine. The photos of Dutch Treat, Annik van Rie, and the 1981 Playmate Of the Year, Karen West, are both just "fantasisingly" fantastic — I hope you can *treat* us to some more of Annik and possibly Karen West, too. Starting from now, I will buy only your magazine!

The article you did on John Lennon was also fantastic. I have another suggestion — could you do an interview with Paul McCartney, George Harrison, and Ringo Starr either separately or together?

Once again congratulations to you for your excellent magazine!

B. Oliver
Casino, NSW

DELECTABLE DEBORAH

Deborah Gray is the best excuse I can think of for being wrecked on a desert island — as long as she was washed ashore on the same piece of jetsam as me. I was simply knocked out by the sensational color spread of Deborah (PLAYBOY, March). She is without doubt the most delicious and best-looking Australian bird I have ever seen.

I think there should be more Australian birds in your magazine. As far as sex appeal and glamor go, there was no comparison between Deborah and the American centrefold you ran in the same issue — and she wasn't bad either.

I was also knocked out by the funny piece about how to handle the media and to get on the box by Lee Patterson in March. There is no way I would be game enough to use the outrageous lines suggested by Patterson if someone pointed a TV camera at

You're not the only one

who will enjoy the fragrance of Mac Baren pipe tobacco.

Mac Baren pipe tobaccos

The sweet smell of success

me, but it was an hilarious rave for all that. Let's have some more of this kind of humor, and, of course, some more of Miss Deborah Gray.

Gavin Dufty
Coogee, NSW

RECORD MADE TO BE BROKEN

In answer to Ms J. McC's query (PLAYBOY, March) on whether Jimmy Barnes of Cold Chisel has set some sort of record by enjoying the favors of 1000 girls during his rock career . . .

According to the *Book of Lists,* the author of *My Life and Loves,* Frank Harris, claimed often to have had 2000 lovers, whose names he kept in a card index. However, the track record of an 18th century infamous French actress known as M'selle Dubois makes Harris look like a near-virginal amateur. She was said to have made a catalogue of her lovers over a 20 year period, the final tally being 16,527 individuals, or three per day, every day.

Bon appetit!

A. Lumby
Sydney, NSW

PUBLIC RELATIONS PARTY

I was very intrigued with the participants in John Hindle's Public Relations (PLAYBOY, April). The chap in the cellophane wrapping costume might have won my award for the best (un)dressed, but then I couldn't help but wonder that "sealing in the goodness" is hardly the appropriate sentiment for an orgy.

K. H.
Hawthorn, Victoria

PROFOUND INSIGHTS

Congratulations on devoting so much space to David Sheff's Lennon-Ono interview (PLAYBOY, January). It was magnificent. Their profound insights into rock, art, politics and society I found extremely interesting, thought-provoking and valuable.

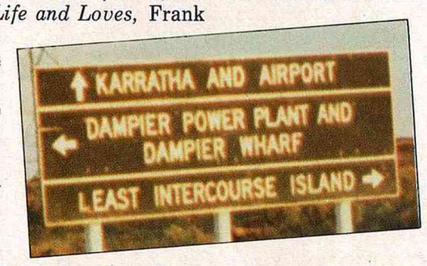
The whole issue proved to be a great surprise, and, if January's high quality is representative of all your magazines, you have won yourself another female reader and supporter. Almost all features were interesting and amusing. I thought Vote 1 Who Cares and Gimme Shelter were particularly good. The graphic work in the mag was also terrific.

I had expected my feminist principles to clash with the PLAYBOY approach but the expectation was dispelled — not a trace of dirty-mac-perv. The Jane Priest feature, in particular, made a heck of a break from the lacklustre zombies turned into just soft "porn" in the bulk of women's magazines that are on sale today. So congratulations and keep up the good work.

P.H.
Bellerive, Tas

OFF LIMITS

After seeing the photograph sentencing Sydney Airport parking offenders to multiple orgasms, in your March issue, I reckon this sign might be a turnoff to visitors to the far northwest of Western Australia.



Craig Sisson
Broom, WA

LENNON'S TALK

Your long interview with John Lennon (PLAYBOY, January) was one of your best yet. It exposed the full range of emotions which went to make up the famed singer-songwriter. On the one hand I found some of Lennon and Yoko Ono's replies to David Sheff's questions humorous, concise, relevant, honest and revealing. Yet, on the other, I found other replies boring, long-winded, guarded and spiteful.

Overall, however, and in the light of Lennon's tragic murder, the interview reinforced my feeling that the world has lost not only a talented recording artist, but a compassionate human being as well.

M.S.B.
Woody Point, Qld

NOT 'MR NICE GUY'?

John Singleton's article on his allegedly-brilliant career was a self-gratuitous piece of doubtful prose making little sense, the only clear theme being the attempted self-portrayal by Singleton as "Mr Nice Guy". Did the numbers of Singleton fans warrant the extensive piece?

However, the Karen West Playmate of the Year pictorial was magnificent, as was the Dutch treat, Annik van Rie; also the superb Lennon songbook.

If you hadn't maintained your usual high standard in the remainder of the April issue, I wouldn't be buying your May number.

T.N.
Darling Point, NSW

PLAYBOY welcomes all correspondence. However, we can only publish letters which contain the full name and address of the writer, plus a phone number where possible.

A playboy's guide to cigars.
Any self respecting playboy must know enough to choose a cigar that enhances his image. (The image of a man who knows.)
A man who doesn't choose an oversized cigar, but one that gives ample choice of size and shape. Half Coronas. Panatellas. Scooters. Café Crème.
A cigar with a smooth, mild flavour. A cigar with a name respected the world over. Henri Wintermans does all of these things. Admirably.
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Feels like it'll last forever

014.P.237

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

NUDISMATIC

US rock 'n' roll band members Raine Boe, Pixie Winker, the Rwinnies and Cynde might be hiding their real names from their fans, but they are hiding precious little else. True to their gig name, the Newds, they are the final incarnation — an all nude, all female rock 'n' roll band. "Sex is what rock is all about," says Raine Boe, "so why not be up front about it all? Besides, every band needs a gimmick."

As the man might have said, theirs is one hell of a gimmick. All the girls have a background in exotic dancing and have worked as nude or semi-nude dancers. "It just seemed a natural progression to get together and add instruments to our act," say Raine Boe. "We're more than a rock band. We are total performers — the stuff that dreams are made of."

Sweet, sweet dreams.

BEDSIDE MANNERS

Dashing young Perth executive, newly married, had to leave his longing bride for a two-week business trip to Hong Kong. After 10 days, he suspected that he had the symptoms of something rather nasty that he would not like to take home. Panic. He telephoned his friendly doctor in Perth and explained the crisis. "I'll be home in a couple of days and my wife will be really keen. I'll have to perform like a good young husband. For God's sake, help me."

"Be calm, above all be calm. Come home. Meet her at the airport. Greet her warmly, even passionately. If it is what you think, she can't possibly contract it in any way other than intercourse with you.

"Go home. Have dinner. Lots of wine. Drag out the evening. Give her lots of drink. Shower, prepare for bed. Then, just as you are about to climb into bed, clutch at your stomach, groan horribly and tell her to call me urgently."

He followed the doctor's orders. Came home. Warm embrace. Prolonged romantic dinner, showered, fell to the bedroom floor groaning for the doctor. His wife rushed to call him.

The doctor arrived, soothed the distraught wife, carefully examined the patient, stood back, folding up his stethoscope and said loudly to the worried couple, "It's really quite simple. You have got VD."

The doctor and the patient's ex-wife are now living together.

NAKED WITNESS

A 32-year-old woman accused of taking off her clothes and yelling "Praise you all" during a California church service, arrived in court to answer a charge of indecent exposure and promptly gave a repeat performance. As the deputy district attorney and chief witness to her courtroom performance reported: "I saw this woman, sans raiment, pushing her way through the crowd and entering the area between the spectators and the counsel table. Cheers and applause followed her." After two marshals persuaded the lady to put on her clothes, she pleaded guilty to the original charge, and received two years probation, being ordered to hospital for a medical examination.

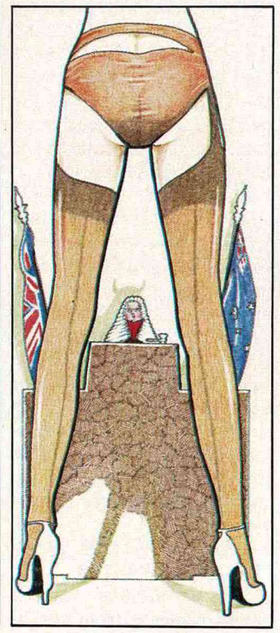
LOVE BITES

The biting habits of Sam, a leopard at the Singapore Zoo, were so intense that he killed one mate and disfigured another. The zoo officials then decided this could not go on, and called in a dentist to "de-fang" him.

Now, with Sam's four sharpest teeth filed blunt, life and love are again safe for Rani, the zoo's latest female leopard.

NEVER TOO OLD

A newspaper in Long Beach, California, recently received the following letter to the editor: "Concerning your article 'Sex after Fifty can be Nifty — If you just Practise', could you please tell me where the practise sessions are being held now? — signed A.S; aged 82."



KLAUS COPS OUT

It doesn't always pay to advertise your endowments: a housewife in West Germany, bored with her husband, placed an advertisement in the local newspaper which began: "Sex kitten seeks sharp cat" and asked for candid photographs. Replies soon rolled into her box number, but one of these photographs really caused a shock — her husband Klaus, stark naked, offering to help out the bored housewife. Initiating divorce proceedings, the woman admitted that her glimpse of the photo was the *first* time she had seen Klaus naked. "At home," she said, "he was always the prude who would make love only in the dark."

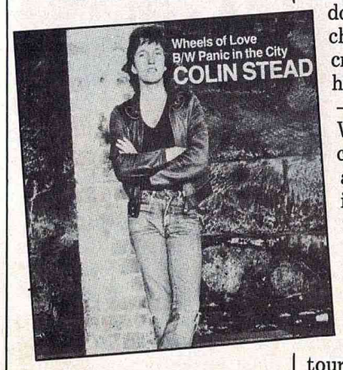
LOVE-THAIED

News from the courts might have given Australians a jaundiced view of holidaying in Thailand, but, providing you can keep your nose clean, the land of the orchid offers some very sweet delights. And strangers in a strange land could do a lot worse than make a stopover at the Chamchuri Papiyong Villa at popular Pattaya Beach.

The villa's very thoughtful proprietors have put together an informative little number guiding the tourist to the local beaches, restaurants, gifts shops and tropical gardens. The directory also contains a handy section entitled Thai After Dark. Among other things, the section includes a crash

course in conversational Thai. In the cause of international relations, we offer some essential phrases:

Your lips are beautiful:
Pak khun suai.
Your eyes are beautiful:
Ta khun suai.
Your legs are beautiful:
Kha khun suai.
Like a drink?:
Chop derm mai!



Do you have a boyfriend?:
Khun mee fan mai?
Don't go with him:
Ya pai kab khao.
Tonight you go with me:
Kern nee khun pai kab phom.
Like to sleep with me?:
Chop morn kab phom mai?
How much? (prostitution is on the right side of the law in Thailand):
Tourai?
I'll come again:
Phom cha me eek.

STEAD'S SOUND

Colin Stead's current dilemma is just what to put on his business cards.

The multi-talented staff photographer for PLAYBOY spends most of his time shooting lovely ladies like Playmate Julie King.

But in his few leisure hours, he tinkers around with a bit of songwriting and recording.

He recently furnished proof of the product in the form of his first single released on the Result label.

The A-side is called Wheels of Love and it's backed by Panic In The City. Both songs are up-tempo rockers penned by Colin and supported by the dynamic guitar of best buddy, Chris Turner. Col and Chris rocked round together a few years ago in a lively Sydney band that was known by the name of Buffalo.

That was before Colin caught the shutter bug and Chris moved on to other bands, including Rose Tattoo and, lately, in a band bearing his own name. TV rockers might have caught a glimpse of Colin's act on an exotic little bit of film now doing the rounds of the channels. The PLAYBOY critics — and they are hard to please says Colin — have already given the Wheels of Love their collective thumbs up and are now all waiting impatiently for the follow-up song.

MELTING THE ICE

So much for the famous Nordic reserve . . . on a barn-storming tour across Scandinavia by the leading Australian singer Jon English, there were near riot scenes on the odd occasions Jon was game enough to appear in public. Rave concert reviews expressed some amazement that the mild mannered star of *Against The Wind* could just about scorch the paint off the ceiling with the power of his rock act. Of course, Oz fans have known English as a singer first and as an actor second, but the revelation was a great source of wonder among the Scandinavians. At a concert in Stockholm, the police had to be called to clear away female fans from the stage door so that the besieged English entourage could make its escape to the hotel, with a police escort.

In Finland, 2000 people shoehorned themselves into an Helsinki record store in the hope of getting an autograph during his only public appearance in that country.

The tour coincided with *Against The Wind* album sales figures of 120,000 for Scandinavia and a leap up the charts by English's *History* album, which made it the fastest-selling LP by coming in at number 10 first week in.

HELP WANTED

The situations wanted advertisements from out of a recent issue of a St Louis newspaper should make it happy reading for some women: "Ladies, is your husband too busy to take care of those little things? Always gone just when you need him? Make all of those drab days bright. Call Bill and let him fill those holes and cracks that your husband hasn't got time for . . . pay only what you feel that it's worth."

THIRD TIME LUCKY

From King County in California comes word that two young women were both charged with indecent exposure following a raid on the topless club where they worked. The evidence was gathered by five young investigators — who had sat through three shows!

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

In the belief that he was buying himself a passport to heaven, a man sliced off his penis with a razor . . . but doctors at Tampa General Hospital, Florida, were more down to earth about the loss of his manhood. They surgically re-attached it again, and there's every hope the operation will be a success. Ah well . . . heaven can wait.

PLAYBOY has finally hit the circuits. Motorscribe Rob Luck prepared a Triumph TR7 to contest the 1981 Barclays Pro-Am series, conducted over five rounds at Amaroo Park.

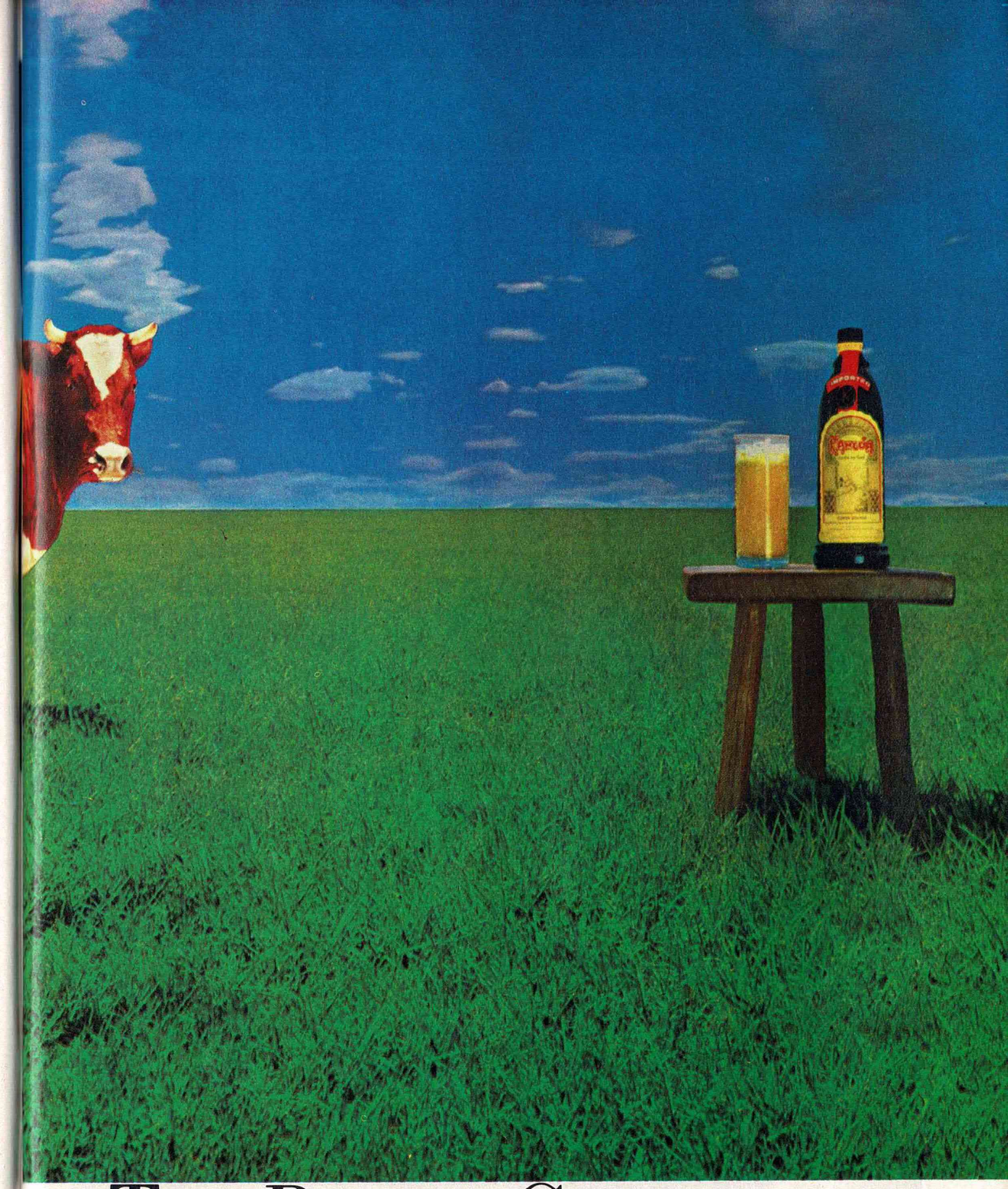
The program was put together just a week before the start of the series. Despite this short notice, the PLAYBOY car fronted the grid in its immaculate black and white livery — courtesy of an all-through-the-night duco and sign-writing exercise by Doug (Picasso) Neeson of Woollahra Bodyworks and Alan Fender (Bender), the sign writer extraordinaire, two of the masters of the business. It must have worked — the PLAYBOY car was voted "Best Prepared Car" by the commentators.

It also performed well with its stock suspension and standard engine, lapping the circuit just one-second outside race winner Jim Richards' best time — despite a broken axle housing (damaged at the start)!

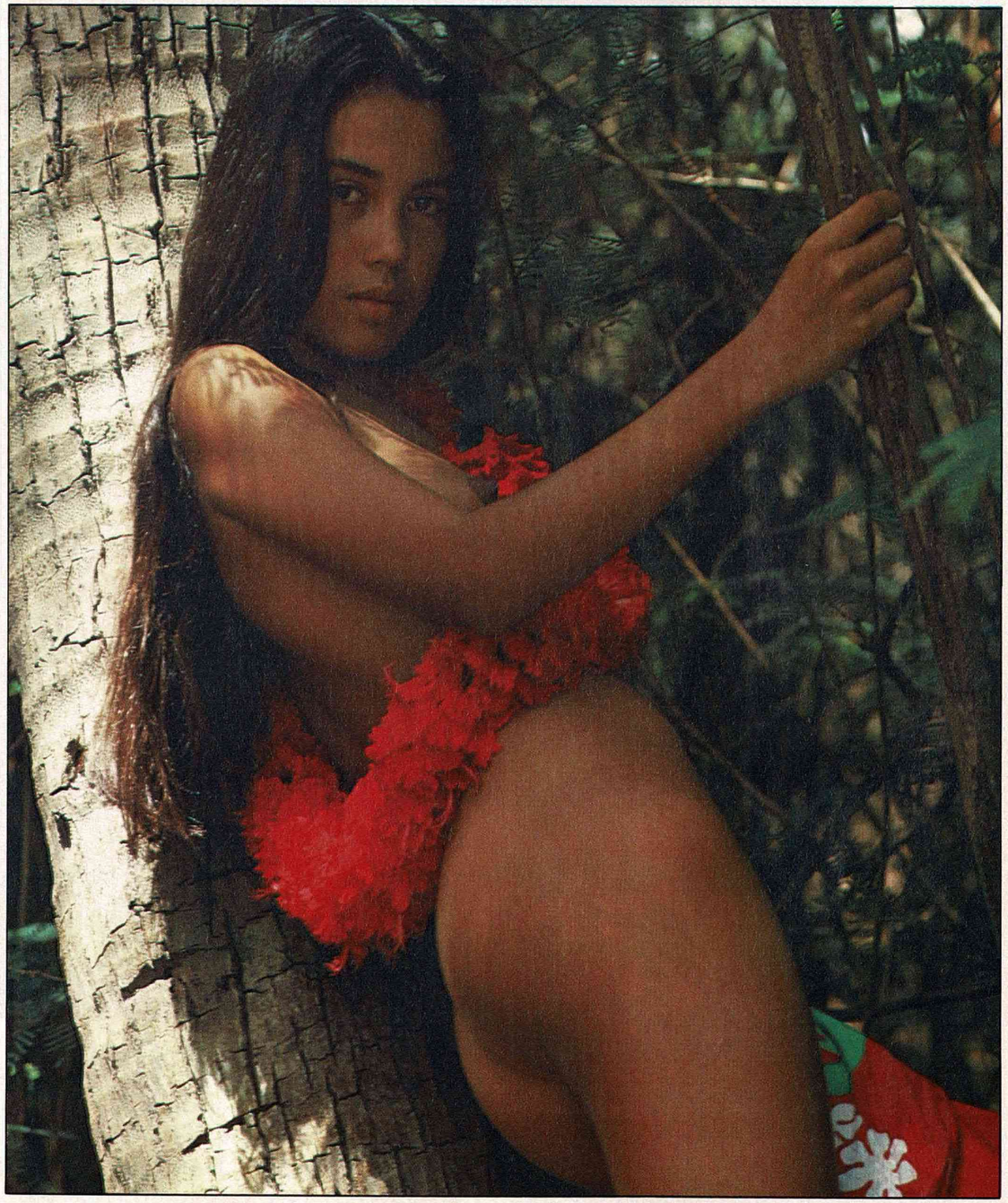
Conceived by Leyland Australia and run by the Australian Racing Drivers' Club at televised Amaroo meetings, the series is supported by Goodyear who supply their excellent high-performance radial steel tyres (including the new NCT) and Barclays.

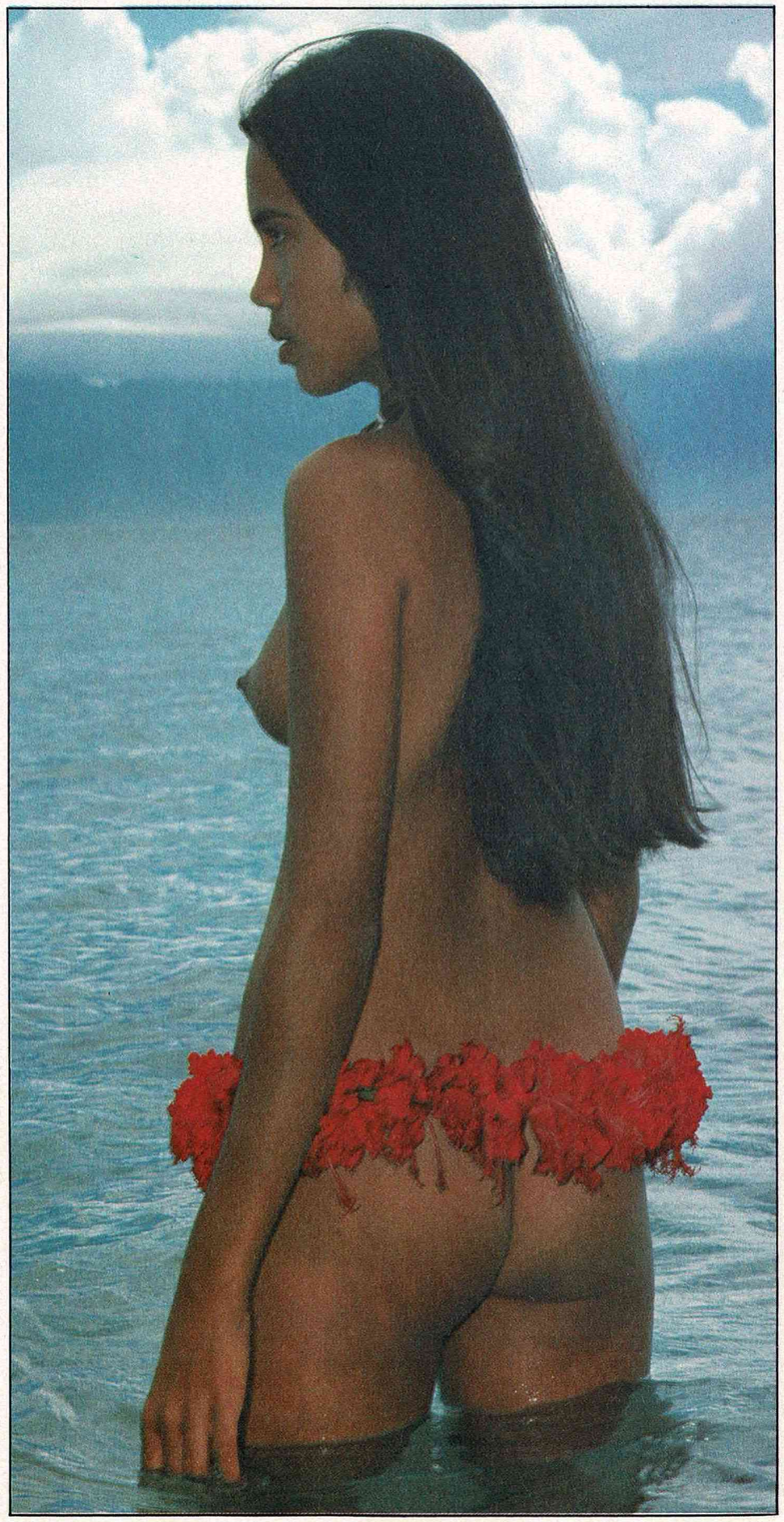
The PLAYBOY entry is assisted by Valvoline (premium oils and brake fluid), Charisma (Compomotive road wheels), Rymec (tuning and parts) and others.

Team manager is ex-sports car champion Ross Bond, and mechanics are Ken Webb and Mick Farr, who crewed for Ross. Watch for coverage of the development of the car (full story next month) and its progress (there will almost certainly be another series next year) or better still go to the race meetings.


TWO BROWN COWS PLEASE.
THE BROWN COW ON THE LEFT IS NOT A REAL BROWN COW. A REAL BROWN COW IS MADE WITH ONE PART OF KAHLUA MIXED WITH TWO PARTS OF COLD MILK AND SERVED ON THE ROCKS. THE KAHLUA BROWN COW. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES. KAHLÚA
GREY 1413
AB120/80

CORRINE





IF, AS fable would have it, the island paradises of the South Pacific really were made when a benevolent god cast a fistful of jewels into a pool, then Tahiti must have grown from the most priceless gem of all.

For centuries, the world's wanderers have been attracted to this emerald paradise and its beautiful, fawn-velvet skinned girls. When Spanish, English and French sailors returned home with their astonishing tales of the island paradise, the erotic dance of the *tamere* and the relaxed attitude to sex, Tahiti assumed a place in the fantasies of nearly all men.

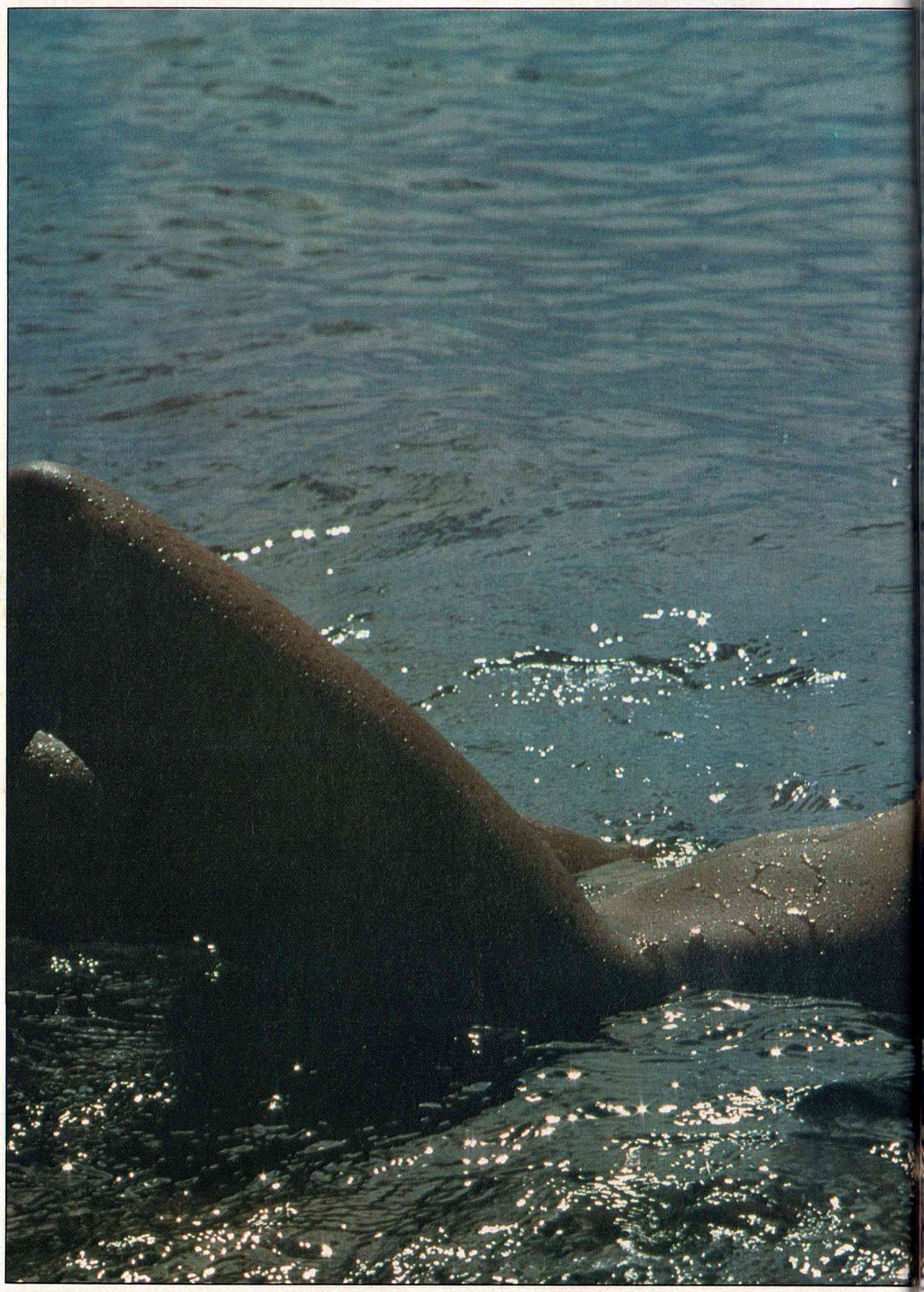
Hollywood's directors have followed the same course as many 19th century painters in seeking the inspiration from Tahiti's natural assets such as Corrine Vernette and Aloma Rattinassamy. For 18 years, Corrine has been developing into one of Tahiti's most exotic flowers, and her ambition to become a school teacher may only be thwarted by her spreading fame as one of the island's most priceless wonders. Fluent in English, French and Tahitian, Corrine possesses the steamy sexuality so typical of Tahitians.

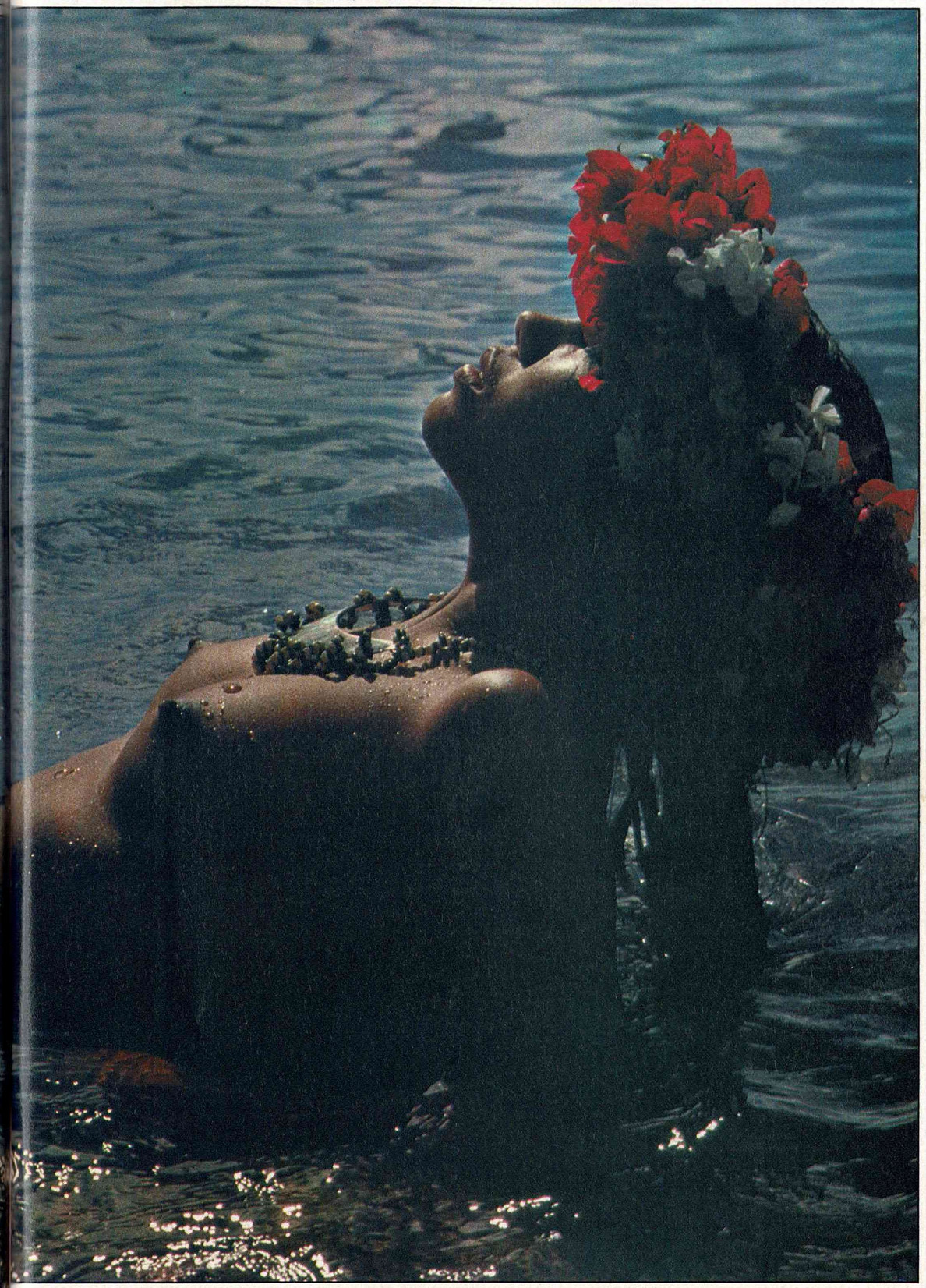
Aloma's fascinating beauty caught Roman Polanski's eye when the famous director was in Tahiti casting for a new pirate movie. Hopefully, Polanski's cameras will expose Aloma's sensational looks to the world when the crew returns for location shots.

Aloma, 20, is of French and Tahitian extraction, and her job with the office of tourism offers the visitor the most gorgeous tour guide service we've ever encountered. The problem is keeping your eyes off the lady long enough to take in Tahiti's other beauty spots.

"Paradise? I guess it just means doing all those things which bring the greatest pleasure."

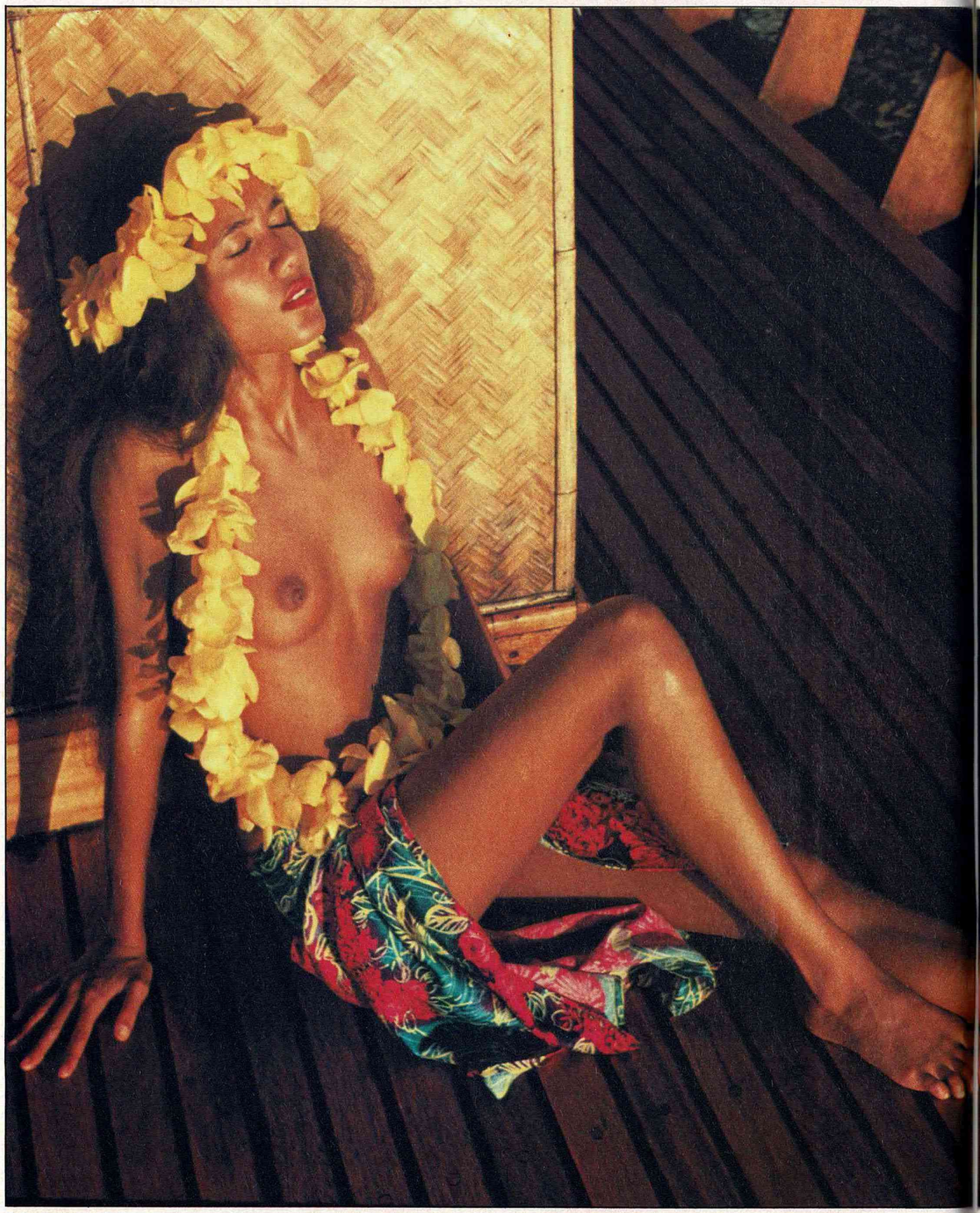
Photography by Peter McLean

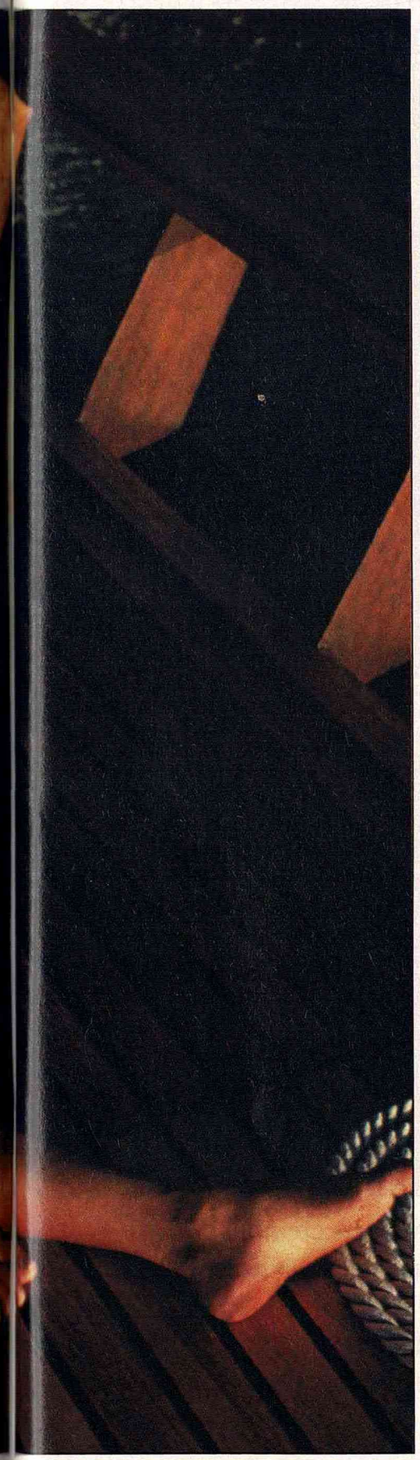


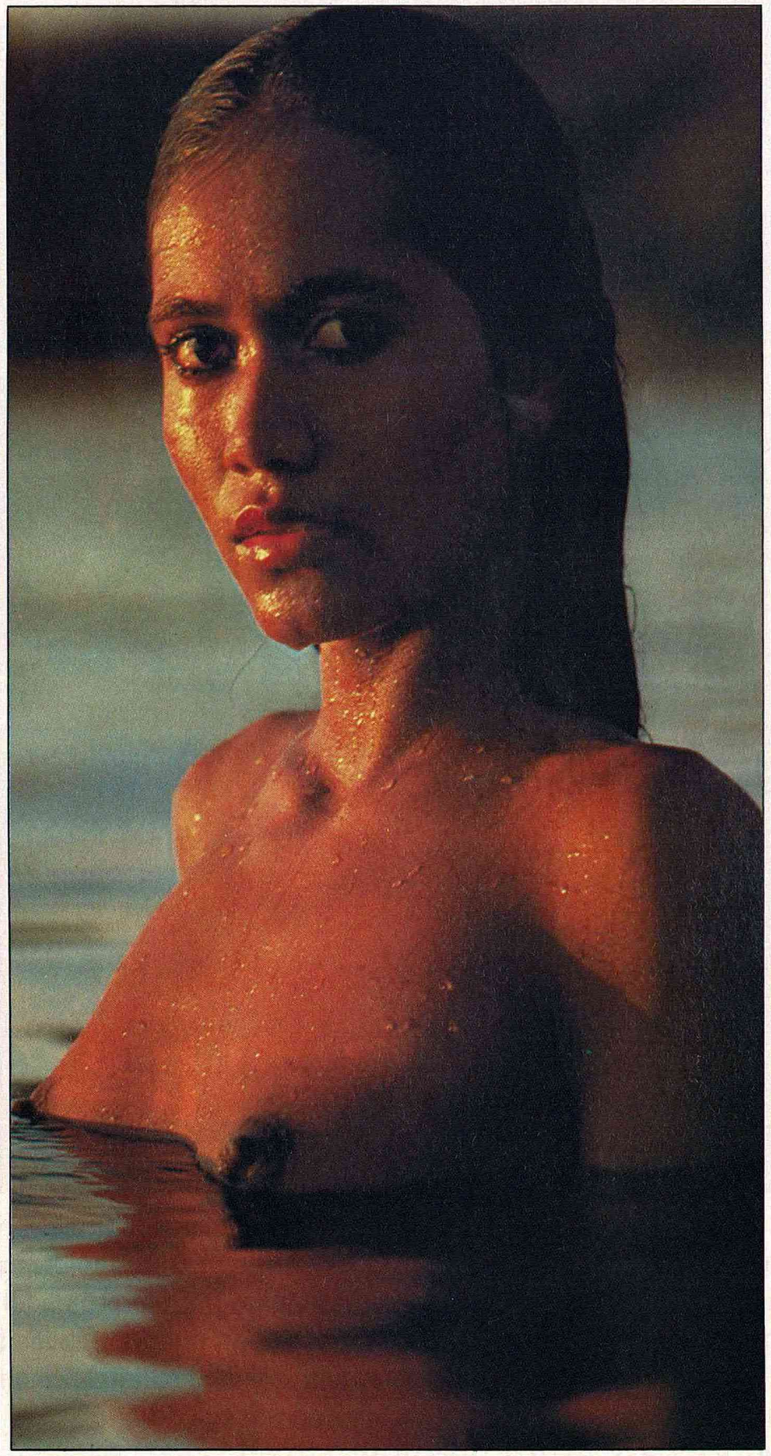


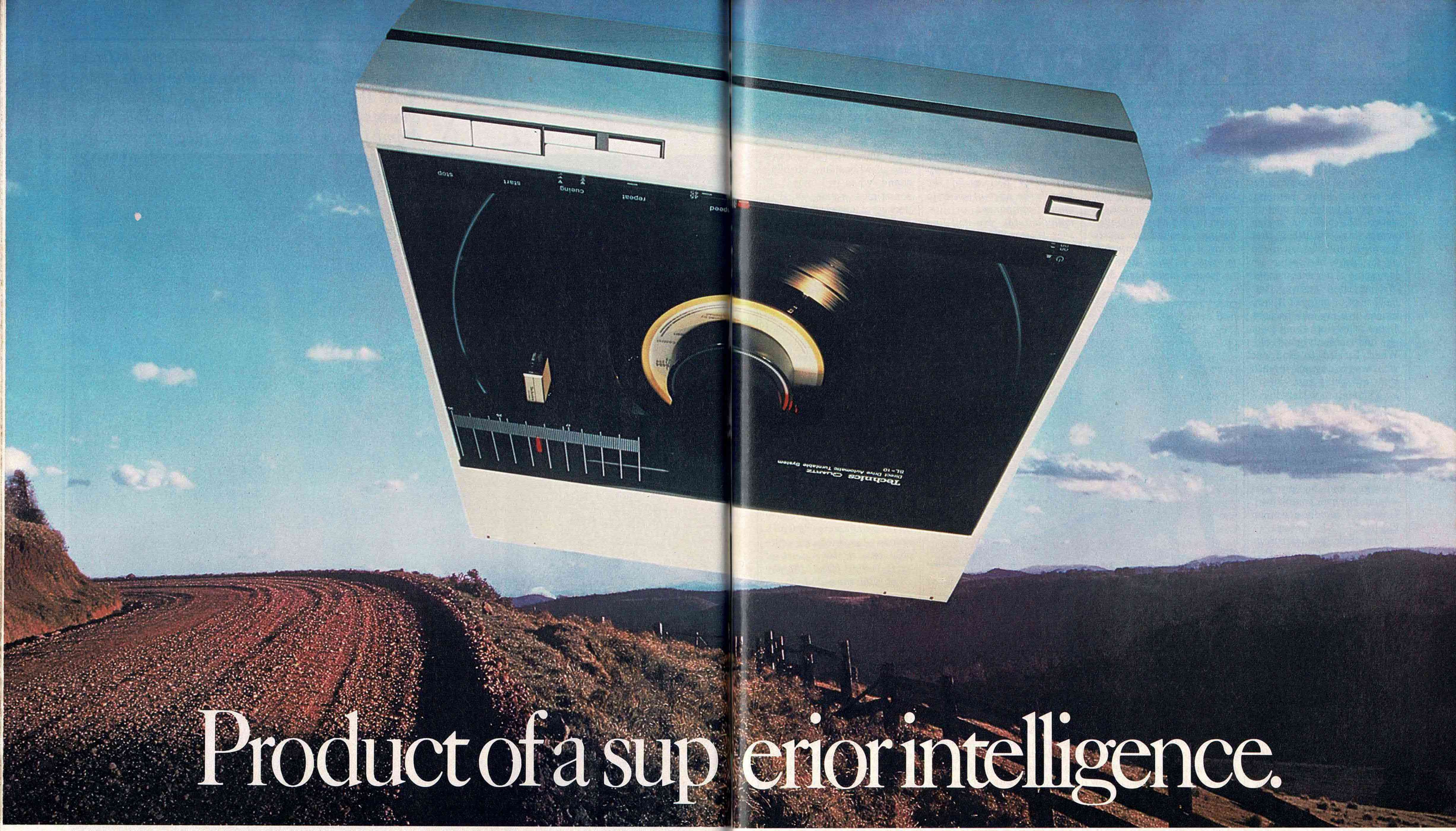
ALOMA

Tahiti's tourism boom has got a lot to do with the apparent charms of girls like Aloma whose looks and lifestyle attract men-of-the-world to the island paradise and its relaxed attitudes to sex and pleasure-seeking.









Product of a superior intelligence.

Introducing the futuristic SL10, Technics' new quartz-locked, AC/DC, direct-drive turntable. Unlike conventional turntables, the SL10 has an electronically-controlled linear tracking arm that doesn't depend on gravity to track a record. All contact with a record is controlled by microcomputer, so the SL10 plays perfectly at any angle–even upside down.

The precise tracking arm control is designed to extract the maximum amount of musical detail from your records.

It's the kind of innovative thinking you expect from Technics–who introduced the world's first direct-drive turntable 10 years ago. And yet all this sophisticated technology is contained in a piece of equipment the same width and depth as an LP cover.

The SL10 is part of the highly advanced Technics range. See it at better hi-fi stockists.

We're sure you'll agree it's definitely the product of a superior intelligence.

Technics
National Panasonic (Australia) Pty Ltd

Expanding the music experience.

Dailey/NPA21

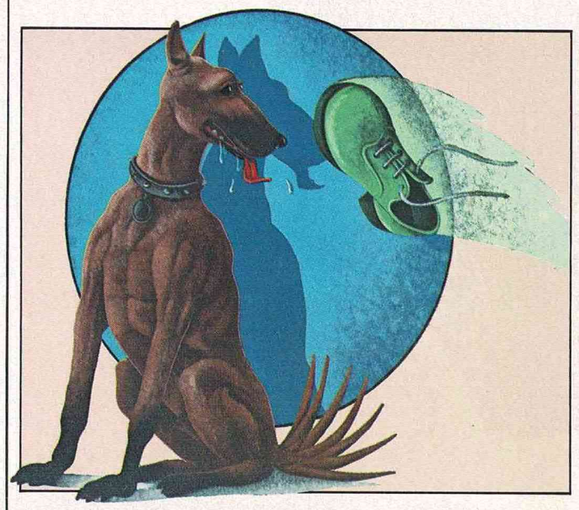
THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I've always thought of myself as being reasonably well hung, but, recently, a woman I have been seeing started casting aspersions on my sexual equipment. It was a deflating experience, to say the least. Foreplay was going just fine until we got to the point of taking everything off. When that happened and she saw me in all my glory, she seemed to lose some of her enthusiasm. We persisted anyway, but neither of us enjoyed it very much — in my case because I was worrying about why she had suddenly gone cold. When I tried to find out what was wrong, she implied that my penis just wasn't long enough to satisfy her. I think she'd made up her mind about that even before penetration had taken place. My penis measures about 13 centimetres, which I have always thought was about average, and no previous woman has ever complained. How do I handle a woman like her? — C.J., Victoria.

You don't. You were right in your assumption that you're about as well hung as everybody else, and if she is unable to accept that proposition, it's her problem, not yours. Size is of no particular importance in the production of pleasure, except in the eyes of the beholder. For a woman to insist that only an organ of a certain length can please her makes about as much sense as a man believing that he can only be turned on by a bust measuring at least 100 centimetres! Never mind the quantity — feel the quality.

A short while ago, I became involved with a woman and spent a few nights at her place. It was generally okay, but the one thing that made me feel a bit uneasy was her Dobermann pinscher. I'm fond of dogs, but didn't particularly like having this one standing next to the bed watching while we were getting it on. It certainly put me off. What do you think of a woman who allows a pet dog to observe her sexual encounters? — L.S., WA.

That depends on the sex of the dog. Seriously, you may be making too much out of Fido's presence in the boudoir. Some people take their animals so much for granted that they have them hanging around no matter what activity is going on without paying them any particular attention. Most



dogs are probably quite disinterested in human sexual matters. Your lady friend's pet Dobermann may just have been staring because he was wondering whether or not he was ever going to get introduced to that sexy Schnauzer living down the street.

Several years ago I started producing my own home movies with a fairly basic Super-8 outfit. Since then, I've become really keen on movie-making, and I now have a Canon Super-8 sound outfit. With the help of some friends, I've made a couple of short films that people seemed to think were pretty good. However, I feel a bit restricted using Super-8, as it is generally thought of as being strictly for amateurs. I've seen secondhand 16 mm equipment for sale at prices I could afford, and I'm wondering whether to make the move up. Once I've got the 16mm equipment, is it likely to be that much more complicated and expensive to use than Super-8? — W.G., NSW.

Yes. With film stock and processing costs going up constantly because of the leap in the price of silver (a major component in film manufacture), you will find that even a very short film seems like a major investment. Working on a limited budget, you'll find it much harder to experiment when you're aware of how much each shot is costing you. Don't be fooled by the apparent cost of the 16mm cameras, either. The ones that turn up at seemingly reasonable prices tend to be fairly old and well used. A good 16mm camera with the sophisticated features you'll have become used to with modern Super-8 equipment will be expensive, as will be sound recording equipment. Don't underestimate Super-8. The picture quality is so good now that an increasing number of people are making serious short films in that medium. We suggest you persevere with Super-8 and then, if you really feel moved to work in 16mm, rent the equipment for a short period rather than buy it. That's the way a lot of smaller producers do it these days.

My girlfriend and I have an extremely good sex life, but there is one aspect of it that is rather curious. For some reason, our love-making seems to generate a lot of noise. By that I mean a sort of whooshing, burbling sound when we move. It sometimes seems as if a pocket of air gets trapped, and is then forced out upon penetration. I can more or less understand why this happens, but I just wonder why I've never noticed it with any other woman with whom I've had sex. My girlfriend's vagina tends to get unusually moist, and I wondered if that might have something to do with it. — T.L., Tasmania.

The sound you noticed is not unusual in such circumstances and, for some, it is music to the ears. The reason that you noticed it in the company of one woman but not with others has to do with individual builds and various levels of passion. The right combination of size and enthusiasm can produce this sound. Your girlfriend's excessive lubrication probably creates some sort of extra sealing effect, thereby amplifying the sound.

The relationship that I'm involved in at the moment is giving me a few headaches, and I'd like your advice on the matter. I've been caught up with this particular lady for a year now, and we're practically living together, though we both have our own places. Everything has been fantastic until quite recently, but now her ex-husband is on the scene again and it's worrying me. They were married for four years and were divorced about three years ago. She tells me that she has no romantic interest in him any more but would like to be friends with him again. I can understand that, but she seems to be seeing more and more of him these days and I'm starting to wonder if something is going on between them. The last time I raised the subject, she got very angry about it. I would hate to lose her, as I love her very much, but I'm not sure how I should handle things. — F.B., WA.

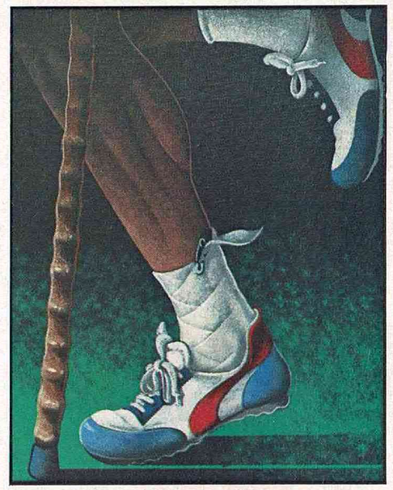
These days it's, thankfully, not very unusual for a divorced couple to remain good friends. Yet sometimes that can be disturbing for a new partner, but it shouldn't be. No matter what sort of obstacles caused them to eventually split, some of the common considerations that brought them together in the first place probably still remain. In four years, they would have got to know each other pretty well. That they seem to enjoy each other's company doesn't mean that there is anything else going on, though, of course, even anything *is possible. Take it easy for a while, as the surest way of ending the relationship you have with the lady would be to appear jealous of her ex-husband.*

I just read Harold Robbins' *Memories of Another Day* and came across the following passage (spoken by a female character): "I never Frenched a man before." Would you tell me what "Frenched" means, as I've never heard the expression used? — R.D., Victoria.

The term Frenched is American slang and generally refers to oral sex. In the case of the girl in the Harold Robbins book, what she undoubtedly meant was that she had never performed fellatio. However, the expression more commonly refers to a kiss where one or both partners use their tongues to investigate the inside of each other's mouth. It's a word you can have both ways.

About a year ago, I took up running. After a few months, my right Achilles tendon started to get a bit sore. I saw a doctor about it at the time, and all he said was that I should probably stop running for a while. I followed that advice, and the trouble seemed to cure itself and I was eventually able to start running again. Now, after a few months of fairly solid running, I find the same trouble starting again. I'm wondering whether this means I will always have my running restricted by tendon trouble, or if there is something that I can do about it. I imagine it's a common problem, but that's no help in solving my predicament. — G.Q., South Australia.

Tendon problems are about the most annoying and mystifying of injuries any runner can suffer. The most common problem occurs when the sheath through which the tendon slides becomes inflamed at the back of the ankle. This creates friction — and the



pain that you and many other runners have suffered. Unless the pain becomes extremely severe, however, it shouldn't be necessary to give up running completely. Make certain your running shoes have a well built-up heel, and perhaps put in some kind of extra padding yourself. Try to keep the pace down and restrict your running to flat and grassy surfaces. After a run, if the tendon is sore, pack some ice around it. You might also get some relief by soaking the ankle in hot water. As a preventative measure, get into the habit of doing some calf ankle stretching exercises before each run.

When I was about 10 years old, I was playing rather roughly with my dog, and on one exuberant lunge, she accidentally bit through my jeans and underpants and ripped my scrotum. Even though it caused me much agony, I was too embarrassed to do anything about it. When I was 16 and started getting turned on by girls, I found it agonising to spend more than 10 minutes in foreplay, as any longer than that caused my testicles to scream with pain. I endured much the same thing for the next eight years until a girl I was living with finally persuaded me to consult a specialist. I had approached a few doctors previously, and they had just told me not to be worried about it. The specialist repaired all of my damaged veins and since then I have been able to indulge in foreplay for as long as I like. Life has never been so great! But I've now noticed my scrotum swelling up again at certain times. It doesn't worry me now, but it's likely to present problems later. I'm wondering if it means I'll have to continue to see a doctor for treatment every five years all of my life. — P.E., Queensland.

You've had a very unusual accident and, rather than seek a general opinion at this great distance, you should get qualified local medical advice the moment the problem starts bothering you. The fact that you waited for years after the accident before seeking any treatment at all may have complicated matters; now you know not to wait so long again. If it's embarrassment that's holding you back, forget it. Your body is much the same as everyone elses, so no one treating you is going to bat an eye. And when it's a part of your anatomy so important for your enjoyment of life, you owe it to yourself to look after it carefully. After all, it's the only scrotum you've got.

I desperately need some advice about my young son, aged almost 10. During the past three months, we have found that he has been taking and hiding high-heeled sandals, panty-hose, panties and bras belonging to myself and his two older sisters. I have talked to him about this and tried to make it clear that I don't want him to do it, but I can't reach him. He did tell me that he only does it as a game when he is bored or left to his own devices. I haven't discussed this at any great length with my husband because the one time I did he became very upset. I feel that he was overreacting and that this attitude could do more harm than good. Please give me your opinion as I'm afraid that I might handle it incorrectly and make matters worse. — P.T., Queensland.

The worst thing that could happen at this stage would be for you or your husband to overreact. If your son were a few years older it might be a serious problem, but as he's only 10, there is a good chance he was telling the truth when he said it was just a game he plays when he is bored. It is important, though, to bring your husband into the matter. Try gently raising the subject with him again, and explain to him that, while it is a minor problem at this stage, it could develop into something serious later and should be settled now. If the two of you act together, with some degree of firmness, you should be able to discourage your son. You could also try making it harder for him to get hold of the underwear; if it's simply not available, he may lose interest.

Three and a half months ago, my wife had our first child. Since then sex has not been nearly so pleasurable, as it used to be because her vagina seems to have stretched. I have read a few articles about penis enlargement devices, but they all originated in the US of A. Could you please advise me how to go about obtaining this equipment in Australia? — P.K., Queensland.

There is no evidence that any of the penis enlargement devices that are sometimes

advertised have ever been strikingly beneficial to the user. And even if some minor increase in size is gained, it is unlikely that it would make any difference to the problem you describe. It is a relatively short time since your wife gave birth, and if you wait a little longer, you may well find that an improvement does occur. There are exercises which may help your wife gain greater muscular control, as well as a more drastic surgical method. If the two of you decide that this is necessary, you could find out more from a gynaecologist.

I am a man, aged 30, who moved to Sydney from Melbourne hoping that my luck with girls would change. In four years in Melbourne, I never had a relationship that lasted more than three weeks. Indeed, in 1977, I had a solitary one-night stand to get me through the next 29 months! During 1979, when I was a student, I spent 12 months among hordes of lithe young women at tech without having so much as a drunken romp at a party. I have no car, and no licence. I have just begun to work in the public service but hope to get into advertising, and I hope that will improve the situation. I was a virgin until the age of 24, and sometimes think I must be one of the most unliberated sexual beings in the whole southern hemisphere. I'd love to be able to go up to some lovely in a bar and score as easily as some guys do, but it never seems to happen. What do you suggest that I can do to change my life? — B.Q., Victoria.

P.S: Could it be my crooked grin? I have a snaggle-tooth where it shouldn't be and wonder if corrective dental surgery might help matters.

Stop looking for one specific thing that, once changed, will improve everything. Getting a job in advertising or a new car won't bring about miracles — nor will getting your tooth fixed. You've been living with an image of yourself as being sexually screwed up for so long that it's likely you look upon each woman who comes along as an enemy, as posing a threat to your chances of happiness. Those sort of desperate vibes come through very strongly, and few women will want to have anything to do with it. There are just as many sexually frustrated women around as there are men, but no one wants to be regarded as just a hurdle.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

LENNON'S LEGACY

It was not until I read through your feature article on John Lennon and his songs (PLAYBOY, April) that I realised that everything about the Beatles is now past tense. Just how history will treat the Lennon and McCartney songs might be determined by what steps those inside the recording industry will take to meddle with the works. I've noted that the deaths of some great artists have prompted former associates to update their works and re-release them with new backings and far more sophisticated pressings. This has already happened to Elvis Presley and Jim Morrison's works with mixed results. Some purists resent the interference while others consider it to be in the interests of preservation. As most of the Presley works were written by other people and he'd already sold his soul to the Big Machine, his songs might be fair game. But I think it would be a sad mistake to view the Beatles' material in quite the same context. No doubt cover versions will abound, but the John Lennon-McCartney talent was such a rare thing that their original works should be left untouched. Lennon readily admitted that he considered some of the songs were not exactly flawless, but it would be far better if those who did not experience the Beatles era were left to make their own evaluations of the songs.

S.D.T.,
West Perth, WA.

THE FLEET'S IN

On reading the Ronald Rose account of the First Fleet's landing at Sydney Cove (PLAYBOY, April), I was left in no doubt that the Australian charter on sexism was laid down that very day, along with the unfortunate convict women. The observation that male convicts outnumbered the female ones by three to one apparently set social trends for a country which still practises male dominance through sheer weight of the numbers. Just take a look around your favorite night haunt next time you're out hitting the tiles. You'll note that the ratio is still about three to one. The reason is that marriage usually takes Australian girls out of circulation, but not menfolk.

How fitting that Lord Sydney, the person who suggested "a further supply of women" could be picked up from Tonga and New Caledonia, should have the city named after him. His attitudes are alive and well today. Far from any attempts at romanticising our suspect origins, it would have been more fitting for historians to stress the appalling social conditions of the infant colony in which VD, "whoredom", child rape, incest and drunkenness all abounded. One wonders how many candidates we would get for a founding day orgy re-enactment if the candidates understood what six months voyaging in the hull of a convict ship would do for body hygiene.

Ms V.P.,
Five Dock, NSW.

ENCHAINED

In his article The Endless Cycle (PLAYBOY, March), Rob Luck describes the Suzuki GSX1100 as a shaft-drive. 'Tis a shame, but the motorcycle doesn't exist. The only large capacity shafties made by Suzuki are the GS850 and the GS1000G, both of which are nice bikes but which lack the tyre-shredding ability and handling of the GSX1100.

That error apart, the article contains one glaring omission. Luck has not prepared the novice rider for the costs involved in the maintenance of a bike, or warned the novice of the fines that the rider is likely to incur while enjoying the "visual response pastime" of motorcycling today.

The sad fact is that motorcycling is not the cheap form of transport it's made out to be. Bikes are cheaper to run than cars in one field only — in the comparative cost in kilometres per litre. There are many hidden costs in owning and

maintaining a cycle. Let's look at some of these. It now costs around $200 to register a motorcycle with a capacity of more than 250cc.

Insurance is incredibly expensive. It will cost the young rider who has bought his bike on HP between $400 and $800 a year to insure his machine. Tyres, chains and sprockets wear out too fast for the pocket's comfort, especially if you ride them quickly. If you ride your 500cc plus bike regularly, you can count on replacing the rear tyre at least twice a year at a cost of between $80 and $300 each, depending on the type of bike. As for falling foul of the law, you can expect to be fined at an average rate of twice a year.

The problem with large capacity bikes is that most will do more than 60 km/h in first gear and you find that you're unintentionally exceeding speed limits. Last, there are medical expenses which are likely to be your biggest headache. Even the minor accidents can lead to weeks in hospital with consequent loss of employment and costs associated with the treatment.

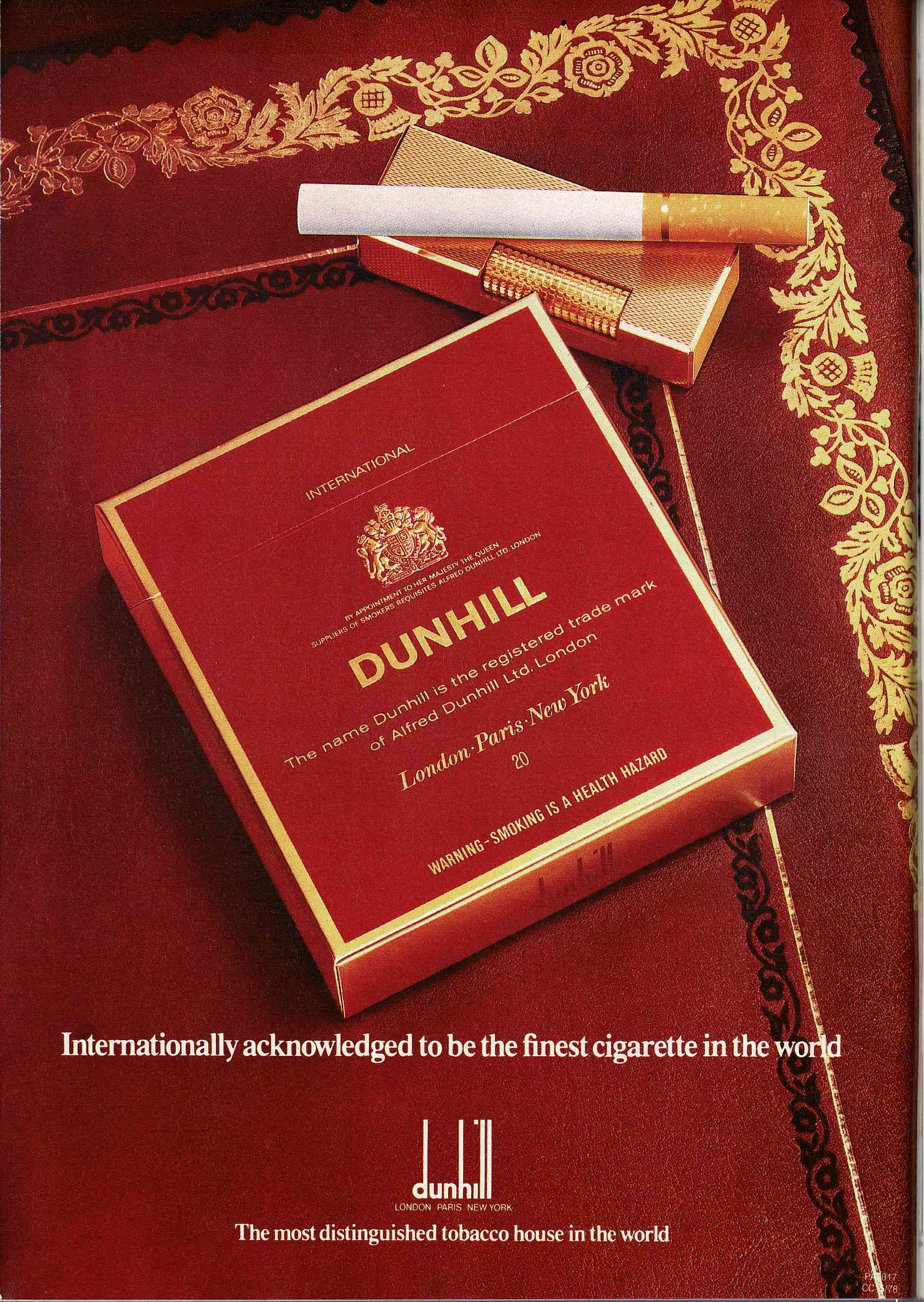
Unfortunately, one needs to be a cross between, say, Howard Hughes and Superman to enjoy and to survive that ultimate pastime of cruising on your cycle.

Neil NcEldowney,
Turramurra, NSW.

Motoring editor, Rob Luck, replies to Neil McEldowney's missive: As we pointed out in the article, provisional drivers can't drive cycles over 250cc so those costs don't initially apply. Discounted premiums for good driving records start after only 12 months experience. Discounts are substantial. Machines up to 250cc are adequate for most riders — indeed, they service almost 90 percent of the biking population. So the bigger capacity bikes are for a minority group. Minority groups always get hit the hardest. And rightly so in this case — their accident record is the worst. In any event, all these operational costs are less for bikes than for cars, so the bikes are still ahead. And wise drivers will stick with the wide choice of under 250cc road, off road and on/off road machines for several years. Sure big bikes burn more rubber. And fuel. But premium rubber costs only $40 to $80 maximum. And there are only two tyres. Medical and legal costs relate to attitude. You sound as though you could slow down and ride more defensively. Finally, sorry about the shaft drive GSX — just a slip of the sprocket.

OBIT FOR TENNIS

After waiting for some years now for the obituary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of Australian tennis, it was with the relief of the long suffering that I greeted the Harry Hopman interview (PLAYBOY, March). Perhaps Hopman was a little kind, but I think he managed to let us know that there's a bigger world out there and that the glories of Australian tennis are now of the past.

Hopman stresses that he doesn't feel that he, Emerson, Newcombe or any of the top pros owe Australia anything. And he's right. Those guys did enough banner waving back in the days before big money came into tennis. Now, it's their turn to sit back and lap up the cream. Everybody knows that the real tennis fortunes are to be made outside of Australia and it is a bit much to expect those who've made all the sacrifices on the way up to reject the offers for the sake of a bit of nationalistic nonsense.

Tennis is one sport, at least overseas, which has managed to shake off most of the national trimmings in order to recognise the individual brilliance of the global stars. Harry Hopman's had a lot to do with that trend and tennis fans should be thankful for that. If our administrators of a decade or so ago were too stupid to realise that distance and lack of prize-money would slowly isolate Australia, then whose fault is that? Certainly not Harry Hopman's fault.

M.E. Jackson,
North Ryde, NSW.

LAWYERS ON TRIAL

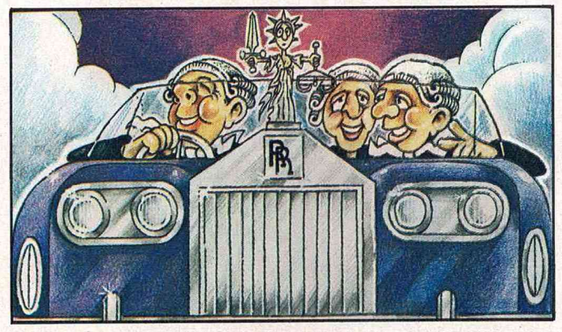
Your article The Law: too many lawyers, too much money, too little justice (PLAYBOY, April) was great.

Congratulations to your magazine and to the writer of the article, Lee Patterson. The figures Patterson quoted were astounding and deserve to be quoted again: Australians have spent in excess of $830 million in fees paid for services done by the legal profession in 1980. Almost half of this pay out was for conveyancing work.

A friend of mine once told me that as a kid of 14 or 15 he'd assisted his solicitor father in preparing standard conveyancing papers. An unethical practice no doubt, according to most of the lawyers, but the point is that it did go on and is indicative of how simple this lucrative "work" is for solicitors. I don't know how widespread this practice is, maybe he was the only one, but it is another reason for the delegalisation of conveyancing work.

Not so long ago I heard one NSW politician on the radio saying that conveyancing should be kept in the hands of the lawyers because of their expertise in the field. What rot!

However, Patterson's article ended on what I thought



was a somewhat pessimistic note. Progress *is* being made, albeit none too rapidly; the mills of justice, or whatever, grind slowly . . .

G.S.,
Strathfield, NSW.

CHINESE PUZZLE

When writing an article containing historical fact, it is customary for the writer to ensure that the purported facts are correct. In his article Children of the God Dragon (PLAYBOY, March), Geoff Pike has elected to present a romantic story rather than the revealed truth. Either that, or he has got his information from the back of a cornflakes packet.

Bodhidharma almost certainly did not exist. And even those researchers who maintain that he did tread this Earth agree that he reached China around 50AD — certainly not in 400BC as Mr Pike claims.

Most ridiculous, however, is the claim that Bodhidharma was the original teacher of Buddhism in China. This is utter rubbish. Buddhism reached China around the beginning of the Christian era — 500 years before the mythical mystic. Bodhidharma is traditionally credited with founding and becoming the first patriarch of the dhyana, or meditation, school. In Chinese this became known as Ch'an, and in Japan the school is known, even today, as Zen

Jeff Beeston,
Rosalie, Qld.

MORE SINGO

John Singleton's resumé of his brilliant career (PLAYBOY, April) struck me as being interesting only for the omitted detail. What Singo served up to us was a litany of biographic claptrap of which we Ocker watchers have all grown yarningly familiar with.

What we really wanted from the guru of the raw prawn was the inside dope on the ad world, on the short life of the Worker's Party, the shadowy world of merchant banking and the fringe benefits of Rugby League and boxing promotion. Come on, Singo, lift high the flag of Ockerism and give us a sign so that we shall know what paths to follow to riches.

H.B.,
Sydney.

SEXUAL FREEDOM

I've only ever been in a sex shop once in my life, and my visit was motivated by curiosity, rather than a desire to buy any porn.

Having, I hope, disassociated myself from the "raincoat brigade," I would now like to say this: I'm deeply disturbed at the apparent witch-hunt currently being engineered against sex shop proprietors in Sydney and Melbourne. The city fathers have suddenly started trying to "clean up the streets" by ousting sex shops. Why? Presumably, the councils granted the shops permission to operate in the first place, and all those that I stroll past do not display anything unsavory (or indeed anything *at all)* in their front windows.

It's an established fact that Sweden and all other sexually-liberated countries have the lowest incidences of sex-related crimes in the world. Societies which close the door on sexuality tend to breed twisted individuals such as Victorian England's Jack the Ripper.

To me, it seems that the attitudes which have motivated the council action in Sydney and Melbourne are far more twisted than what they are trying to stamp out of existence.

Name and address
withheld by request.

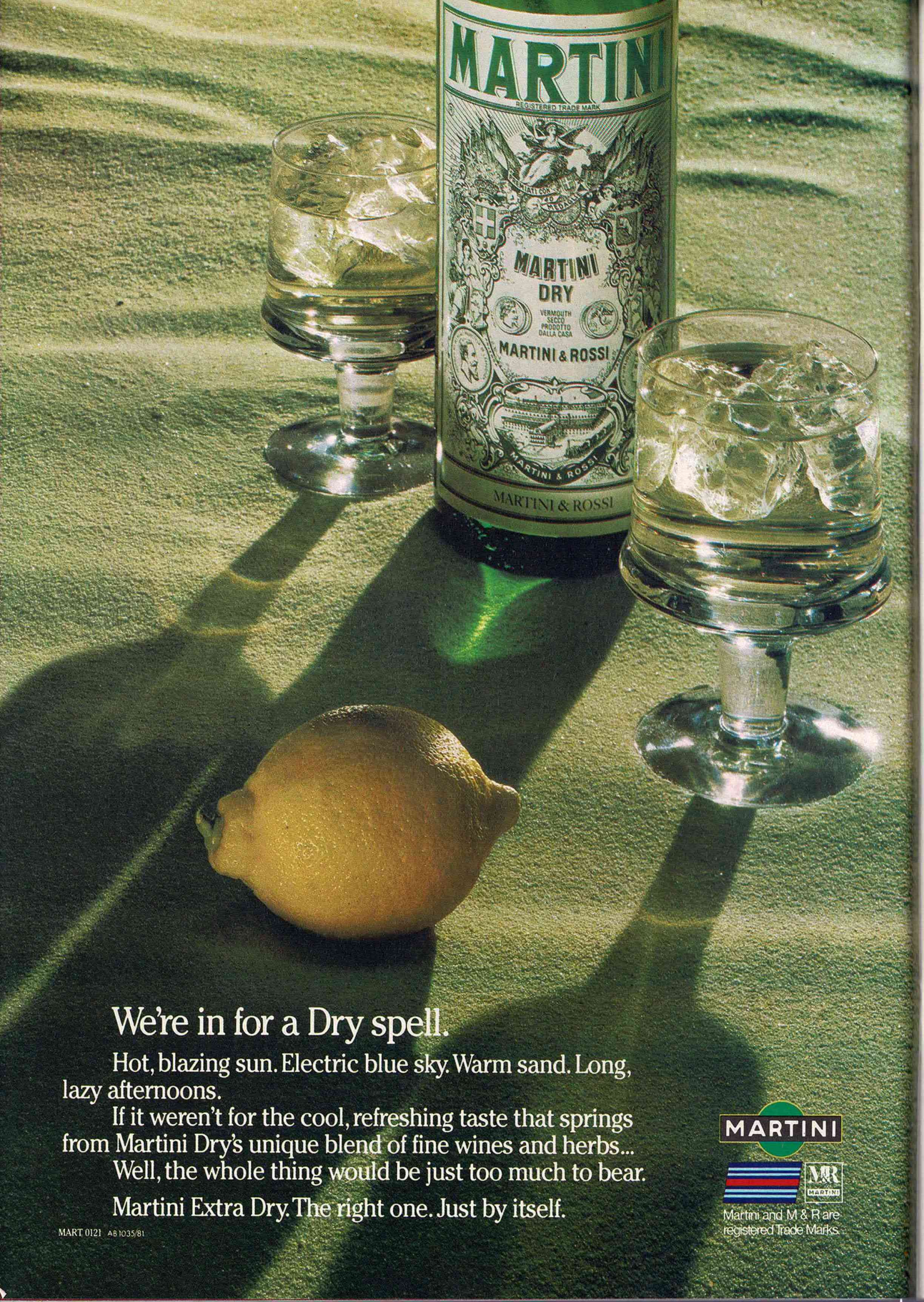
KORDA CALLED

Running through Michael Korda's fantastic claptrap on Boss Women who screw their male executives into a corner (PLAYBOY, January) was the old male refrain of wonder (dare I call it awe?) that the old female of the species should be in a position to call the sex, let alone the business, shots.

Michael Korda graciously admits that when he wrote *Power! How to Get It, How to Use It,* he didn't give enough thought to what he now sees as the problem of emerging women in the executive suites of Australian business. Thanks!

You billed his article on what you describe as the increasingly prominent role of women in the workplace as a "valuable and very amusing exercise". I found it neither. I found it all a bleat from a man who is obviously scared witless by the prospect of dealing with any woman who can even spell equality.

Lyn McLachlan,
Surry Hills, NSW.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Playboy Interview

MORRIS WEST

the devil's advocate speaks of cults, australia's future and a doubting pope

IF MORRIS WEST were a journalist, he'd be a very good one. He has that indefinable ability of great reporters and editors to tune in on the moods and preoccupations that are about to surface in the popular mind. He would also, of course, be a great deal poorer than he is now. For by turning his talents in the direction of fiction, this former Christian Brother, soldier, and Melbourne radio hack has become, arguably, the most commercially successful Australian author ever.

He has done it partly by virtue of an undoubted gift as a storyteller — West is the sort of bloke our ancestors were probably sitting in cold caves listening to a million years ago; he knows the virtues of a beginning, a middle and an end, and lots of action and emotion in between — and partly by a knack for exploring issues that people were ready to pay attention to.

Born in St Kilda 65 years ago, Morris West was educated by the Christian Brothers and later joined the order as a novice member. He lasted eight years, but at the last minute, chose life in the world. He left the order just before he was due to take his final vows.

When you ask him about it now, he says he always intended to be a writer, from childhood. But his literary career didn't get under way until he was posted to a boringly quiet part of the Pacific during World War Two. There he wrote his first novel, Moon In My Pocket, *which was published on his return to Melbourne.*

This taste of the literary life led the young West into the then flowering field of Australian radio. He began writing, and later producing, a long line of radio plays and serials. There may be still those who remember Dick Barton, Special Agent *and similar West productions.*

Inevitably, the crushing economics of Australia's minuscule market forced the fledgling writer into exile in Britain, and later Italy, where more plays and novels followed, culminating in the world-wide success of The Devil's Advocate. *In it, he drew on his background for a fascinating portrait of life in the Vatican's higher reaches.*

Meticulous research work was also obvious in the book, and this became a West characteristic. He would often spend more than a year delving through obscure literature and then interviewing and getting the actual dust of places on his feet, before embarking on a novel.

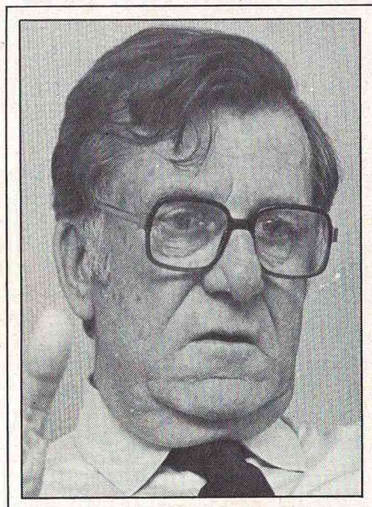
Readers in quite a few countries obviously appreciated the effort, and West's sales started to grow steadily. Books such as The Ambassador, *a prescient treatment of American involvement in Vietnam, and* The Shoes of The Fisherman, *about the election of a pope from a communist country, began topping the world bestseller lists as West climbed into that select company of Australian authors like Neville Shute and Jon Cleary, whose novels seemed to strike a chord in ordinary people.*

Critics, especially Australian ones, have regularly savaged him, and West has learned to laugh off headlines like "New Morris West Down to Standard". They certainly haven't hurt his sales, which now total more than 25 million world-wide. Moviemakers line up to buy rights, and the genial West finds himself a regular commuter to Zurich, to tend to his Swiss bank account.

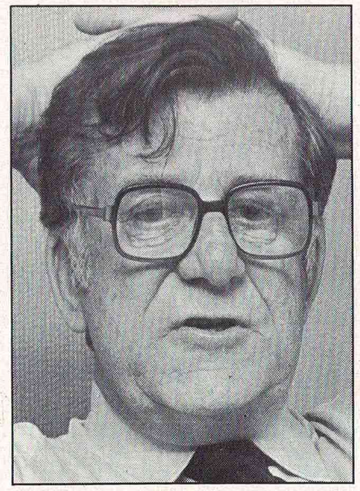
He was in Australia recently on a brief visit, to promote his latest novel, The Clowns of God, *due out in July.*

At 65, West has not noticeably slowed. He is currently working on a new play born of his browsing through the notebooks of the psychoanalytic pioneer, Dr Carl Jung.

PLAYBOY's ***Paul Dougherty,*** *who interviewed West, observed: "He is a big man, well over six feet with the expansive waistline of a dedicated* bon vivant. *His lack of success with the critics has in no way injured his self-esteem. West knows he is good at what he does, and that what he does is just fine with his audience. He doesn't fight a certain tendency to pontificate,*

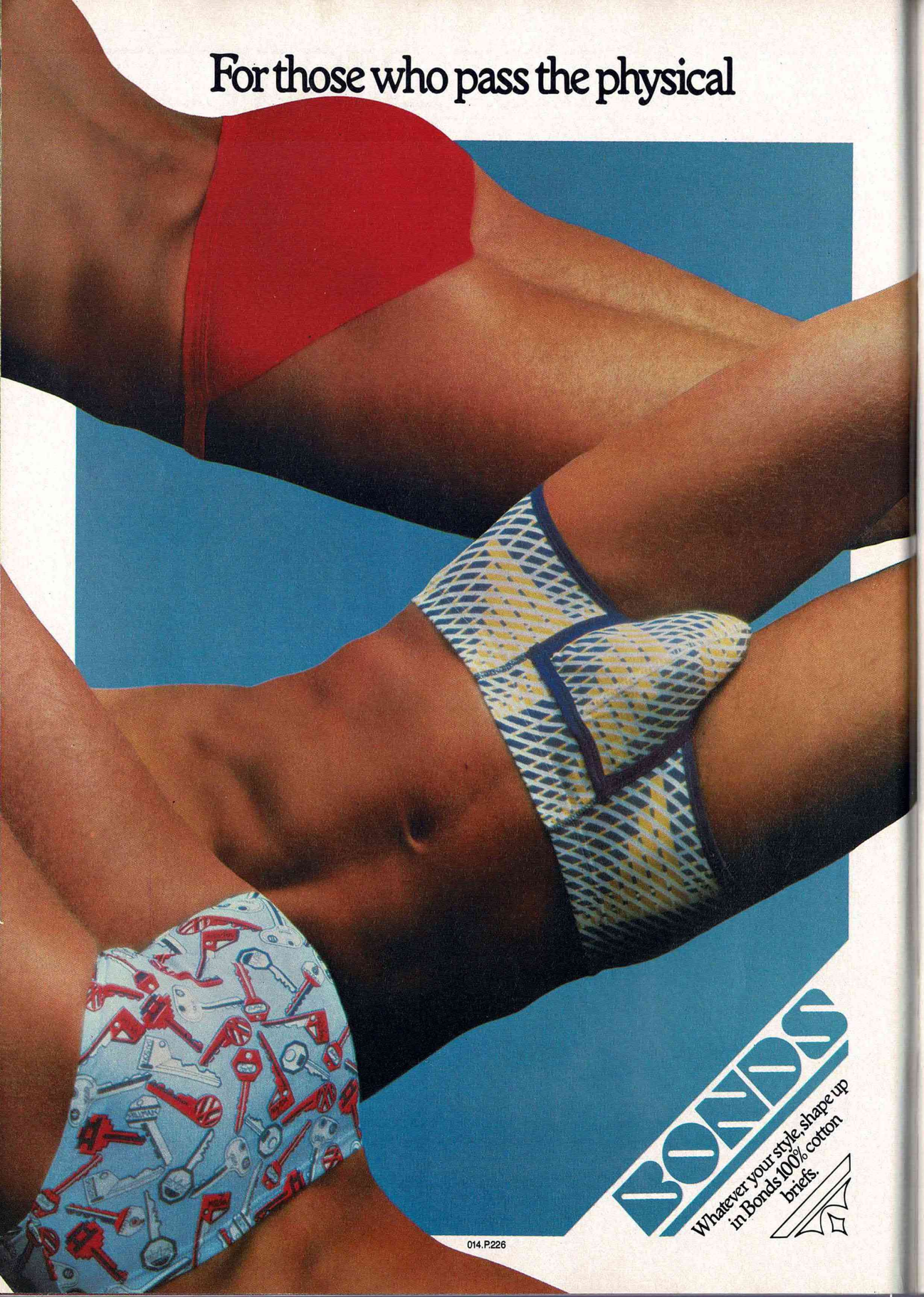


"I don't like the sort of novel where Mary Jane is born and she is wrapped in swaddling clothes and then grows up through the village and everything slowly turns into bliss."



"If he (a pope) is a nut, then an abdication has no force. You can only push him. But there are no mechanics for pushing a pope, except in the old days, when they murdered them."

"The reason for terrorism of either the Right or the Left is to destroy the faith of the public in the processes of law and order. One perpetuates the other: I kill you, you kill me."



but he is genial and good humored about it. He tends to have given considerable thought to the things he talks about. I kept feeling I ought to take notes, even though I had a tape recorder going. (Similar impulses must have afflicted an acerbic New York writer, who recently noted: "He spoke to me as if I were a whole roomful of old ladies!")

"The over-riding impression West gives is of a man who is happy with himself, his life, and his work. He has had the wit to choose a very productive literary motherlode — the "what if" novel — and mine some interesting and profitable nuggets out of it. He would undoubtedly agree with the great Dr Johnson that 'no one but a fool ever wrote except for money'. But one suspects Morris West may well feel there is no harm in ladling in a little sneaky enlightenment while he's about it."

For more on the area he is currently attempting to inform us about, read on from here:

PLAYBOY: We are told that your latest novel, *The Clowns of God,* to be released in Australia in July, is about the end of the world. Given your knack for hitting on issues that are about to become topical, are you trying to tell us something, and how did you come to hit on this theme?

WEST: These things tend to be intuitive choices. Perhaps they come from material that has been subconsciously absorbed, and conclusions that, in effect, make themselves, growing naturally out of the conjunction of this fact and that fact. In that sense the book can dictate its own shape and content. It would be going too far to say a book like this writes itself, but there is a sense in which such a work imposes its shape on me as much as vice versa.

PLAYBOY: How did this particular work come about? Can you give us some insight into how a successful writer can look into a theme that catches the popular imagination in such a way that people feel they almost have to read the book?

WEST: This book began for me as a study of those cults that are so prevalent these days. It later grew into something else. One of the things that is preoccupying people everywhere is the growth of cultic interest. There is the division among Moslems — the Shiites and the Sunnis — which is now a huge political problem and has led to a war in the Middle East, and is threatening the stability of Saudi Arabia. Japan is the home of the Sokagakai sect, which is very powerful, with 15 million people, and is highly organised, highly financed, and represents an immense political power. The Moonies, the Unification Church, its ties with the South Korean arms industry, and so on, are well known. Its ability to congregate the young people and then to use them as a source of revenue, and of power and influence, is very, very strong. And looking at what you might call the most bizarre climax of all, the Rev Jim Jones knocking off a thousand people in Guyana, you realise that you can't treat this phenomenon in a discrete fashion. You have to examine it as a symptom. And yet on the more conventional side, the growing strength of the traditional religious groupings in the Marxist countries, where the vacuum of a materialist philosophy has led people to turn back to metaphysical values, is a part of the same phenomenon. Well, in examining this I was led to the contemplation of religious passions, and in addition to the haunting fear of the holocaust, which is very real in our lives, and

"I have always been the novelist of the dramatic moment, one who says: what if? I am basically a dramatic novelist. I am not a chronicler."

perhaps more real to those who live in Europe and within range of immediate bombing. There is the fear that some idiot one day will press the button, or some adventurous move will create a situation, as the Balkan situation sparked off World War One, where it will happen perforce. Once you start thinking about these things you are literally forced to contemplate the possibly imminent end of life on this Earth as we know it.

PLAYBOY: Things are that serious?

WEST: It's a very unstable situation. It's like a pyramid standing on its head. And this sense of fear, often unexpressed and buried under the casual intercourses of daily life, is very real. You have a manifestation of it in the world-wide problems with kids. In England, where you have large numbers of unemployed youth, you have manifestations of violence: soccer violence which is very large, vandalism, racial violence focused on by certain political parties, highly chauvinist groups, the drug situation, the drop-out situation, which you are very familiar with here — there's a phenomenon of rootlessness, a sense of futility. They say, in effect, why should we make careers, do things in conventional fashion, when it is all going to finish very soon? These were things that were pre-occupying me, and I was trying to focus them into a novel. Now, I face one problem with every novel that I do. I am basically a dramatic novelist. I am not a chronicler. I don't like the sort of novel where Mary Jane is born and wrapped in swaddling clothes and then grows up through the village and everything slowly turns into a mountainous bliss. I am not that sort of novelist. I never have been.

PLAYBOY: How did you approach it?

WEST: I have always been the novelist of the dramatic moment, one who says: what if? What would happen if, one day, you know . . . and you extrapolate from that point.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an example that people who know your other work can relate to?

WEST: *The Devil's Advocate* — what happens when somebody says to a man: "You are about to die." What happens if that man is a cleric and says: "All my cherished beliefs are now called in question." Where are they? What happens if a man has been in prison in Russia for 20 years and comes out, and they make him a cardinal and then elect him pope? A curious analogy, but you see what's happening. That's the kind of novelist I am and always have been. Also, of course, I work within my inherited framework of belief. I am colored by that whether I like it or not. That's what I am. I can't write as a different kind of novelist. I can't write as a Jew, for instance. I can write as an observer of the Jewish scene, or as somebody influenced by Jewry in my marriage, or something like that. But I cannot write as a Jew because I am not a Jew. So I begin to study and then explore the ramifications of the subject. All this has taken place over a period of two years which is about what it takes me to prepare a book.

PLAYBOY: This one also?

WEST: Yes. When I started the current work about two years ago, I began to read and re-study the apocalyptic literature right back to the Book of Daniel: all the millennial movements and the apocalyptic literature and the commentators on the apocalyptic literature — because the Jewish people, whose tradition we inherit, live under the Messianic promise, right? The early Christians, on the other hand, lived under the millennial promise that the second coming would be very soon. And when it didn't come, of course, it gradually dropped into the background of Christian thought. And yet it has persisted throughout our psychic life. If you

think about it, every Christian liturgy makes the proclamation Christ died, Christ has risen, Christ will come again. And that is said every day.

PLAYBOY: But, even given that this expectation that a day of glory will arrive may be a subliminal part of the average person's mental furniture, what's its relevance in these agnostic times of ours?

WEST: The fact that we don't advert to these things in normal daily comment has not rid us of the fact that they haunt our dreams. I mean, we don't talk too much about death, but it haunts each of our pillows. At any rate, I came to the point of asking how does one translate this into something that touches people and opens them to the hidden theme in their lives? Because if you do it wrong they reject you. They reject the idea, they say: "No, I don't want to talk about that."

PLAYBOY: Their own death and the end of the world are certainly not matters that the average person wants to think about. How do you make him pay $15 or so for the privilege?

WEST: I began to play as if it were an association game, to try to put the thing together to find the point at which the greatest focus of the greatest number can be made. I become a character, in a sense, who believes the appropriate signs tell him the end is nigh. What would he (I) do? Surely I am obliged to preach it. I am moved by the spirit. The old phrase from the Gospel, you know, charisma, the pneuma. I am moved by the spirit to preach this. I am going to write letters to the church about it. What is my duty as a teacher? What will happen to me? That's where the book starts. The man who arrives at this conviction happens to be the pope. What then? He is suddenly forced to abdicate because his curia says: "We have a madman on our hands". Now as an author, I have very few choices. Now the curia — the church's administrative wing — can declare him insane, it can isolate him and keep him more or less prisoner while it runs the church. Or it can get him to abdicate. This last, by the way, is a curious moral situation. If he is a nut, the instrument of abdication has no force at all.

PLAYBOY: Really? He can't go because he's not . . .

WEST: He can't abdicate. By definition if he has made such a decision on his own part it would be meaningless. You can only push him. But there are no mechanics for pushing a pope, except in the old days, when they used to murder them, so that was the beginning. Then I had had a lot to do with Hans Kung over the inquisitorial proceedings against him. [Professor Kung is a Catholic theologian who since the late 1960s has attracted a great deal of controversy over his dissenting views on Papal infallibility, on mixed marriages and on priests' celibacy.] I spent quite a bit of time with Kung, and got a most curious underline about why all the pressures were on him. It was not only his questioning infallibility. There was a whole circumstantial, geographical, historical background which ties up with the fact that we are dominated by our dreams. Tubingen University, where Kung works, was one of the important centres of the Reform movement. The teacher who taught Johannes Kepler, the astronomer, was a professor there. It was the home of the Pietist movement in Germany, that is to say the reformed Lutherans, who were very pious ecumenical people and who changed the thought of Lutheranism and are responsible for all the middle western Christianity in America. It's a very influential place,

"At the end of the day, by which time I was in shock without knowing it, I started to haemorrhage through the mouth. I lost 60 percent of my blood."

now Kung has put it on the map again. And in him, I had a ready-made character. I put in a Kung, if you like, who understood what was happening, who understood the position of the rebel, the position of the outsider, the position of the outlander. Now he doesn't know whether the pope is mad or not and the man appeals to him and says: "Please, you judge me." Then the Kung character has to judge, and he says: "I can't go along with it". And then he is hit by the Red Brigades. Already, at this stage, the book is demanding a certain shape, a certain sequence of events. It is this I'm referring to when I say in some ways it almost writes itself.

PLAYBOY: Where does this leave you with the character of the doubting pope and the message he wants to preach?

WEST: When the pope has to make up his mind whether he can preach this message, how does he do it? He can't preach it officially. Or, if he does, he mustn't identify himself. It was at this stage that a very curious thing happened. I was now up to the writing of the book. I'd written about the first third and it was working itself out as a book should; logically it was going toward an end which you do not determine but which determines itself from the background. And the big problem, which is a dramatic problem, is now how to handle the cataclysmic threat at the end of the book. I needed to create that brinkmanship — is there or isn't there, will there or won't there be, will it happen now or will it not? Second coming, the millennial, the apocalypse, you know? And then something happened to me.

PLAYBOY: What?

WEST: I was in a vacation house in Florida, and I got what I thought was an attack of gastric flu and I took aspirin and, without knowing it, for 10 hours I was bleeding internally. It caused a haemorrhage.

PLAYBOY: The aspirin?

WEST: The gastritis.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

WEST: At the end of the day, by which time I was in shock without knowing it, I started to haemorrhage through the mouth. I'd already lost 60 percent of my available blood supply. So they rushed me off to intensive care. This was a very curious moment. I was not at the stage of somebody who has been clinically dead. No way. Let's not confuse that. But I was in the state of knowing that I was critically ill and could die. If they could not stop the haemorrhage, I was a dead man. The doctor said they couldn't attempt a repair — because they couldn't see anything. If they had opened me up with 60 percent of my blood supply outside my veins, I could have died of shock. So they said they would pump me full of ice water and see if that stopped the bleeding.

PLAYBOY: And you were still quite conscious then?

WEST: Yes. Drifting. But two things were curious: On the one hand there was a sense of the ridiculous spectacle of myself just lying there, with blood splattered, and thinking of just how ridiculous I was. The other was a sinking calm, a feeling of, okay, if this is it, where am I, you know? And I felt a singular calm, and was able to, as it were, accustom my mind to the situation and it was very simple. I felt myself saying well, I don't know who I'm going to meet, but whoever gave me this life gave me a good one, thank you. And that was it. I was very weak for about three months or so.

PLAYBOY: Was that a very good feeling at that time?

WEST: Calm, relaxed. In other words part of you is sort of letting go of life, but the other part is not so desperate.

PLAYBOY: Has that changed you, that bad experience?

WEST: Yes it has. And it also changed the book. Then I had three months in which I couldn't work. I was very,

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very reduced. Apparently you take so much old blood into your system with the transfusions, and it breaks down more quickly than the other, so you are more or less in a perpetual state of anaemia until you can build up new iron supplies.

PLAYBOY: What did it feel like? Such an operation can require a long period of recuperation. Were you able to quickly return to *The Clowns of God?* To start writing again?

WEST: I couldn't write. I would fall asleep at the desk and my hand-writing would drift like somebody in a decompression chamber. And then I finally came good and realised something important about the last part of the book, that part which was leading up to the cataclysm. I realised the cataclysm wouldn't present itself as such to anybody. I had embarked at the wrong end. A collective dying of such a magnitude as Hiroshima multiplied a thousand times over is impossible for the human mind to comprehend. It was Goebbels who said 60 dead is a disaster, six million dead is a statistic.

PLAYBOY: Which left you where? How did you end your *Clowns of God* story? How did you cope with the dramatic problem of a statistic?

WEST: Well, in a sense, the dramatic problem of coping with an end, was already solved for me. Because I knew that, whatever the end, whether it was collective or individual, it would be something very small and very quiet.

PLAYBOY: Hmmm.

WEST: It had to be to make its impact on the reader, and its impact on oneself. I saw some film, which is not in very general circulation, a film that was taken in the first days after Hiroshima, where all these terribly, terribly burnt and irradiated people were just wandering round in a total daze. Just sitting. Just like dying animals. And I realised that the impact was made not by the vastness of this wipeout but by that fact. That nothingness. Scary isn't it? Then also the interesting part at this stage was that I had been using "The Millennian Man" as a working title for the book.

PLAYBOY: And it no longer looked like that to you? You felt that it was now necessary to change the ending?

WEST: I knew then that it had to be changed. And it was this sense of the ridiculous that made it *The Clowns of God.* A clown is a rather mystical creature. He upends himself. And he submits to all the humiliations in the world to make you laugh. And as soon as I mentioned the title to my wife she said: "That's it, that's right, it's got to be that." And everybody I spoke to about it, publishers and everybody, chorused yes, yes, yes, that's right, because, funnily enough, a clown is also a symbol of hope.

PLAYBOY: Of hope? How do you see that in a clown?

WEST: Because he always bounces back. It's a skin-of-the-teeth thing.

PLAYBOY: And his pratfalls don't really hurt him?

WEST: That's right. The clown theme came into it in another way too. I had been preoccupied in *Proteus* (his last book but one) with the problem of official terror, torture, the repression of political opponents, whether of the Right or of the Left and the careful medical practice of the reduction of the human being to zero.

PLAYBOY: How does this fit in?

WEST: Wait. First let me say, these methods are used by all our friends as well. The Americans, the English. And they are all based upon the reduction of the human being to zero. You are depriving him of his self-respect, you are depriving him of his identity, you strip him naked, you

"You know the Holocaust? You've got the same thing happening in Brazil and Argentina. And who helped set them up? The CIA."

disorient him in a special cell. You deprive him of tactile, visual and oral reference. Then you hurt him and then he is no longer a man. You reduce him to zero.

PLAYBOY: To a clown.

WEST: Right. And this is a conscious practice. This to me represents the quintessence of evil.

PLAYBOY: And you feel it's happening in all societies?

WEST: Yes, indeed. I mean you know the Holocaust? You've got the same thing happening now in Brazil and Argentina. You had the same thing with the Savak prisons in Iran. And who helped to set them up? The CIA. And no matter how you dress it up and what you subtract to make it tolerable in our own culture (I mean, we don't use cattle prods and we don't use electric shovels, but sure as hell we use all sorts of other means, you know.) And there is this constant threat, it's a thing we have to fight against all the time, the thing we have to be aware of. And anyway this is how the book grew. Another clown image: two friends of mine suffered hemiplegic strokes from which they recovered. I was very close to one of them and we were able to work together. But he constantly says to me: "Part of me is dead, part of my brain is dead. And so I have to be aware of that. I have to accept that a certain part of me makes me ridiculous from time to time in minor matters." And this dignity of the ridiculous was what the end of the book came to. A very quiet, a very quiet ending where the man, who set out to proclaim the millenium and the second coming, sees little in it and realises that his mission doesn't depend on himself at all. He's the clown of the book.

PLAYBOY: It's an original slant.

WEST: I think, one shouldn't say it, but I think it's the best book I've ever written.

PLAYBOY: You were saying that the experience of being that close to death did change your life. In what sort of way do you feel it did?

WEST: I feel very calm. You see I've just turned 65. Now that's a stage of life at which you recognise the fact of your mortality. You can count statistically the time that you'll have left, you know. You can say, well, statistics say if I'm lucky I've got five years or 15 years or whatever, and I hope that I don't become senile or whatever. So I think an experience of this kind puts it in focus for you and then you become very glad of each day, and you squeeze the most out of it in a non-desperate fashion. You know, you lose that sense of desperation. You are prepared to take a little more time not to make a quarrel or not to make even an unpleasantness. You are prepared to think twice before you hurt somebody.

PLAYBOY: So it's had a positive effect on you?

WEST: Yes. Very. Very.

PLAYBOY: Going back to the origin of your book and what you were thinking about — the cults and so on — why is it all happening now?

WEST: Everything is moving so fast. Everything has become so complex. I mean, we all have too much input. We cannot cope with it because our organism is finite. The most intricate and sophisticated of calculations, or procedures, or processes, demand a single mindedness you know? If you are going to send a rocket to the Moon, then that is all you can be concerned with, you can't be also concerned with the Islamic revolution and famine in Africa and so on and so on. You can only cope with so much, so you drive forward along that line. But Joe Bloggs in the street, who has the box squawking at him all day and all night with disaster, famine, murders, blah blah blah, and the emotions of fictitious people, the

headlines that say gold up, money down, Poles marching, yuk yuk yuk yuk — if he is a believer in the old sense of the word, he can say: "Well I'll leave God to look after that." That's a great saver in a sense. I used to have an old Italian maid whose father was a fisherman in Sorrento, and whenever dad got a gas bill or a summons to attend the magistrate, he went into church and put it at the feet of St Joseph and said: "St Giuseppe you are a father, you know how to deal with these things: look after them."

PLAYBOY: So in turning to all these religions, young people are saying, in effect: "I can't handle it, someone work it out for me?"

WEST: Yes. If you think of all of this great input, speaking in the most general terms, it's like giving a dog contradictory orders: go, come, stay. So finally the dog curls up in a corner, or goes nutty and snaps at you. Then it is completely disorientated, it has exploded. So the cults are there to take over.

PLAYBOY: How do they do it? What methods did they use? How do the cults again their converts?

WEST: I was educated and trained under the old Jesuit system of conditioning which the Christian Brothers practised, which depended upon three things. It depended on a limited range of unassailable propositions: God is looking at you everyday. Your life is devoted to God. Do good and God will look after every act; that's not your concern. Secondly, clear sanctions. You do that, you go to Hell; you do this you go to Heaven. You follow the ritual because that's what Mother Church says, and if not, then you are an unworthy member, blah blah blah. And thirdly, constant peer pressure: Brother Damien to look after the sick, Brother Smith carries food to your brother, blah blah. Peer support and peer pressure.

PLAYBOY: And with Jim Jones and the Reverend Moon are there these same Jesuit techniques?

WEST: These techniques are still used to an enormous degree. Also, penance; the penitential bit. I spent half my bloody novitiate year on my knees, had my head shaved and all that. This sort of public humiliation serves the same purpose. Now, if you can survive it, you can more or less de-program yourself. There are a lot of people seriously damaged by it, or who are reduced to what the system wants — total dependence on the system and a series of responses totally conformable to the system. Now, once you can do that, then you are safe. You have all the answers in a single capsule. And you have that reinforced every day by all the others who say "yea brethren."

PLAYBOY: That's a powerful appeal.

WEST: Terribly powerful and also by the continual daily synapsis reinforcement the responses become deeper and deeper and deeper and more cleverly channelled so, you say: Who is God? And you answer: God is Love. So 'God is Love' is the answer. Then somebody says: Well, what about massacre, what about all the horrors that are taking place around us? How do you line this up with God? You say: I don't know, God looks after that, in the end God will tell me.

PLAYBOY: So you have the answer for all your problems in that sense?

WEST: That's right.

PLAYBOY: And people like Jones and Moon, did they independently discover some new techniques or did they consciously return to the techniques of times past?

WEST: They have been in existence right from the beginning. Man has

"I believe that the only answer is to educate our kids to the fact — and it is a fact — that we are animals made to live at risk."

always used these techniques to a greater or lesser degree. I mean the Marxists lifted them from the church, and they have been refined and refined and refined as man's knowledge of his psychic processes has become more and more sophisticated.

PLAYBOY: Is there an answer, any alternative we can offer these kids?

WEST: I believe that the only answer is to educate our kids to the fact — and it is a fact — that we are animals made to live at risk, that tension and dissatisfaction are both necessary to our lives. In other words, nobody promises a "Rose Garden". You can't. Let's put it this way, if you are in a state of total satisfaction, total balance — you've been fed, you've been well laid, you are lying in a bath of warm water and feeling very comfortable — that's when you get a heart attack. That's when your functions can stop. Your pulse rate can go down to no place and you are in that state of suspended animation, and if you stay there you die. We operate in tension, — that door banging, the water is dripping, something's happening, I'm hungry, I need a drink, Mary's getting on my nerves. It's then you react and your adrenalin starts flowing, your mind starts working, and you are forced to think, you are forced to make calculations, right or wrong. We have no guarantee of certainty. Right? It is not . . . the true aspect of faith for me, and I am a believer, is not that faith supplies the answers. But faith leads you to say that life is acceptable because I am a pilgrim moving to the end of the mystery. And so I accept that I'm a pilgrim. I expect to fall victim to robbers in the post houses and sleep with the wrong girls on the way and so on. But I am tending there, I am looking to get to the shrine of James of Compostella, you know, with a shell in my hat.

PLAYBOY: So you are saying in a sense that the problems these people are trying to escape from are what makes them human?

WEST: That's right. You remember the Thornton Wilder play, *The Skin of Our Teeth,* where the three acts show one family going through cataclysmic situations and it's a skin-of-our-teeth existence. That's what you have to help 'em see. Anyway, if you tell kids it's all perfect, they don't believe you. And if you let 'em fall victim to the consumer society, to the consumer ethic, which says if you've got two fridges, you are twice as happy as having one. It is palpably fallacious, and they're going to see through it and seek another haven.

PLAYBOY: So it's a search for security that leads all of these kids into the cult mentality?

WEST: Yes, we all have a need for security. We all have a need for the breast to lean on. But the fact of life is that at a certain moment the mother's milk dries up, the lover's body withers and the relationship between man and woman or man and man or whatever, changes. And then there comes the moment or the many moments of deprivation. Now at that stage you either blow out your brains or you say the deprivation is part of what I share with other people. That's where you have a nervous breakdown or hit the bottle or you pull yourself together and people say he or she is handling it pretty well.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk for one moment about international terrorism. That's played a large part in your thinking in so many books and apparently it crops up in this one too. Do you think it is getting worse?

WEST: The techniques have been refined and the reason for it, or the rationale of it, is becoming more and more clear. The reason for terrorism of either the Right or the Left, or both, is to destroy the faith of the public in the processes of law and order, right? And

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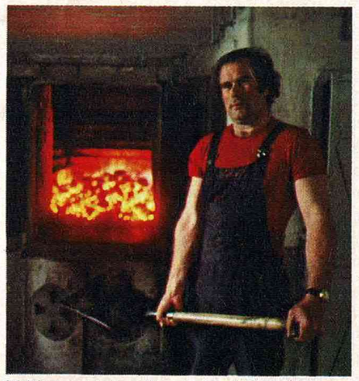

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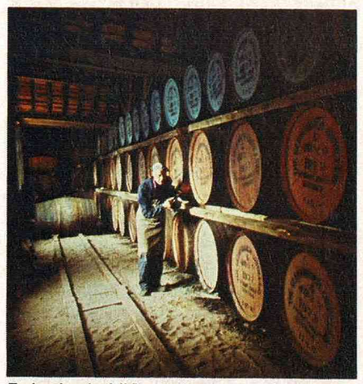

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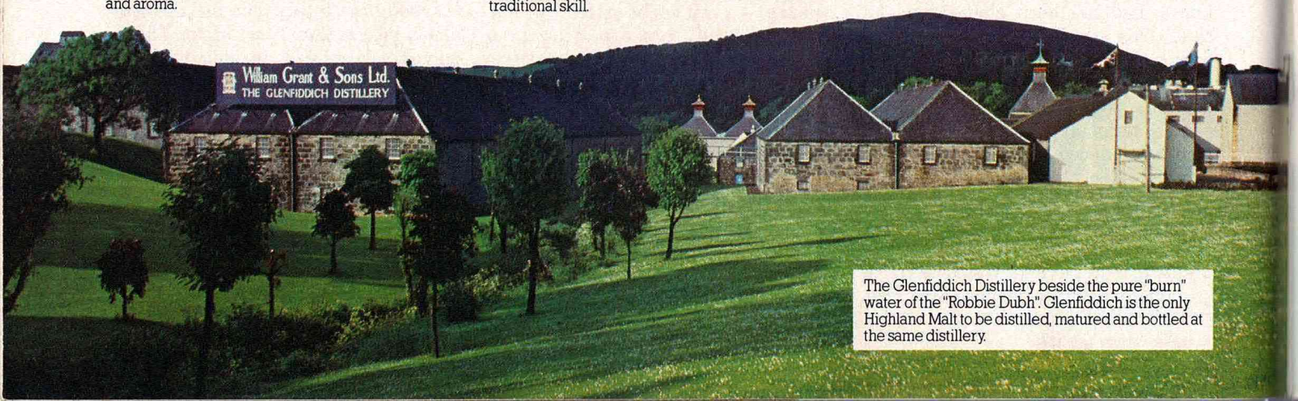

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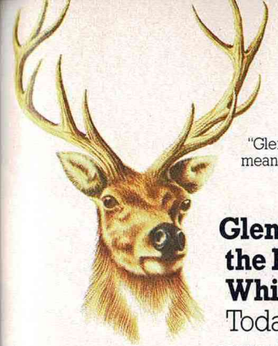

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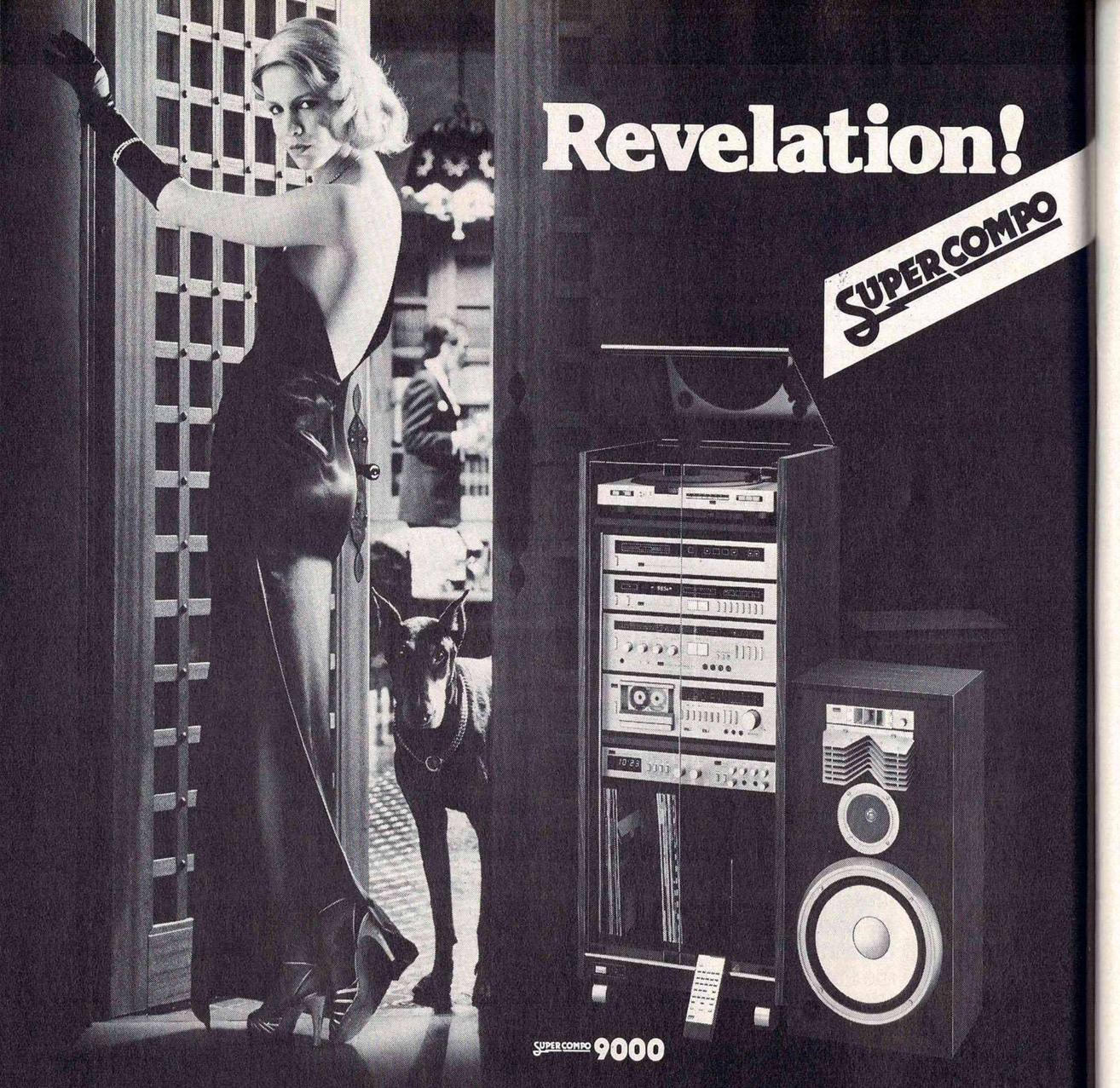

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one perpetuates the other. I mean, what we have seen in South America is monstrous tyranny which has caused a revolt of the lower people, who have taken to guns and then fallen into the hands of God, not into the hands of the State. And so it goes back and forth: I kill you, you kill me. And overall, if you fall into somebody's hands they'll flay you alive. As to a preoccupation with it, well, you see I am still officially resident and domiciled in Italy. I had a house in Sardinia. I still have a small apartment there. And I sold the house because it was on the fringe of the Aldo Moro territory where it was not prudent to remain. Say, my young son, or perhaps you, came down. You remember the Schild kidnapping? I know the area well and clearly what happened was that some servant or spotter or others heard the name Schild and thought it was Rothschild. And it's as simple as that. There are two aspects to this. One is the quite simple criminality of kidnapping as an antique form of raising money and the other is the political aspect which says yah yah yah, see we've got him, and what can you do about it? There's a disrespect for law, for structure.

PLAYBOY: Do you see it as a potential problem for Australia?

WEST: Coming back, one sees the enormous thrust of this country and the enormous economic advances it's made and the way it's grown in to a polyglot community with enormous opportunities for the future. Then, in concern — and I have no proof and so can make no assertions about this — you hear people say: Oh well, you know, the police are paid off and this is done and that is done and you know there is a way around that. And you say to yourself: I hope to God the time will come where the notion of law, the notion of the importance of the acceptance of law, and of the principles of law, become more and more ingrained in people. Because, if a notion of anarchy prevails, if a notion of Robin Hood banditry fixes itself in the minds of people so that the Sheriff of Nottingham always is the baddie: there is a great danger also with a polyglot population in which the ideas of British law and the majesty of Parliament and the legalities of the Crown have become attenuated.

PLAYBOY: So you think Australia is headed for its own armageddon? Its own cataclysm?

WEST: It scares me.

PLAYBOY: Speaking about the experience of coming back, you've lived out of Australia for years. How long has it been exactly?

WEST: Fifteen years.

PLAYBOY: What are the things that strike you now? The most notable aspects of the country today?

WEST: Well, the sheer visible economic thrust of the country. This sort of exploded out of all proportion to what it was. The expectations of the country are very large. The improvement in financial journalism which is, perhaps, not matched by the rest of the press. Lively things happen everywhere, and coming back you say — God, its marvellous, you know, the Lucky Country.

PLAYBOY: You still feel that?

WEST: Yes I do. Although you get this faint unease and you say — mmmm — that's fine and then you read through the press and you don't have the, how shall I say, the one thing one misses is the sense of somebody saying something of importance about an issue of the day. Just a simple example: I read a little news item of some woman who had been evicted from a railway house. They paid her $1600 or $3000 or something, and it was a kind of, you know, not kind to the old lady and so on and so on. And I have no idea of the rights and wrongs of the matter, but one just thinks that, if this is the case, is there adequate protection? And the reporter says this is happening to other people and there should be reforms . . . and one just thinks, but what sanctions, what principles apply? And again, I can't say, but I wonder how far human rights legislation, how far human rights concepts come into this country? These are the issues that should all be addressed.

"I never lost my Australian identity. Nor have the kids. We have never given up our Australian passports."

PLAYBOY: Yes, there is a tremendous power in the bureaucracy here — I have constant arguments with lawyer friends of mine that we need a bill of rights. They prefer to think that common law covers all these things in a satisfactory way.

WEST: It does not, you know. In principle it does, but then you go right back to Roman equity. It's a question of equity. But to establish your share of that equity you have to go to court which means you need knowledge, access, etc etc, which is denied to most people; that's where it falls down.

PLAYBOY: What else have you disliked about it? There must have been things that have grated on you returning here; other aspects you did not like?

WEST: Not really. Not really. This time I have frankly abandoned myself comfortably to just enjoy the place, enjoy my friends and so on. I haven't been so deeply involved that I even wanted to be irritated. I think that the restaurants are marvellous. The eating and drinking is extraordinarily good here.

PLAYBOY: You chose to live out of Australia and settle in Italy and other places. What was in your mind, what was your reasoning there, and have they changed at all — the reasons why you would leave?

WEST: Well, we are going back to a climate really of 20 years ago when I made my first trips overseas. It was very difficult then for an Australian who wanted to be a professional in the theatre or in writing. Television was not established. The film industry was an impossibility. So everything was overseas, you know. And having made one's first successes there, one stayed. Remember the whole background and my education then conditioned me to be European, and the links between Asia and Australia were not as yet forged. It was a post-war period. And the facilities were not there. Even the facilities for travel. No way of cheap travel. You know, you had to get there, stay there, and hack it. And then, having done that, you dug a furrow for yourself and you said: "Well, fine, this is where the greatest markets are, America, the United Kingdom, Germany, Italy, and it's where I have to be" as it were. And then you develop a habit of living, and start educating your kids. And then strangely enough as travel became easier, cheaper and more fluid one wasn't plagued by a sense of distance; one didn't feel separated. One said that we'll go back anytime I want.

PLAYBOY: So you still feel yourself as being an Australian?

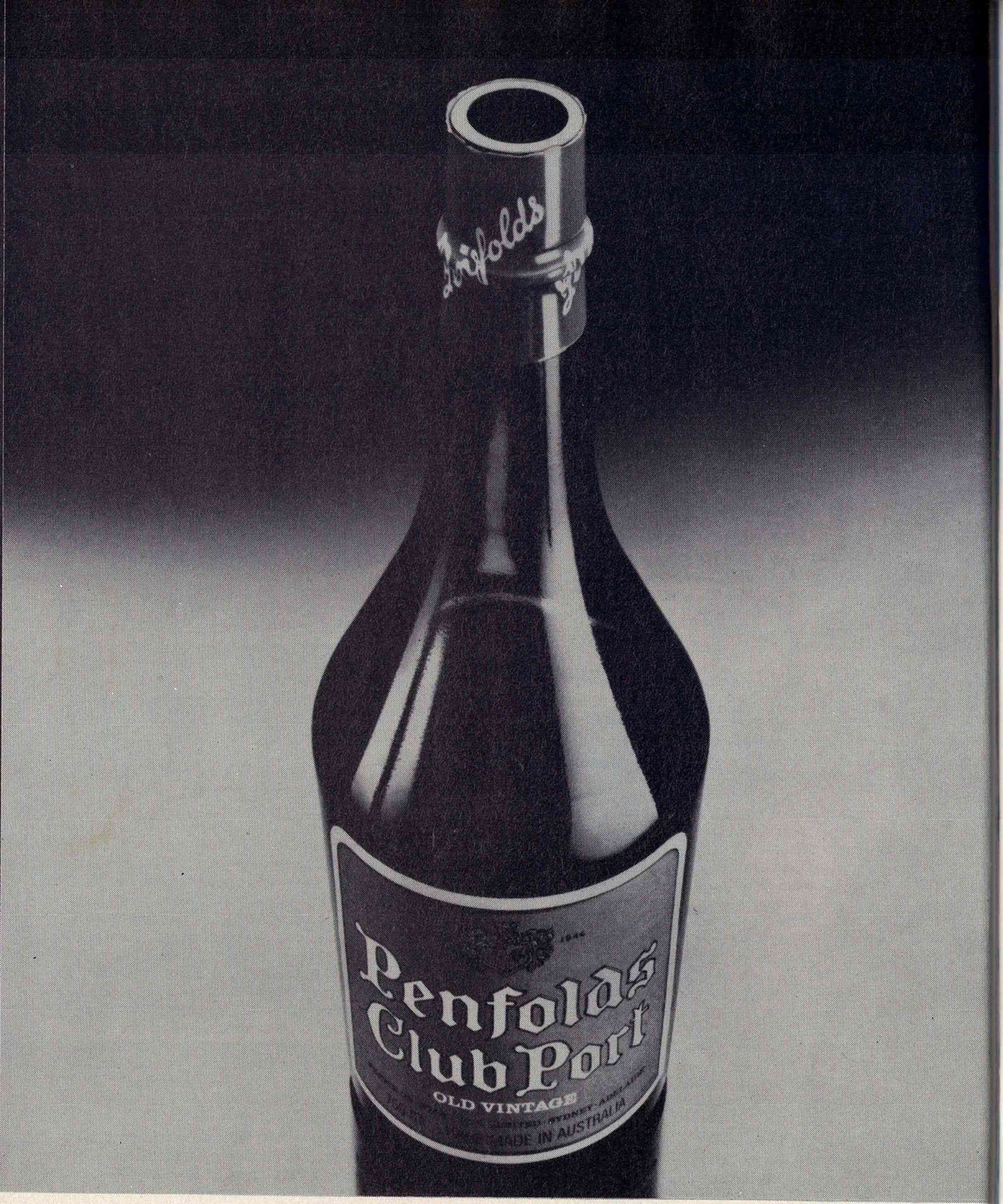
WEST: I never lost my Australian identity, nor have the kids. We have never given up our Australian passports. We've always been fairly mobile people — pack up and go.

PLAYBOY: How old are your children at the moment?

WEST: Two children by my first marriage are in their middle 30s, late 30s. I have four babies who go 26, 24, 22, and 17.

PLAYBOY: Are the four all in one place?

WEST: The first son is in England. He lives in Brighton and he is in the entrepreneurs' business. He's promoting yachting events and that sort of thing. The second one is a marine biologist who is experimenting with the raising of sea food fish and colorful



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tropical fish in Scotland. He is running the place now. And the daughter is a secretary to an accountant in Sydney and the young man I think has the makings of a fine artist. It's quite scary. His dedication. He has a fantastic eye and the capacity to get it from the fingertips to the canvas. I've never seen such a passion.

PLAYBOY: Where is he now? Still at school, and, if so, where?

WEST: He is in school, at the Oratory School, which was a school founded by Cardinal Newman and the Arundel family for sons of English Catholic gentlemen before emancipation, and it's a lovely old school. He's been fortunate enough to find a marvellous art master who has opened the doors for him.

PLAYBOY: Do you think about coming back here? Do you think of ever living here or having a home in Australia? Is it an idea that ever occurs to you?

WEST: It's still a very open question. What happens is that I tell myself happily that now I have this book I'll relax, I'll retire, then all of a sudden I get an idea for another book then a play, which means I want to work that up in London, and take it over to New York. And then I say, yes sure I'll move. But — you know what happens in such cases.

PLAYBOY: In a sense I suppose you were a reluctant expatriate in the beginning but it has become a part of your life? Something you couldn't really change even if you wanted to? It's become part of you?

WEST: That's right.

PLAYBOY: Australian critics seem to savage you every now and again. Do you think that says something about the local ones? Does it worry you that the local critics should savage your work so much?

WEST: Critics savage you everywhere. Look, as soon as they pin a label "bestseller" on you they've got to savage you. Young men have got to make their reputations by fighting the old bulls. There's a certain amount of economic envy, I guess, but it's the risk of the profession and you can't take this sort of thing seriously. You get a bad review from an authoritative critic and you think twice, and you think maybe he's right? Maybe I did cock it up? But in the other area of the puff (criticism) — as long as they spell your name right — it's all right.

PLAYBOY: You obviously do think Australia has a big future. Do you feel that there are changes we should make to live up to it? How do you see the nation's future?

WEST: I have got very chary of predicting. I think in a time of high material prosperity it's very difficult to get people to think of principles; they just say 'she'll be right mate'. It's only when, as for example in England at the moment, the country is under enormous internal stress with three million unemployed and at the same time a very strong pound which is reducing the imports that you are seeing people having to reassess their whole future. Will they ever be able to establish England as an industrial base? Probably not. Just maybe the country in some strange way will be able to demonstrate the possibility of giving a whole people leisure in a robot age, I don't know. You are seeing there a political shift where the extremes of Left and Right emerge and that's a thing one does not see in Australia; nobody's theorising Left or Right. It's just you and us and we are under the same banner on each side. Naturally, in a country of this size with all its rich resources untapped, a pragmatic view is going to prevail for a long time.

PLAYBOY: I get the feeling you are not

"I have never had bodyguards, but there have been moments, when I have been under threat. But not under immediate threat."

terribly impressed with the Australian press overall.

WEST: It's probably unfair to make any comment on that when one comes into any local ambience . . . I came back from Rome. It's like going to Zurich or anywhere else the press always reflects local concerns. I hear discussion of New South Wales politics and its all distant from me. I don't know Wran, Landa, they are all shadowy figures to me, but they are of great concern to the people here.

PLAYBOY: None of it stirs you?

WEST: One thing that does disturb me is a climate of fear here, which I think that the press is ignoring. Two very respectable people were telling me at a dinner the other night, that threats had been made against them and there was nothing they could do — there was no law that could stop people threatening them.

PLAYBOY: What sort of threats?

WEST: I'm not going to go into it or identify them in any way. But I can't believe there can be any legislation that can abrogate your right to prosecute somebody who utters a threat against you or yours. If that is the case here, people should be on their hind legs screaming about it. Yet people discuss it in hushed whispers.

PLAYBOY: I've heard of people being charged with threatening words and things like that.

WEST: That's right. I can't believe you can abrogate it. But the fact remains that two people at the table, quite intelligent people, said that this was the case, and said they could get nowhere. I said, well it's in situations like this that the thing of vigilantism raises its head. Now in London, for example, you've got these difficult Bengali areas where fascists are out with racist violence and the police can do a certain amount. The police in England are very wisely concerned about any vigilante groups. The Peach affair was one of the sad consequences of it. This New Zealand teacher was killed when the police broke up a riot. He and his friends were against the National Party. The National Party are fascist boys who used to go out with swastikas and what have you, and this group was demonstrating against them, and the police moved in, and unfortunately Peach's back was broken and he broke his skull and then there was a long inquest. This is a problem of vigilantism, but again it is a phenomenon of our time. You know, the Israelis ride shotgun on their aircraft, their own planes that is, and they shoot.

PLAYBOY: You don't entirely disapprove of it then? You think it's something that people have to do for their own protection?

WEST: I hesitate to . . . I don't want to make a statement that could be misinterpreted. The fact is, our system of law and order is based in part upon private forces. Securicor? You name all the private security forces you've got. Now in America they are allowed to carry guns. They are not in England. But these represent vigilante forces. There is nothing to stop me from having bodyguards. People do have bodyguards. People who come to this hotel have bodyguards. I have never had bodyguards but there have been moments when I have been under threat. But not immediate and potent threat.

PLAYBOY: Direct threats against you?

WEST: No, no. It's just that a known person in prominent situations must take certain precautions. It's vigilantism. Where it stops is another matter.

PLAYBOY: The character in *Proteus* was almost an international vigilante. Is that a threat people should think about? What can they ever do as individuals about it? Should he try to take an active role himself? Go out and get a gun?

WEST: Yes. This is the dilemma which we face. There is a very fine line, and I

don't know quite where it lies, and that book was an exploration of it. In extreme cases the line is clear. You just have to find situations as in El Salvador and Nicaragua, totally corrupted administrations and so on, you just have to say no more, you pick up the gun and go and that's it. Of course, those are the very extreme situations. The rest of the time things are nothing like that, so clear cut.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel some single theme emerges from your work. I mean — have you consciously tried to create one or have you noticed such a theme emerge.

WEST: Yes. It's not conscious, but it has made itself clear to me. You know the way in Carl Jung's notebook certain themes define themselves in drawings. You know, the old man with the white beard, a symbol of completion, and so on. I suppose if one wanted to define it, I've always been the novelist of the dilemma. What do you do if? What would you do when? If you go back to *The Devil's Advocate,* what happens to your view of life and all your careful moralities when somebody comes along and says you are a dead man in three months. What happens if you're a Mr Lodge in Vietnam and they say let's go and knock off Diem? Suppose I am an ambassador, as he was? The Kennedy Administration gives the gentle word, well it would be a good idea if we didn't have him, wouldn't it? *The Shoes of the Fisherman,* what happens if your best friend is accused of heresy and you are the pope. Just what do you do?

PLAYBOY: There seems to be a distinctly prophetic air about a lot of your work. I mean, do you feel you are psychic or do you read more than other people . . . how do you tune in on these things? You constantly seem to bring up the issues that are about to erupt.

WEST: You know, it's the same talent, if you can call it a talent, or the same instinct, as that of the classic foreign correspondent. The man who lives in the place like old Bill Shirer in Berlin. Now Bill knew his Germany backwards. He'd seen the Nazis come. He's seen the rise. He's seen the beer hall putsch and after a while there was a kind of inevitability. You look at things in large and not small. I have never had the talent of details, which makes me a very bad historian. I don't have the talent. The slow amassment of detail like the putting together of a mosaic.

PLAYBOY: What's the alternative? What else can be done if one does not have a talent for detail?

WEST: I've always had the intuitive talent, which so often is wrong, but the intuitive approach says it has to fit together like that. Then you have to set out and prove it. But I envy someone who can write, say, *Gone With The Wind,* the thousand-page chronicle, and hold it all together.

PLAYBOY: Well, your way makes for bestsellers. Most people say that you are the most financially successful novelist to come out of Australia. What sort of money can a person make out of a major novel nowadays?

WEST: Oh God, the figures vary so much and a lot of the figures are more fiction than the novel.

PLAYBOY: Your six million dollars in paperback sales?

WEST: Well you know, first of all it's to the advantage of the publishers. I mean large amounts of money *are* paid. Judith Krantz did get $3 million for *Princess Daisy* which everybody regretted later. Because it really buggered up a lot of the market. But it pays both sides, both the author and the paperback house, to publish that so-and-so got so much, and the figures are related to truth. But a lot of contracts are written thus-wise where we'll pay $500,000 down and then another $250,000 if so-and-so wins the Kentucky Derby and then yet another such and such for the paperback rights. And lots of deals and documents like that are announced as $2 million deals. Well, it's fine. But what passed between whom at a given time? That's a kind of French thing. I have been fortunate in that I have always had very consistent sales and a steadily increasing market. On the Continent, for example, Germany, Italy, I've had very, very large sales and these are the variations of the market. Also I have been a fairly business-like guy. I run myself like a business.

"I am capable of melancholy like everybody else. But basically I am a happy person. I wake up feeling happy."

PLAYBOY: Obviously you don't need to write for money any more, but you still keep doing it. What is it that makes you want to keep on writing?

WEST: I'm buggered if I know. I really don't know. I say to my wife I'm going to retire. Yes, she says, yes dear. She says what are you going to do, play golf? I'm going to play golf and I'm going to sail and I'm going to do this, that and the other. But I had been fiddling around in my mind for, oh, a year and a half, saying I'd love to do another play. But because the drama field is a bit rough both in America and England at the moment you have to have an economically viable vehicle which is optimally a one-set play with four characters. I was fiddling around with this, and in the middle of the flight back from England I said: "I've found it, I've found it." I'd been reading the casebooks of Carl Jung, and thought this was a magnificent idea. By then, it had dropped into my subconscious, and so I am now committed to do this.

PLAYBOY: A lifetime habit of thinking that way and you just can't let go? No way to escape from it? No way to go on to something else?

WEST: No.

PLAYBOY: Now, are you basically an optimist or a pessimist about the way the world is going? How do you feel as you traverse the globe?

WEST: Basically I am an optimist.

PLAYBOY: You think we are going to escape blowing ourselves up?

WEST: I hope we are going to escape blowing ourselves up, and the best I can say about it is I hope I won't be here if we do. I am not a pessimist simply because today is so good. And if you don't get tomorrow you know at least you've had today.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any major ambitions yet to fulfil? Things you have always wanted to do but that are still unfulfilled?

WEST: Staying alive, enjoying it.

PLAYBOY: You basically do consider yourself a happy person?

WEST: Yes I do. I am capable of melancholy like everybody else. But basically I am a happy person. I wake up in the morning in a happy frame of mind. I might go to bed feeling pretty lousy. But I wake up feeling happy.

PLAYBOY: How do you think people see you as a writer, and is it the way you would like them to see you? Is there a difference there?

WEST: Well, I suppose we'd all like everybody to regard us as, you know, Tolstoy, and to praise us as the old master, etc. Life doesn't work like that. I have a very clear idea of my own sort of identity. I am, because I've made myself such, a very good story teller. I know that. I have had some influence on the way people think, and their attitude to various things. I mean I'm read into the Congressional Record on Terrorism and this and that, but you cannot define that. It sounds pompous if you do. And with that, what else can I say? I'm lucky.

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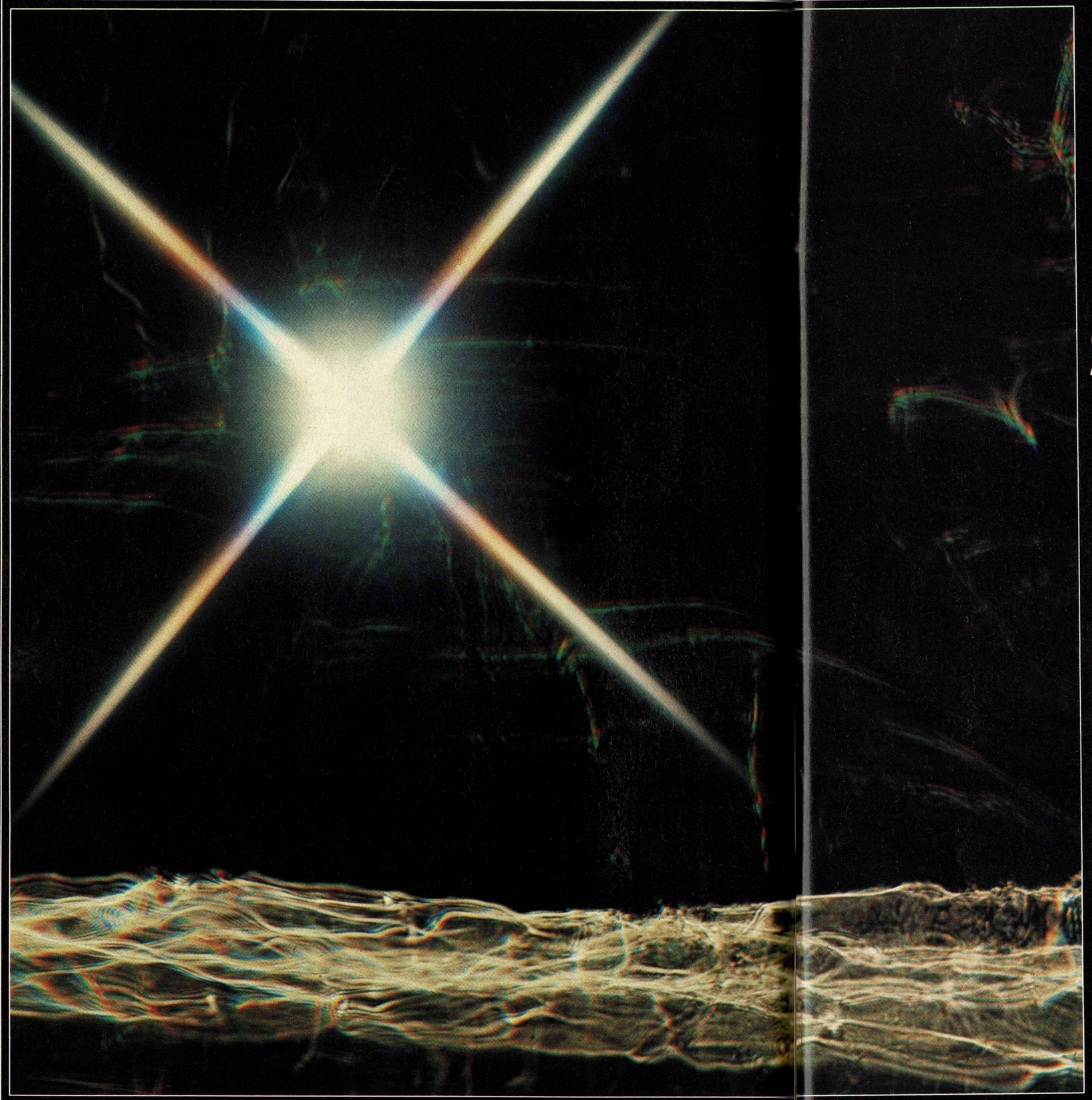


And God Cast His Light Upon The Waters...

SUPERNOVA

IN THE ornately antique library of the New York Explorers' Club, just off Central Park, George Michanowsky is "writing" with a toothpick on a lump of modelling clay we'd brought him. Cautioning all of us that he will be extremely upset if we, in any way, depict his as a "von Daniken" (author of *Chariot of the Gods*), he is demonstrating, for the camera, cuneiform — the very first form of writing, invented by the ancient Sumerians.

George Michanowsky is an archaeo-linguist, a specialist in ancient written languages. We are making a film about astronomy; specifically, about the exploding stars called supernovae, and he is the "star" in it. For Michanowsky has begun to bridge the chasm of mythology that lies between archaeology and modern astronomy with a story that is breath-taking in the audacity of its speculation and, if he is right, of great moment in its implications for the understanding of the origins of human culture.

It is his contention, no less, that the amazing sight of the explosion of a gigantic star gave rise to the "arts of civilisation" — writing, mathematics and, indeed, astronomy. It is also linked, he says, with the origin of many of the creation myths which populate the Old Testament and influence human minds to this day.

The explosion occurred in the southern constellation Vela, some 1600 light years from Earth, making it the closest known in the past 20,000 years. (The Crab Nebula, perhaps the most famous historical supernova, which was observed to explode by Chinese astronomers in 1054AD, is

feature by Michael Daley

Photo-illustration by Georg Ludwig

5500 light years distant; the next closest, recorded in 1006AD, is 3000 light years distant.)

According to the Michanowsky interpretation of ancient cuneiform clay tablets, the Sumerians, who are regarded as the founders of modern civilisation, witnessed the cosmic cataclysm of the Vela supernova explosion sometime between 4000BC and 6000BC. The looseness in the date of the event, a function of the blurred archaeological record, tends to undermine his case for some professional astronomers, but there is, as we shall see, support beginning to build for what is a very controversial story.

Among other things, it has tended to bring science face to face with its own origins. In the latter part of the 20th century, astronomers in Australia discovered and began to unravel the remnants of the ancient superstar in Vela, otherwise known as Vela X. Their discoveries have helped to revolutionise modern astrophysics and advance the story of cosmic evolution — a story now shown to be integrally dependent upon the cosmic catastrophes supernovae represent.

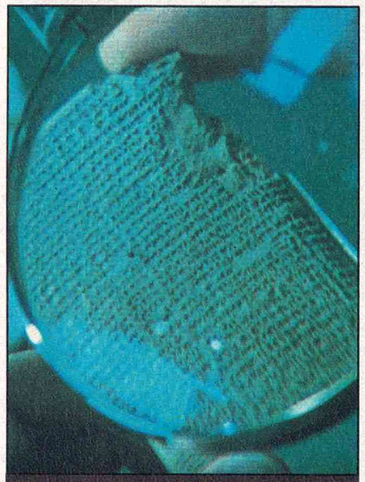
But back at this putative cosmic dawning of civilisation, it was the way in which the Vela explosion was perceived on Earth — where and by whom — that Michanowsky believes accounted for the catalytic impact he claims it has had on the human psyche and imagination.

When the star exploded — with, if you can imagine it, an energy release equivalent to 10 thousand million, million, million, million 10 megatonne hydrogen bombs — it created a great ball of light that remained visible from our world for months, possibly more than a year, before finally fading away. It was high in the sky of the southern hemisphere, almost directly overhead of what is now Australia, but was also visible on the southern horizon of the body of water we now call the Persian Gulf, on the shores of which (where Iraq is now) lived the ancient Sumerians. It was in this latter position that its psychological impact was most profound.

Like a second, but smaller, Sun by day, by night it was bigger and brighter than the full Moon, and as it sat on the watery horizon, its light splayed out along the edge of the skyline, its reflection also appeared to travel across the water from the horizon to any shore-based observer, approaching at eye-level. In this visual presentation it would have been felt to be non-threatening.

In the southern hemisphere, on the other hand, being high in the sky, observers would have had to have looked upward at the awesome spectacle, craning their necks, with spasmodic movements of the head and eyes, and this, he speculates, could well have encouraged paranoia and fear. A mass pathology.

Whether it had such an impact on Aborigines thousands of years ago, we will probably never know. There seem to be no surviving legends or myths that relate to the event. We did find and film some unusual carvings in a strange rock formation to the west of Broken Hill and down a winding river-bed's walk from the caves of Mootwingie. There are circles, whirls and whorls interspersed with what appear to be star-burst formations. The mark of stone-age astronomers, we speculate? Or perhaps a later re-creation for the purposes of tribal lore



Sumerian clay tablet, kept in the British Museum, London, describes specifically the God of Vela star.

of dimly remembered cosmic events? Whatever. The carvings at the least indicate a degree of cosmic consciousness not generally found in Aboriginal culture. And while speculation seems to be fair game in archaeo-astronomy (or astro-archaeology, take your pick), there is no doubt that the Aborigines did see the great star explode. They couldn't miss it.

In the Sumerian scenario which Michanowsky introduces from his decipherings of cuneiform texts and other sources, the sudden appearance of the gigantic star on the southern edge of their sea and then its gradual disappearance (apparently beneath the sea) was mythologised as the visit of a supernatural being in semi-human form — half-fish, half-man. With its luminous reflection extending from horizon to shore, the God-star was perceived by shore-based observers as walking on water, bringing with it from the depths of the heavens and of the sea (both equally mysterious places to the Mesopotamians) the gifts of wisdom and truth.

The God-star was named E-A. A benevolent deity and "friend to all humanity", Sumerian tradition came to hold that he was the culture bearer who brought the gifts of writing, literature and science, turning barbarians into cultured people.

In the cosmic-consciousness raising that began with the Vela explosion, the Sumerians identified other stellar features associated with the God-star and personified these as mystical beings. One of these was an area of the sky to the right of the giant star. It became the Goddess Nin-Mah, the Exalted Lady, the Creator Goddess, and in Sumerian tradition, mother of God, Lady of the Cosmic Mountain.

What we have here, Michanowsky believes, are the roots of astronomy as an observational science, and, to a lesser extent, of Judaeo-Christian religions. His authority for this lies in a tiny (5cm wide, 8cm high) cuneiform clay tablet now kept under careful wraps in the British Museum in London. Classified BM86378, it is, in fact, the first known astronomical text. Written in a mixture of Assyro-Babylonian dialects, it is a copy of a Mesopotamian star catalogue thought to have been fashioned as a miniature votive offering by a temple scribe.

The age of the text goes back to at least 1000BC, but it is also thought to reflect some aspects of astronomical knowledge that go back to beyond 3000BC, about the time writing is supposed to have been invented. But Michanowsky thinks the tablet also reflects oral traditions about celestial events that pre-date this time by hundreds, even thousands, of years. Because of the difficulties in being precise about the beginnings of proto-Sumerian culture, and thus the Vela supernova explosion which he considers "turned it on", Michanowsky tends to talk of the time-span 4000BC to 6000BC.

But one thing is certain. Tablet BM86378 does contain very specific references to the Vela star. The tablet was first unearthed in a "dig" in Mesopotamia in 1912. The following year, a German priest-archaeologist, Father Kugler, an expert in cuneiform astronomy, made the first attempt at deciphering it. He unraveled a line that referred to an area of the sky where the constellation Vela meets the constellation Puppis and correctly identified it with the mythological sacred abode (as revealed in other texts) of the God E-A. But Kugler remained puzzled by the use of the adjective "giant" in the context. There is no giant star in Vela. In 1913,

nobody had any idea that there was once a supernova there.

In fact, the concept of supernovae, the exploding stars, and, indeed, the very word itself were not invented until the 1930s. The temple scribe's meticulously-copied star catalogue remained in a kind of limbo for more than a half century, until Michanowsky, working with photographic impressions of the precious tablet, began his attempts to decipher it.

He tells the story of his journey through "the forbidding, murky world of Sumerian linguistics" in a book he published in 1977. It is entitled *The Once and Future Star* (US publisher, Harper & Row), and I recommend it to anyone interested because the story is too complex and obscure to more than briefly summarise here. It is also a book which, with its sometimes flamboyant style, tends to raise the hackles of hardnosed astronomers accustomed to objectively having to prove all their arguments. Archaeo-linguistics as a subject requires, of necessity perhaps, some measure of subjectivity to even broach it.

Michanowsky found, in an area the size of a postage stamp, two lines in the tablet which, armed now with the latter-day knowledge that there was indeed once a giant star in Vela, he is able to translate. One line translates freely: "The gigantic star of the God E-A in the constellation Vela . . ." The other: "The constellation immediately to the right is the constellation Nin-Mah, the Exalted Lady."

With these two pieces of evidence, Michanowsky was able to go on and boldly interpolate a great deal more of the complex weave of mythology and tradition in which the origins of human culture lay twisted and obscured. Those myths and traditions, possibly fostered by the explosion of Vela could have acquired hundreds, thousands of years of embellishment. (. . . and God cast his light upon the waters . . ." *Genesis.)*

The God E-A, for example, he believes was the prototype of the guardian angel concept in the Christian religions. In the original flood story, which is now known to be of Sumerian origin, it was E-A who came out of the council of the Gods which was intent on destroying humanity, and it was he who warned of the impending calamity and advised them to build an ark. (Whether there was a connection between the flood myth and climatic upsets induced on Earth by the Vela explosion no one can say, although Michanowsky is unable to resist the opportunity to speculate.)

Much later on, according to Michanowsky, the Babylonians called E-A Karubu, and this word eventually appeared in the Old Testament as Cherub, the Hebrew word for angel.

Then there is the matter of the God-mother, Nin-Mah, Lady of the Cosmic Mountain and so on. Michanowsky believes that as a sky-and-sea deity intimately associated with E-A she served as the prototype for the Star of the Sea concept applied in Roman Catholic tradition to the Virgin Mary.

The Cosmic Mountain represented the Sumerian concept of the universe. They all erected their own cosmic mountains, or temples, as meeting places between the Gods and man. These were the ziggurats, which were, in a sense, the first observatories.

The ziggurats are thought to be where writing was invented, as a

Near Broken Hill, scientists have discovered carvings which may be the work of stone-age astronomers.

means of recording the gifts that the faithful brought to the Gods. In the beginning, writing took the form of crude pictograms, in which star-shapes seemed to figure frequently. But this evolved to cuneiform in which a stylus was used to make wedge-shaped impressions in tablets of soft clay. The ziggurats are also thought to be the prototypes of Egypt's pyramids which were inspired by later Sumerian influence on the beginnings of Egyptian culture.

Michanowsky has discovered, he believes, the mark of the Vela star in Egyptian symbology and tradition, originally in the head-dress of an Egyptian goddess called Sechat. It features a seven-pointed Sumerian star which, he advises, is the first Sumerian pictographic representation of the Vela star. Sechat was the patroness of the Egyptian sage Imhotep who designed and built Egypt's first pyramid and whom, tradition says, was Egypt's first astronomer. Another link between Vela and the beginnings of science.

More recently and dramatically, Michanowsky has claimed that the Egyptian ankh, the looped cross that many people today wear as a good luck charm, is actually a symbolic representation of the Vela supernova. The loop is the star, the cross-bar, the horizon, and the stem, the reflection of the star in the water.

In Egyptian tradition the ankh is supposed to mean "life" or "living". It appears most prominently on the cartouche, or epitaph, of King Tutankhamun, and Michanowsky has now re-interpreted Tutankhamun to mean "Ruler of the Southern Star".

George Michanowsky is a former commander in the US Navy. He specialised in aerial reconnaissance, developing techniques for identifying ground features that are still being used militarily and commercially in aerial exploration. A quarter of a century ago, he became an exploration consultant which led to his joining the prestigious New York Explorers' Club and eventually to his becoming a member of its Science Board. His interest in the Vela story began on field expeditions in Middle and Near-Eastern regions where he saw strange rock carvings of star images and heard tales of myths about a giant star. It has now become almost a preoccupation with him.

When he lectures, as he does frequently at the Explorers' Club and at planetariums in New York and elsewhere in the US and Canada, it is invariably to full houses with rapt and astounded audiences.

The tiny cuneiform tablet on which much of his story rests virtually gives the co-ordinates for where the God-star was once to be seen. Applying those co-ordinates with a touch of imagination to modern star maps, Michanowsky can pinpoint the exact location of the collapsed, fast-spinning, radio and light-emitting neutron star remnant of the Vela supernova — The Pulsar PSR0833-45.

His is a good performance, a good story. Perhaps it's too good? New Zealand-born astronomer Dr David Clark, from the Royal Greenwich Observatory, who is perhaps the most articulate authority on historical supernovae, says that a lot of it is wishful thinking on Michanowsky's part based on very oblique references. However, Clark does admit that the fragmentary condition of many of the cuneiform tablets does not enhance detailed scholarship.

Oblique support comes from Dr Vaughan Crawford, curator of Near Eastern Antiquities at New York's

Metropolitan Museum of Art. He says Michanowsky has conducted a very scholarly and highly conscientious study of all available sources. And Dr Richard Stothers, of NASA's Institute for Space Studies also based in New York, who is one of the few astronomers to offer Michanowsky support, says Michanowsky has come to a "startling, yet scientifically responsible" conclusion about the genesis of civilisation.

Astronomers have shown that the great Vela star, as manifest now by the Vela pulsar, is not quite dead. In a sense, if we borrow the mythology, the God E-A is still hanging in out there — a much shrunken wreck of himself, perhaps only about 10 kilometres in diameter and so highly condensed and under such gravitational stress that a matchbox full of the pulsars matter could weigh a billion tonnes.

And all the time as it revolves 10 times a second, it is wracked by what astronomers call "star-quakes" — gravitational forces rippling through its crust pulling and pushing it out of its spheroidal shape and causing "glitches" up and down in its spin rate. To paraphrase a not-too-ancient aphorism: God's alive in the heavens, but not terribly well.

The death rattle of its radio pulsations can be heard through the ear trumpets of radio astronomy, the rate of pulsation ever so imperceptibly slowing down. This terminal state of affairs — which may last hundreds of thousands of years — is just as well for George Michanowsky. For without it, and without the discoveries of the latter-day astronomers down under, he might have very little enough to speculate about.

The God-star has seemingly been trying to say something about the cosmic connection for years. Back in 1955, the late Colin Gum, then a young astronomer at the Mount Stromlo Observatory, built up a mosaic of photographic plates of the constellations Vela and Puppis, and discovered the largest nebula in the sky. The Gum Nebula, as it is now called, is a thousand light years in diameter and encompasses much of both constellations. This Nebula baffles astronomers because they can't understand how it is fired up, where it get its ionising energy.

At about the same time, radio astronomers discovered a strange radio source in Vela, which they suspected to be a supernova remnant. They called it Vela X, the X being an astronomical rating for unknown.

In the mid-1960s, a CSIRO radio astronomer, Doug Milne, used the Parkes radio telescope to remove much of the X-rating and discovered

THE STARS THAT GO BANG

The term "supernova" is quite new. It was coined, in fact, in 1937 by a pair of remarkable astronomers at the University of California, Fritz Zwicky and Walter Baade.

Before the 1930s, conventional scientific wisdom held that, when stars died, they briefly flared up as their hydrogen fuel ran out and helium "ash" ignited. They then faded away to ultimately become lifeless "black dwarfs". The ancients had observed the flaring process, and mistaking it for the birth of new stars, gave the term "stella nova" to it.

Zwicky and Baade had the notion that there was an even stronger cataclysmic process involved in the death of stars more massive than ordinary stars like the Sun.

They proposed that these super "new stars" of the ancients (hence "supernovae") were formed by the collapse of a star's nuclear matter to a highly condensed neutron star, where the star's original protons and electrons were forced by the unimaginable pressures of gravitational implosion to become highly packed neutrons, and a star that was once, say, 10 times the size of the Sun, became a sphere only a few kilometres in diameter.

At about the same instant, the outer shell of the star exploded outward to become "the super new star". In this process, where enormous temperatures would be generated, Zwicky and Baade reasoned that the then (in the 1930s) mysterious cosmic rays would be created.

Zwicky and Baade had originally been inspired by the work of the great Edwin Hubble who, in addition to showing that the universe was expanding, had discovered, in 1928, that an unusual star called the Crab Nebula had apparently started expanding some 900 years before.

So imperative did the supernova debate become that not even the exigencies of war could stop it. In 1942, a Dutch astronomer, Jan van Oort, had smuggled a scientific paper based upon translations of ancient Chinese astronomical texts out of the German-occupied Netherlands.

Published in the US, this showed that the Chinese had observed the Crab Nebula as a "guest star" in 1054AD. Thus astronomers had a starting point for the explosion and could begin to fathom the amazing dynamics of a supernova explosion.

A conversation in 1945 between Walter Baade and a young English physicist named Fred Hoyle led Hoyle to begin developing the theory that supernova were the cosmic blast furnaces where heavy elements, like gold, uranium and iron, were created where the substances of organic life — carbon, oxygen and nitrogen — were also produced.

In 1948, CSIRO radio astronomer John Bolton, using a simple antenna set up on a cliff top at Dover Heights in Sydney, observed some vague radio sources. Bolton repeated the observations from the West Coast of New Zealand. In both studies, the reflecting surface of the sea was employed as part of the antenna. He discovered that the Crab Nebula emitted strong radio signals.

Still, the mystery remained for another 20 years as to its energy source. That mystery began to be solved with the discovery of the Vela pulsar, the neutron star of the "God-star". Neutron stars, at least in the case of the Crab Nebula and the Vela supernova remnants were the "power-houses" of supernova remnants.

Supernovae have become magic stars for astronomers. It was the rennaissance supernovae observed by Tycho Brahe in 1572 and by Johannes Kepler in 1604 (the last ever seen to explode in our galaxy incidentally) that led to the formulation of the laws of planetary motion that overthrew the Ptolemaic view of Earth as the centre of the universe, and led to the beginnings of modern science.

It has now emerged from studies of atomic anomalies in meteorites that our own solar system is the product of a supernova explosion, with the shock wave from the explosion forcing the compression of the cloud of gas and dust which is the proto-solar nebula.

Extremely hot matter from the supernova is mixed in with the cloud, which had probably picked up other debris from earlier supernova on its spiralling tour around the galaxy. As in some amazing big mixmaster, it's all homogenised, the compression forcing the Sun to form, and so it goes on from there. It seems to be a common process in galaxies.

In fact, supernovae, chain-reacting during the course of millions and millions of years, seem to be the drive mechanism of spiral galaxies like our own, their gravitational and radiation pressures kicking them around, and creating and re-cycling matter until the galaxies' fuel is expended. Somebody once said: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." And they didn't know about supernovae then.

that the source is made up of myriad scattered and polarised magnetic fields, which are characteristic remnants of a supernova explosion.

In October, 1968, Sydney University astronomer Michael Large was walking into the control room at the giant Mills Cross radio telescope when he heard the pen recorder clattering furiously. He rushed over to see the pen drawing the pulses of a very fast pulsar, much faster than the first pulsar discovered accidentally the previous year before by astronomers at Cambridge University. A check on the pulsar's position revealed that it lay in the middle of the Vela remnant.

Although the Australians failed at the time to get an optical fix on the pulsar which would definitely confirm the pulsar-supernova connection, their subsequent paper in the science journal *Nature* presented the first experimental evidence that pulsars, or neutron stars, and supernovae were associated — just as Zwicky and Baade had theorised back in 1933. The academic mills began to thresh, and very quickly American and British scientists discovered an even faster pulsar at the heart of the Crab Nebula pulsing some 30 times a second. Light flashes from the pulsar confirmed the supernova link. And the theoreticians had a field day pointing out that the neutron stars contained intense magnetic fields.

Although Zwicky and Baade and other physicists like Robert Oppenheimer and Fred (now Sir Fred) Hoyle had all postulated highly condensed neutron stars as the penultimate phase of a supernova, but none of them had thought they would contain these magnetic fields. Their significance is that they allow the fast-spinning pulsars to act like dynamos within the debris of the supernovae so that, at least in the case of the Vela and Crab pulsar, they can not only be heard in radio wavelengths but also seen in light and X-ray wave-lengths.

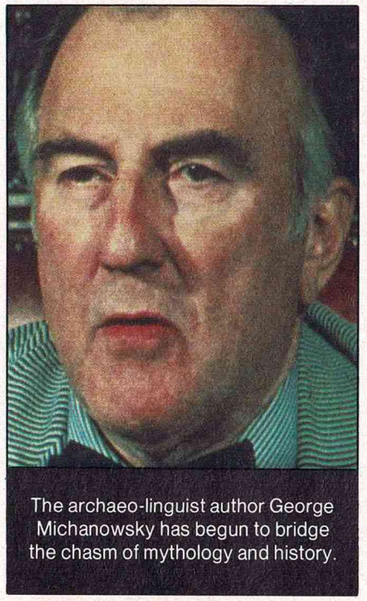
But where does all this leave George Michanowsky and the story of the God-star? All along, the great problem had been in obtaining an unassailable date for the explosion of the Vela star which would either place it within the Sumerian historical context or discount it altogether.

The reason for the difficulty is that compared to other known and dated historical supernovae, the Vela remnant is so large and so diffuse that it has proved extremely difficult to establish its expansion rate and, from that, to work back — to a point in time when it could have begun.

When the sums were done for Vela, the figures came out ranging from a high of 50,000 years ago to a low of 13,000 years. A long way from 4000BC.

In 1979, Michanowsky got his first real scientific support from theoretical work carried out by New York-based astronomer, Richard Stothers, mentioned earlier, who had calculated a possible age of 6000 years, or 4000BC, for the event. Stothers' figure is based on a way of calculating back from the spin-down rate of the Vela pulsar.

A second New York-based astronomer, David Helfand, of Columbia University, a pulsar specialist, compiled a set of calculations based on the known date of the Crab Nebula, July 4, 1054AD, or 927 years ago, compared to the age as calculated from the spin-down rate of the pulsar. This showed that a correction of 25 percent had to



The archaeo-linguist author George Michanowsky has begun to bridge the chasm of mythology and history.

be applied to the spin-down rate to bring it into line with the known age. When this same correction was made to the spin-down rate of the Vela pulsar, an age of 8000 years emerged, which was getting into George Michanowsky's Sumerian ball-park.

But when Helfand took account of the "glitches" induced in the pulsar's spin-rate by the "star-quakes", the age became even younger, moving up toward 6000 years. Calculations on the decline in the intensity of the X-ray emissions of the Vela pulsar, which is a function of its spinning-down tend to support the figures. But it is still suggestive, rather than conclusive, evidence.

Helfand, meanwhile, alerted me to an intriguing report in *Nature*. A team of American scientists had been extracting ice-cores at the South Pole. Analysis of one of the cores, covering the past 1000 years, showed peaks of nitrates in layers nearly coinciding with the renaissance supernovae of Tycho Brahe and Kepler at the end of the 16th century. It was suggested that the nitrates were the fall-out products from the breakdown of the ozone layer in the upper atmosphere caused by the impact of X-rays and gamma rays in the initial blast wave from the supernovae.

For a long time, it had been speculated that such cosmic disturbances could influence the dynamics of the atmosphere and bring about "climatic perturbations", even ice-ages or warm-ages. And if such comparatively distant supernovae as these could leave their marks in the antarctic ice, what could the much closer event of the Vela supernova do?

At any rate, suggested Helfand, here was a possible way of establishing once and for all the age of the Vela explosion from the mark its cosmic fallout left in the ice.

Easier said than done. Although the upper layers of snow can be differentiated almost by eyesight, the deeper one goes, the more compressed the annual layers of snow and ice become. Intensive chemical analysis is going to be required — which, at the least, requires manpower and money, commodities in short supply.

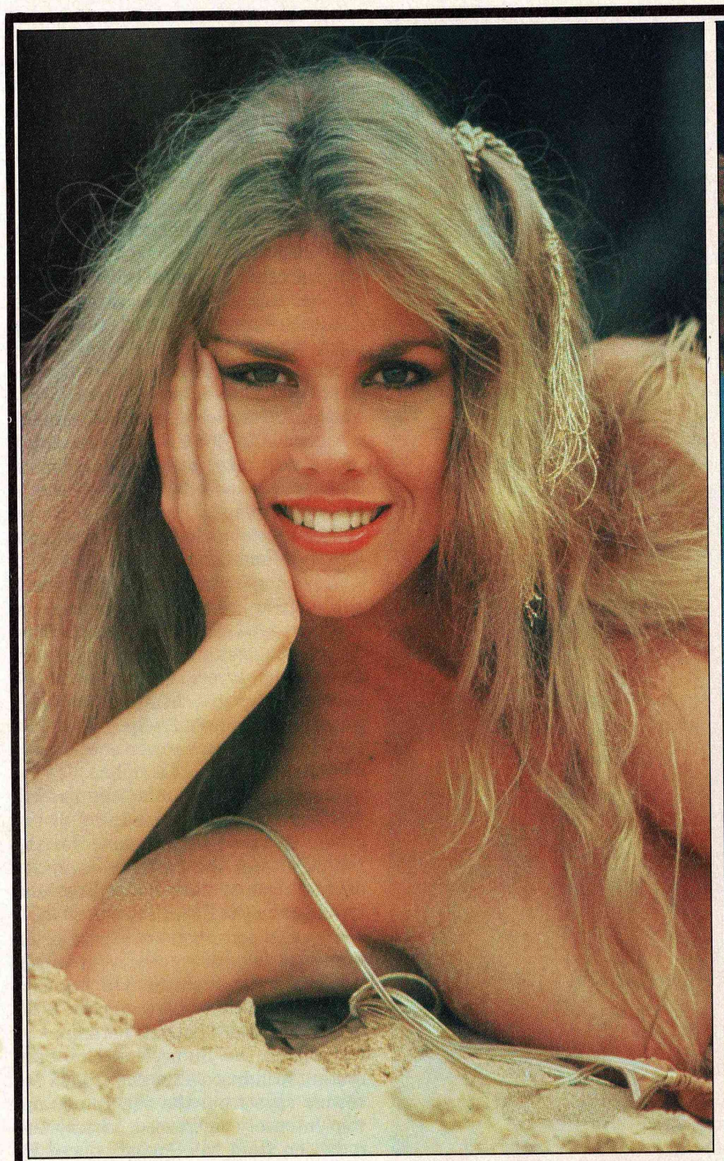
Eventually, no doubt, the ice will yield up the evidence one way or the other. It would be dramatic, for the radiation and the particles from the explosion must have had a profound influence on the Earth's atmosphere.

Climatic perturbations? Perhaps the Sumerian flood story, the Noah myth, had its origins in major weather disturbances that followed in the walk of the Vela star's impact. Perhaps.

Perhaps the Sumerians had been mutants induced by the influx of cosmic rays from the supernova and the intensely increased ultra-violet radiation from the Sun, produced by the breakdown of the ozone layer. Certainly the radiation could have been intense enough to produce lethal or mutational effects.

This is the kind of speculation that makes the pure scientist wince in psychic pain at his outraged sense of objective factual assessment. But, that's what the story of the God-star is, in large measure, all about.

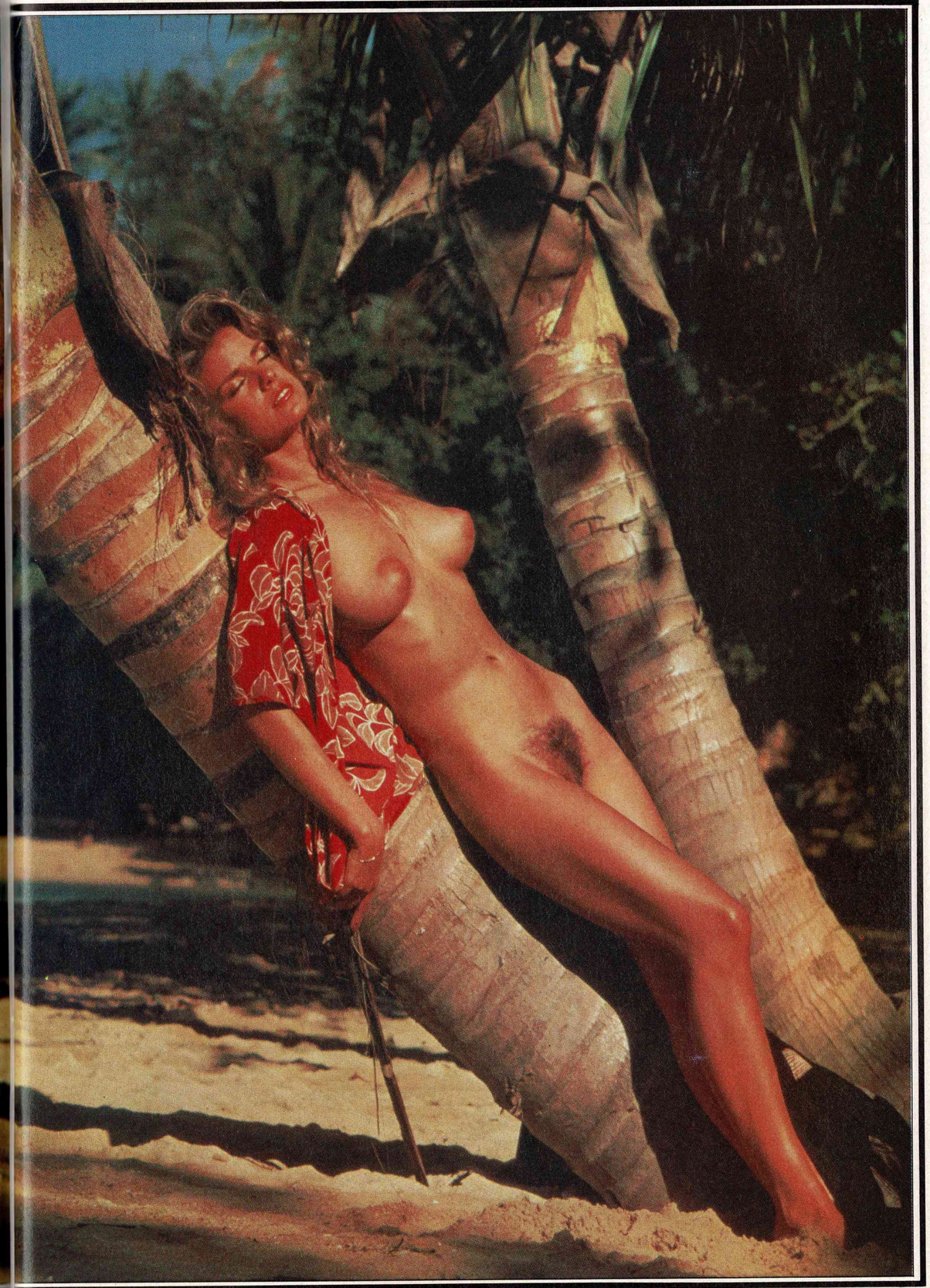
Michael Daley, 40, is executive producer of the science programs for ABC-TV. A New Zealand-born journalist, he joined *The Australian* at its inception in 1964 as science correspondent, the first such position in the country. Subsequently, he joined ABC radio to present the predecessor of *The Science Show*, joining ABC-TV in 1972 where he has been responsible for approximately 70 documentary films and other programs on science-related matters. Most recently, he produced *Vela X — The Supernova Story*, a 100 minute documentary.

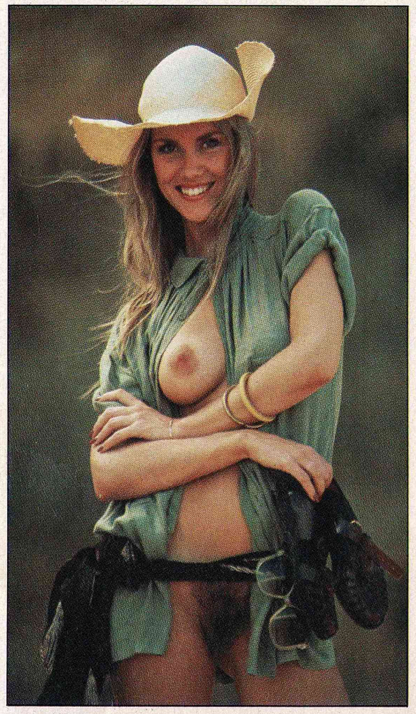


US PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

we coulda told you so! terri welles fell out of the skies last year to appear as a playmate, but she's been on the rise ever since

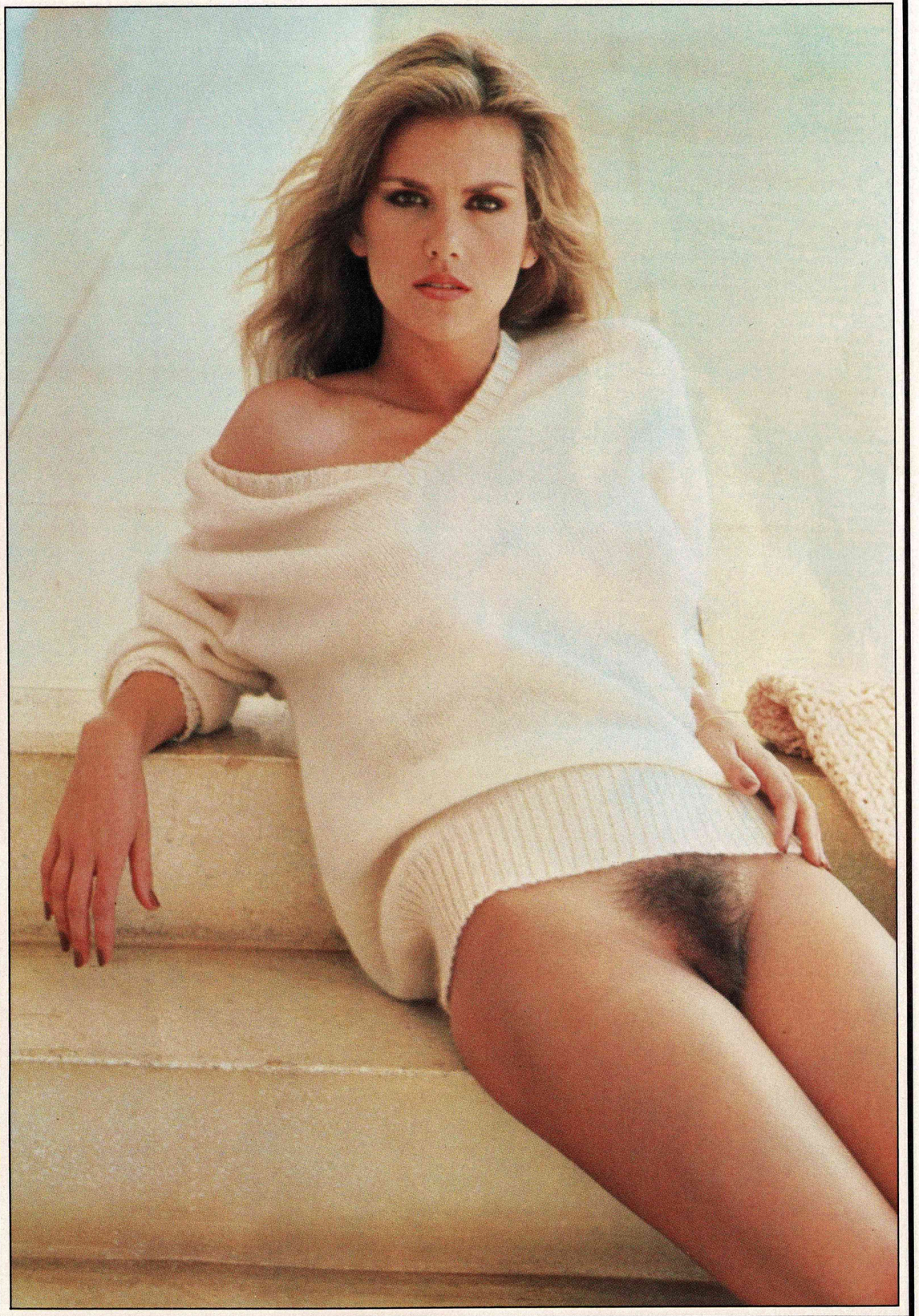
Photography by Phillip Dixon and Richard Fegley





PLAYMATE OF THE month in both the US and the Australian PLAYBOY December 1980 editions, Terri Welles has been one of the most likely contenders for the title of US Playmate of the Year ever since she took off her airline hostie outfit to appear before the cameras. Being a flight attendant was okay, she says, and she was good at it . . . but you don't ask a thoroughbred to pull a plow. Any passenger halfway into his morning coffee could immediately see that Terri was several cuts above the ordinary.

Goodness knows, we saw it. The lady who strolled into the studio, full of verve and sparkle, was about to blossom into something very special. Terri saw an opportunity for a fling in the world of modelling, a career she had previously eyed while jetting about the



country. And it only took one shot to get her new career into gear. Nevertheless, none of the people at PLAYBOY were prepared for the enormously favorable response from their readers, who were impressed — to say the least. Intrigued. Wanted more. Couldn't get enough of the fresh-faced, leggy hostie who was making her debut performance, *au naturel.*

So they convinced Terri that her destiny lay not just in the sky but among the stars, and moved her into the rarefied atmosphere of the centrefold. It was there that her terrible secret was first uncovered: behind that gorgeous exterior lurked an equally appealing interior. She had an ego-wilting wit, an electric personality and, perhaps most importantly, a clear, level-headed perception of who and what she was. She was not shy by any means. She took life two steps at a time. One either kept up or watched her heels disappear in the distance. Miss Welles was a woman for the '80s.

There could be no other choice for US Playmate of the Year, and Terri was ready for the assignment. "I'll get a chance to represent what I hope will be a good image of the Playmates to the public." In the hands of Terri Welles, the Playmate image has never before been in better hands.

Castarse rules, OK

bugger "orf" blimp, and make way for colonel castarse. indubitably, the man most often caught with his pants down — from belgravia all the way to mandalay

Philip Adams

ABOVE ALL the categories of human beings, I place the eccentric. Like significant public buildings, eccentrics are to be honored and treasured. Each year in the Honors List there should be a special category for them, a sort of MBE for ratbags. Why should the corrupt men of the business world get all the kudos?

In recent years there just haven't been enough eccentrics to go round. Personally, I blame their sharp drop in incidence on the introduction of such fascist ideas as decimal coinage and metric measures. But just the other day one wandered into my office and I felt you ought to know about him. The charming son of Alec "Bluey and Curly" Gurney, John Gurney, has spent the past few years of his life playing jazz and preparing one of the most important literary documents of the decade. I refer, of course, to his massive collection of anecdotes about the most important military figure of the era. Not Montgomery, not Rommel, not Blamey or Zhukov or Eisenhower, but the fabulous, and lenendary, Colonel Castarse.

As I write this introduction, I am also leafing through John Gurney's magnificent manuscript, 40,000 words produced by the most assiduous kind of research. Yet, while the library shelves are crowded with military memoirs, this magnificent manuscript has yet to find a publisher. However, I'm quite confident that, in a few pages time, Angus and Robertson, Rigbys, Hamlyn, and Heinemann, Nelsons, Macmillan and the rest of them will be clamoring for the rights. Just drop me a note care of PLAYBOY.

Did Colonel Castarse, whose sexual exploits have been told and retold in every trench, mess and gentlemen's club for the better part of the 20th century, really exist? Of course he did. Indeed, he was a close friend of Major Denis Bloodnock, he of the amazing abdominal detonations. Bloodnock has assured me that Castarse is not apocryphal. (Mind you, Bloodnock had no idea what apocryphal meant) And, although the War Office have, for their own reasons, expunged any mention of Castarse from their official records, his name does appear as a footnote in the tedious memoirs of Colonel Blimp.

Incredibly, John Gurney has also managed to anthologise 220 Castarse stories, of which 120 are undoubted originals, while 100 involve some degree of borrowing or adaption. As John points out, Castarse's hostility to women shines through, for the colonel was, and he remains, the archetypal misogynist.

John has traced Castarse stories to every branch of the Australian Armed Services and confirms that the old geezer crops up in New Zealand and, indeed, in the folklore of the American Marines. Yet the splendid reprobate, that filthy colonel, remains British to his boot straps.

Gurney believes that the colonel was given many hush-hush missions during a long succession of wars — which is why the War Office denies his existence. Only this would explain his freedom of movement to various theatres of war, and his remarkable access to the most influential members of society. As Managing Director of Adams-Packer Film Productions Pty Ltd, I propose making a feature film about this quite extraordinary, enigmatic, booze-pickled gentleman, starring this country's very own David McNicoll.

You'll understand my enthusiam as you explore random selections from this oddest of odysseys.

☆ ☆ ☆

Gurney explains that, as a young man, Reginald Castarse was well schooled in all the social graces. He could order dinner and select wine from a menu in French. He dressed in good taste without appearing too natty. He played above average golf and tennis and could ride to hounds. But what he enjoyed most of all was ballroom dancing.

On one occasion, the colonel was dancing with a young American girl whose necklace became unfastened and slipped down the back of her dress. She asked him to retrieve the jewellery for her. He was very embarrassed but, wishing to comply with her request, reached cautiously down the back of her gown.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said, "but I can't seem to reach it."

"Try further down," she said.

At this point, he became aware that he was being watched by everyone in the room.

"I say," he whispered, "I feel a perfect arse."

"Never mind that," the girl replied, "just get the necklace."

☆ ☆ ☆

During the last war in Egypt, the guests at Shepherds Hotel, Cairo, were awakened one night by loud screaming and stamping out in the passage way. True to the form of all hotel guests, they all peered out their doors just in time to catch sight of a young damsel, in an extreme negligee, fleeing wildly down the passage from a young man who was, to state it bluntly, nude.

Next morning it transpired that the impetuous romeo was a high-ranking British officer named Castarse and that he was likely not only to be court martialled, and lose his rank, but also to face a suit for civil damages, since the young lady belonged to an important local family.

However, the Castarse family was not without resources, and engaged the services of an eminent KC to conduct the defence. It was due to an astute move on the part of this gentleman that Castarse was able not only to avoid the civil action but also to retain his rank as well.

The defence counsel merely quoted a paragraph in the Army manual which states: "It is not compulsory for an officer of the British Army to wear full uniform at all times, provided that he is suitably garbed for the sport in which he is engaged."

☆ ☆ ☆

When the colonel was in the Middle East, he became very friendly with a sheik who one day showed him around his palace. After they'd seen the great hall, the banquet room the harem the kitchen and the stables, the sheik ask the colonel whether he might

Illustration by Ward O'Neill

like to see the room where they made the eunuchs.

"Most certainly," answered the colonel, "by all means."

The sheik took him down a stone staircase and into a room with a bare stone floor. Its only furnishings were two parallel iron bars about the thickness of broomsticks that ran from one side of the room to the other about five centimetres apart and a little more than a metre off the floor. On the floor below were two bricks. The colonel looked for a time and then admitted: "I'm afraid that I don't understand."

The sheik explained that the selected candidate was seated on the two bars so that his testicles hung down between them. A man standing behind him then banged them firmly between two bricks.

The colonel shuddered. "I say, that must be awfully painful."

"Oh, yes it is," replied the sheik, "especially when you get your thumb caught between the bricks.

☆ ☆ ☆

The colonel used some of his leave for a short holiday in the south of France. The day of his arrival was fine and warm. He stretched out in the Sun and, after a time, became aware of an attractive blonde walking a short distance away.

She smiled.

He smiled in return.

She walked over to him.

"Are you buying?"

"Oh, I might as well."

The blonde visited his room a number of times during his stay.

The following summer, the colonel again made for the south of France. The first morning on the beach, who should he see but the same blonde. She smiled and walked over to him.

"Are you buying?"

The colonel was surly. "What are you selling this year? Leprosy?"

☆ ☆ ☆

Visiting the sick people in a local hospital, the colonel's wife came to one patient who had his private parts heavily bandaged.

"Poor chap. Did you break the bone in it?" she asked.

"Bone? Bone? How long have you and the colonel been married?"

"Four months."

"Well, then, I takes me hat off to the colonel."

☆ ☆ ☆

It was while in India that Colonel Castarse received word that young Ffanshawe was being sent to his regiment on transfer. The lad had splendid references and an excellent service record.

When he arrived, the colonel welcomed him effusively. "Glad to have you with us, dear boy. I know you are going to like it here. Such a lot of things to do."

"Oh yes, colonel. I've been looking forward to it. Defending the Khyber Pass. Fighting with the Sikhs and Gurkhas. It must be wonderful."

"No, no, lad. That sort of thing is all in the past now. The natives are very well behaved. We have other activities now. A full program in fact. Now, tomorrow's Tuesday. Tuesday we always have polo. You play polo?"

"Actually, no I don't."

"Hmmm. Well, Wednesdays we have bridge. A lot of fun to be had on Wednesdays, lad."

"I am afraid I don't play bridge either, sir."

"Hmm. I see. Well, you will enjoy Thursdays anyway. Thursday is more or less a social day. One big party. Lots of wife-swapping and carry on. You'll like Thursdays."

"Oh sir, I couldn't take part in anything like that." "Why not? Are you some kind of homosexual or something?"

"Oh no sir, certainly not."

"Oh well, I'm afraid you won't enjoy Fridays much either."

☆ ☆ ☆

After dinner the colonel ate, drank and smoked to excess. Indeed, he was sick down the front of his mess jacket. He said to his batman next morning: "Coming home from the dinner last night, some bounder was tight and blundered into me. He was sick all down the front of my mess jacket. The cad. You might clean it up and remind me tomorrow to give that man 14 days, will you?"

Next morning the batman returned the clothes cleaned and pressed and said: "If I were you sir, I'd make it 28 days. The dirty devil's crapped in your trousers as well."

☆ ☆ ☆

During World War Two the colonel arranged for an old ship's carpenter to lecture a group of army officers on technical details to prepare for the invasion of France. But his talk was forever being interrupted when he pronounced the names of trees as "helm" and "hash". A very lah-de-dah voice from one of the young officers would correct him. "You mean elm, of course, and ash, don't you?"

At last, the old carpenter lost his patience. He said: "Now 'ere we 'ave the hoak."

"You mean oak, of course," opined the young gentleman.

"Of coss. It is the very finest wood to use for pounding piles into piers. And for the benefit of our young friend 'ere, I don't mean pushin' 'aemmorhoids hup the harses or the hanuses of the haristocracy."

☆ ☆ ☆

In Canada, the colonel was visiting the headquarters of the Royal Canadian North West Mounted Police. It was explained to him that, as well as having certain formal qualifications, new recruits were expected to pass an unofficial initiation test. In one night, the candidate had to drink two bottles of whisky, shoot a grizzly bear and make love to an Eskimo woman. The colonel didn't think this should be too difficult and volunteered to take the test himself that very night.

First he drank two bottles of whisky, and disappeared into the darkness. He was gone from the headquarter for some time.

When he finally reappeared after two hours, he was a mass of blood and long scratches.

"What happened colonel?" he was asked by all.

"Never mind that." he replied, "just show me where this Eskimo woman is that I have to shoot."

☆ ☆ ☆

The colonel lingered so long in the refreshment tent that his wife wandered off to admire the prize bull, never had she seen a male animal so splendidly equipped.

"My word. That's a fine beast you have there Giles," she said to the yokel in charge.

"Yes mum. 'E be a champion and father o' champions."

"Tell me about him."

"Well mum, this yere bull stood to stud about three 'undred times last year alone."

"Indeed? Be a good fellow, Giles. Go over to the colonel and tell him that there's a bull here that went to stud 300 times in one year, will you?"

Giles made his way to the colonel and gave him the message.

"Very interesting," he observed. "Always the same cow, I suppose?"

"No indeed sir. Three 'undred different cows."

"I see. Go and tell my wife that, will you?"

☆ ☆ ☆

The colonel's wife woke early one morning while it was still dark. To

"In one night, the candidate had to drink two bottles of whisky, shoot a grizzly bear and make love to an Eskimo woman."

LOVERS

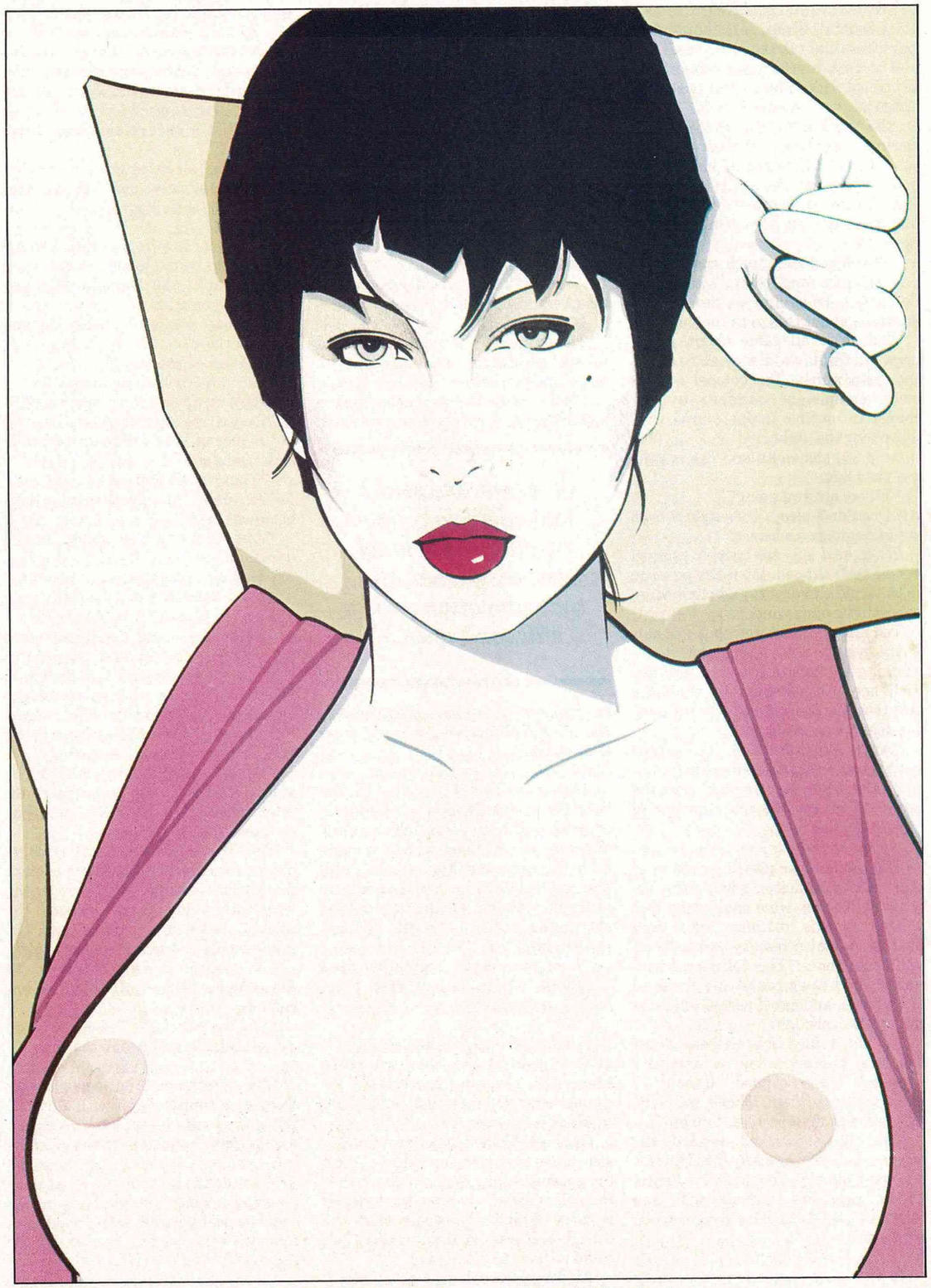


Illustration by Pat Nagel

"Tan? Who wants a tan? I'm just an exhibitionist."

her surprise, the colonel was already getting dressed.

"What time is it?"

"A quarter to five."

"Where are you going?"

"I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd go outside and rake some leaves."

The next morning the same thing happened, this time at half past four. When it was repeated at 20 to five on the third morning, Mrs Castarse became suspicious. Was it possible that the colonel might be visiting the maid, Mary, in the early mornings? She devised a plan — Mary would immediately visit her ageing relatives up north.

"Thank you very much, ma'am."

"Oh, just one thing," said Mrs Castarse. "There'll be no need to say anything about this to the colonel."

And so it all came about. Mary prepared Friday's dinner and caught the train north. The colonel ate his meal, completely unaware of any change in routine. In due course, they retired for the night.

At 4.30, she woke up. The colonel was dressing.

"Where are you going?"

"I couldn't sleep. I thought I'd go out and rake some leaves."

When he'd left, she quickly jumped out of bed, slipped down the passage to the maid's bedroom and climbed in, beneath the open window.

Ten minutes past and then she saw in the hearth light a shadowy figure climbing in the window, and into bed with her. Not wishing to spoil the surprise, she did not say a word until the deed was completed.

"And now," she said, "I suppose you'll go and rake some more leaves."

"Rake leaves be damned," was the reply. "I've got 400 more bottles of milk to deliver."

☆ ☆ ☆

The colonel was playing a round of golf with a solicitor friend. On the fourth hole they were held up by two women in the distance who were having some difficulty with their approach shots. The solicitor friend volunteered to go round and speak to the women, and ask if he and Castarse might play through.

He had walked only halfway down the long fairway when he hurriedly returned. "I say, colonel," he said, "I can't speak to them. That's my wife, playing with my mistress. You go."

The colonel walked toward the women, but soon he too hurried back.

"I say old boy. What a coincidence. That's my wife, playing with my mistress, too. Let's have a cigar while we wait."

☆ ☆ ☆

A visitor to the colonel's country club finished a round and headed to the locker room for a shower. Being unfamiliar with the arrangements, he mistakenly went into the ladies locker room, which was quite deserted, and entered one of the cubicles. By the time he'd had his shower and was towelling himself dry, a number of women had entered.

Having only his towel with which to cover himself, and of course not wishing to be identified, he wrapped it around his head and ran, naked, through the locker room. Amid the screams he heard the following:

"I don't know who he is, but he's certainly not my husband."

"No, and he's not my husband either. Not at all."

"Not only that, he's not even a member of this club."

☆ ☆ ☆

The colonel's son was horrified to see his father coming out of a notorious brothel.

"Son" said the colonel, "please say nothing. I prefer the simulated

" 'Everyone said I looked like a proper count.' The colonel was disgusted. 'All that education and he still can't spell.' "

enthusiasm of a paid prostitute to the dignified acquiescence of your dear mother."

☆ ☆ ☆

The colonel's wife, trying to win back her husband's love, on the advice of a woman friend, brought him his slippers and a cigar when he came home late, poured him a cold drink and cuddled up in his lap dressed only in a silk dressing gown. After a time she murmured: "Let's go upstairs now darling."

"I might as well," said a bemused husband, "I'll catch hell when I get home anyway."

☆ ☆ ☆

When their son finished school, his mother insisted that he must go to university, over the protests of the colonel who felt that this would be a needless extravagance.

Once established in college, the boy sent home for blazers, creams, rowing togs, tennis togs and, no matter what the colonel said, Godfrey was refused nothing. Finally he wrote that the college ball was coming on soon and could he have a suit of tails.

Although the colonel was outraged, his wife sent the money. Afterwards, Godfrey wrote back that he'd been a great success at the ball. "Everyone said I looked like a proper count." The colonel was disgusted. "All that education, and he still can't spell."

☆ ☆ ☆

The colonel called James into his study one night and showed him an enormous erection. "What do you think of that, James?"

"Isn't it a beauty sir. Shall I call your wife?"

"No, James. Bring me my overcoat and we'll see if we can smuggle this one down to the village."

☆ ☆ ☆

The colonel's wife was riding round the estates with James. Away on a grassy bank, she thought she saw something unusual.

"James," she said, "what do you see over there?"

"A blanket, madam."

"And what is it doing James?"

"Moving up and down madam."

"Do you see anything else James?"

"A pair of lady's legs, spread wide apart, madam."

"What else do you see?"

"A pair of gentleman's legs between them."

"And what do you think they're doing, James?"

"Having intercourse, madam."

"Lord, does that still go on?"

☆ ☆ ☆

The colonel and his wife were spending a day at the zoo. After visiting the bears and the elephants and the big cats, they came to the monkeys. The colonel's wife noticed that the gorilla was sitting close to the bars and seemed to be beckoning.

"Look," she said to the colonel, "he seems to be trying to attract our attention. Let's go over and see what he wants."

They approached the gorilla's cage, but as soon as they were near enough the gorilla reached out through the bars with a long arm, grabbed the colonel's wife, dragged her into the cage and began tearing her clothes off.

She stood there screaming to the colonel. "What will I do? What will I do?"

Said the colonel: "Tell him you've got a headache and you're too tired."

☆ ☆ ☆

One afternoon, the colonel was enjoying a round of golf with a friend. When they were on the 12th green the colonel was about to putt out when he saw a funeral approaching along the road beside the golf course. He at once removed his cap, reversed his putter and bowed his head. His friend was taken by surprise but he also did the same, following the colonel's lead.

When the cars had passed, the colonel put his cap back on and finished the hole as though nothing had happened. As they were walking toward the 13th tee, his friend remarked: "I say, Castarse, that was a pretty thoughtful gesture of yours stopping the game when that funeral went past. I was very impressed."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the colonel, "it was the least I could do really. We would have been married 26 years next Tuesday."

☆ ☆ ☆

After Sunday dinner, the colonel took his son into the library. "My boy," he began, "it's time for you and me to have a little talk. You're 20 years of age, you know the facts of life, you've been to Eton and to Cambridge. You've knocked about for a few years. Now it's time you thought about settling down and getting married.

"When I die all these estates, all my interests in the City, will pass to you and I would like to know that you in turn had someone to pass them on to.

"Now take the Lady Muriel. She's a good healthy sort. Plays a good stick of tennis and golf, not a bad seat on a horse. She'd be a good breeder. Now please tell me, why don't you marry the Lady Muriel?"

"But father, I just don't love the Lady Muriel."

"Oh, love is it? What about the Lady Cynthia? She's a nice little piece of goods. A charming hostess and a pretty dancer. Just the sort of girl to smooth away the worries after a hard day in the City. Why don't you marry the Lady Cynthia?"

"But father, I don't love the Lady Cynthia either."

"Well, damn it all then, who do you think you love?"

"Well father, I'm rather keen on Lord Lonsdale."

"Lord Lonsdale? You can't marry him. He's a Catholic!"

☆ ☆ ☆

Castarse was filling the members' glasses from a whisky decanter when he was stopped by the padre who covered his glass. "None for me thank you. I'd sooner commit adultery than drink alcohol."

Straight away the colonel began pouring his drink back into the bottle. "I never realised we had a choice."

☆ ☆ ☆

The colonel came home from his club one night to find James, his butler, sitting in the colonel's favorite armchair, smoking one of his cigars, drinking a glass of his brandy and reading one of his books. Without rising, James asked the colonel: "Excuse me, sir. A short time ago I came across a foreign allusion with which I'm not familiar. Perhaps you could explain to me the expression *faux pas.*"

The colonel replied: "*Faus pax.* It's a French expression. I could explain it simply by telling you it's a social blunder, but perhaps if I give you an illustration it will make it more clear. The other week when we were all having the garden party in the country, you will recall Winston Churchill taking Lady Astor for a walk through the rose garden. While they were there, Sir Winston got a thorn in his thumb.

"When they came back inside, Lady Astor said to Sir Winston: 'How's your prick, Winston?' and he replied: 'Still throbbing, thanks.' Whereupon I said 'Shit', and you dropped the soup. That, James, was a *faux pas.*"

☆ ☆ ☆

The colonel was giving a dinner party and, of course, James was supervising the arrangements. Everything was going very nicely when

"I'm sure someone in our gathering must have had the fascinating experience of having intercourse with a ghost."

James saw to his horror that as one of the ladies, who was wearing an extremely low cut gown, leaned forward over the table, one of her breasts fell out. As quick as a flash, James grabbed a soup ladle and did the necessary, and it all happened so smoothly that none of the guests was aware that anything unusual had happened.

When the guests had departed, the colonel complimented James on the success of his arrangements and added: "By the way James, that little incident with the Lady Millicent. Very quick thinking James, but next time — a warm spoon, eh James?"

☆ ☆ ☆

The Salvation Army band played loudly and enthusiastically near the busy intersection, as the young workers made their way among the crowd shaking their tambourines and wooden collection boxes. A recruit approached the colonel.

"Won't you please give something for fallen women?"

"Sorry old thing," he replied, "but I'm already giving direct."

☆ ☆ ☆

The neighborhood society for the investigation of psychic phenomena was meeting in the village hall to hear an address from a famous spiritualist. When she had finished her lecture, she asked the audience: "Now I'm sure that someone in our little gathering tonight must have had the fascinating experience of having sexual intercourse with a ghost. Would you care to share your experiences with the rest of us? We would all be most interested. Now don't be shy."

From the back of the hall a voice said: "Well, actually, I have."

It was the colonel's best friend, Featherstonewhore. And as he came forward, there was a polite round of applause. The chairman announced: "We'll now have the pleasure of hearing from Mr Featherstonewhore who will tell us about his experience of having had sexual intercourse with a ghost."

Featherstonewhore shuffled awkwardly. "I say. This is most embarrassing. I thought you said 'goat'."

☆ ☆ ☆

Dining on his own in a first-class restaurant, the colonel called the wine waiter. "Bring me a bottle of 1944 dry red from the eastern slopes." When the wine waiter brought the bottle and opened it, the colonel tasted the contents. "No, no, this is 1942 from the southern slopes." The waiter examined the label and admitted that the colonel was right. He bowed slowly, took the bottle and left.

A fresh bottle was brought. Again the colonel tasted it. "No, no," he said, "this is 1945 from the northern slopes." Once more the wine waiter examined the label and found the colonel was perfectly correct. Again he brought a fresh bottle. The colonel took one sip. "No, no," he said, "this is 1943 from the western slopes." The wine waiter, dignity intact, bowed again and took away the bottle.

A drunk in the corner had been watching all this, fascinated. He approached the colonel with a glass in his hand.

"Would you mind tasting this."

"Certainly," said the colonel.

He took a swig and spluttered.

"That's piss," he exclaimed.

"Yes I know," said the drunk, "but how old am I?"

☆ ☆ ☆

I have, of necessity, chosen the least bawdy of John's Castarse collection, undoubtedly one of the greatest epics in English letters. Would interested publishers please submit their tenders in plain brown envelopes? And if any readers have a Castarse story or two, let's have them so that they can be relayed to John Gurney, his loyal biographer.

BLOOD MONEY

what are the promoters of the new gladiatorial era doing to your favorite sport, and how does it rate with the real thing?

sport by Neil Jameson

BIORHYTHMS. That was it.

It took a fortnight after John McEnroe's spectacular nose-dive against Bjorn Borg in the two Sydney legs of their February super-challenge for somebody to suggest biorhythms. Why not? McEnroe was trying a new racquet and Borg was as brilliant as ever. But biorhythms were as good a way as any to explain the 6-0, 6-4 and 6-2, 6-4 slaughter. Had Supermac's bios really lost their rhythm in the romance angle? Was his mind really on a cheek-to-cheek with his girlfriend in New York instead of a head-to-head with Borg in Sydney? We will never know the answer.

Game, set, match and series to the Super-Swede.

"Biorhythms? Bullshit!" raged a few fans, burned for their $100 seats, or betrayed by a blind faith which dared suggest the tussle would fulfil

Illustration by Geoff Kelly

all of their expectations. But history was kind to John McEnroe. Had chance put him at hand 2000 years earlier when those heavily-promoted gladiatorial contests were the ritz of red-blooded sports fans, something like the Sydney showing would have copped the universal thumbs down. Macca would have ended up the main course for the next feeding of the lions, and there might have been a few shouts to throw in promoter Paul Dainty for dessert. Instead, McEnroe cleared Australia with something less than his reported $375,000 cut of the $2 million extravaganza. Borg scored almost double that, and Mr Dainty modestly described the exercise as being "profitable".

"The public cannot be suckered," said Dainty. "Borg was in unbeatable form in Sydney, and that's why he won so easily.

"Look at it this way: if we'd gone to Melbourne for the third leg with the score at one-all, there'd be some people screaming that it was a fix. Regardless of the result, it was superb tennis, which proves that people do appreciate Rolls Royce value."

In reality, the track record reveals that far too many of sport's sleeker promotional limos have jammed in neutral, leaving sportswriters with an extremely jaundiced view of the big confrontation, showdown, shoot-out, head-to-head concept. Too many times they've heard the public scream farce, fake, non-event and sham. And not without some cause.

"While the whole world watches, I'm gonna blast that big fortune cookie into little pieces," blabbered Muhammad Ali on the eve of his June, 1976 "fight" .with wrestler Antonio Inoki. For his $6 million cut of the cookie jar, boxing's Greatest could afford a little confusion over Inoki's ethnic origins. But no fortune cookie could forecast the torrent of public outrage which followed one of sport's greatest shams.

The promoters had billed the event as the War of the Worlds, giving Ali the excuse, if he ever really needed it, to switch his own hype machine over to fast feed. "Pearl Harbor will be revenged," he promised the world's press, and "I'll cut him up real bad." Across Tokyo, Inoki conceded he was no verbal match for sport's greatest marketing machine and just quietly settled down to his routine which included his handler delivering 100 gut punches daily to harden the wrestler's ample girth for Ali's feared body blows. This made great press fodder and it got even better when the trainers demonstrated how they would grind their heels into Inoki's jaw to prepare for Ali's A-bombs; and with Ali's gums flapping like bedsheets in a stiff breeze, there was no shortage of publicity. So, come fight day, the world was hyped to the hairline on the great Boxer-Wrassler confrontation. The arrival of June 25 — fight day — forced Inoki and Ali to climb out of the bullshit and into the ring. There, it was a different story. Tokyo's Budokan stadium displayed SRO signs, the US was locked in via closed circuit TV and the rest of the world watched the direct satellite coverage. Anticipation just wasn't the word. Why, the very Universe was perched on the edge of its seat!

If you can remember watching the uncut version of Neil Armstrong's moon landing and wished you had waited for the edited highlights, you'll have some idea of what happened in the Ali-Inoki contest. Very little. And it took an awful long time even to produce that. Inoki wallowed, whale-like, on his back, lashing kicks at Ali's leg while the champ did his darnedest to scamper out of reach. It wasn't even good circus, and it lasted 15 boring rounds. No Ali A-bombs. No Inoki cobra holds. Just two losers: Ali's credibility and the public.

"Many fans are prone to identification fantasies which align their emotions to the fortunes of the sporting stars."

Ali's collected laurels like you and I score parking tickets. One of his greatest prizes is the US Sports-writers' Athlete of the Decade Award, a trophy permitting entrée to a very exclusive club, the domain of men like Jack Nicklaus and Bjorn Borg. It is very doubtful that those two men would muddy their respective sports with something as trashy as the Budokan fiasco. In fact, Nicklaus once rejected an entrepreneur's offer of a $1 million stake for a televised showdown over 18 holes with Johnny Miller on the grounds that such an event could discredit the sport. Promoters and cash abound, but genuine sportsmen are fast becoming a rare breed.

Logic dictates that sportsmen and promoters should share the blame for their willingness to exploit the public's gullibility. In spite of Paul Dainty's claim that the public can't be suckered, Sydney psychologist Warwick Bubb says that it is the average sports fan's nature to be attracted to the well-promoted confrontation between champions.

"The huge amount of anticipation created by such events generates spectator tension. While the occasion might provide a momentary release, there is never complete satisfaction, which explains why the fan will keep coming back for more," he says.

There is also a group fever element which often serves to involve even the most dispassionate of sports lovers. Warwick Bubb explains it: "There are those types who fall easy prey to the obvious publicity splurge to such an extent that their enthusiasm becomes infectious, causing others to become involved. It's a phenomenon somewhat like gambling — where there is an addiction, people are bound to get hooked on it."

In the same way as star-struck Hollywood-philes absorb the works of the glitter brigade, sports fans are attracted to the big events by the need to escape the smallness of their own lives. Bubb suggests that many fans may be prone to identification fantasies which align their emotions to the fortunes of the sporting stars. In effect, these fans see themselves as Borgs, Alis or McEnroes, involved in the struggle. There is a possibility that this phenomenon can be taken into the broader context to involve even larger aspirations, needs or prejudices. The perfect example is boxing's search for the Great White Hope, a factor which doesn't just involve sporting confrontationism but unashamedly places the contest on a racial footing. Undoubtedly, when Arthur Ashe downed Jimmy Connors in four sets in 1975 to become the first black man to win a Wimbledon final, some of the fans saw their match as something more than just another tennis contest.

Similarly, other circumstances can dictate terms by which money is of little consequence. The classic East v West confrontations of the 1980 Lake Placid Winter Olympics almost put amateur sport on a "war" alert. Lurking in the immediate background was the United States' need to salve the deep wound of the post-Vietnam humiliation which had flared again because of the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. This atmosphere was the backdrop for a few classic tussles and one notable non-event.

Fired by the furnace of media overkill, anticipation was running hot for the pairs figure skating showdown. The US supporters had more than faint hopes that the combined talent of the Californian darlings Randy Gardner and Tai Babilonia would put the skids under the Russian champs Irina Rodnina

"Please, Howard . . . don't do anything foolish!"

and Alexandr Zaitsev. The rivals had matched each other in training and a tight contest was promised. A partisan and highly vocal crowd which packed the stadium was in no mood to heed rumors from the US camp that Gardner was carrying an injury. Sadly, for the US fans, the injury became more than a rumor when Gardner's groin strain gave way under the weight of his warm-up, causing him to fall twice. Randy and Tai withdrew and the nation choked on the collective lump of disappointment made all the more bitter by the Russians' romp to collect gold and silver medals in monumentally anti-climactic style.

America, desperate to shuck off a bad case of the international blues, was knocked to its knees, with no way to get up.

Unless . . .

On the ninth day of the ice hockey tournament the spring-green US team got a whiff of victory when two goals by Rob McClanahan carved out a 4-2 win over the smart West German combination. For a side formed just six months previously and given a snowflake's chance in Hades of winning a medal, it was a remarkable effort which vaulted them into the next round. Meanwhile, Olympic champs, the USSR, were still undefeated after crushing the US 10-3 in a pre-Games warm-up and looked odds-on to cruise through to the gold. The great confrontation came in the semi-finals (scriptwriters would have waited for the final), with Russia, the world's most powerful "amateur" side, drawn to play the USA, and Sweden set to meet Finland. The world and his dog tipped a Russia v Sweden final. Expert logic would not allow that a bunch of inspired kids could really do the impossible. Sportswriters who saw that memorable semi-final later said that it was evident when the Americans hit the ice that every one of them was amped to the eyeballs on sheer motivation. It is now remembered as one of America's finest sporting triumphs: how their boys came from behind three times to beat the champions 4-3 in the greatest upset of the Games. When the Yanks tossed the Finns 4-2 in the final, it would take the return of the hostages to generate a greater level of nationalistic euphoria than that which swept the country on that day.

After that hockey triumph, America felt it had nothing to prove in Moscow.

In confrontationist terms, Lake Placid proved that sport can generate the emotions which run far outside the mainstream concept of normal sporting ethics. It is when promoters attempt to translate such ideals into profit that the artificiality of the promotion overshadows the concept.

The boycott-plagued 1980 Moscow Olympics promised nought besides a show of Soviet strength, Eastern Bloc athletic show-offism and an absence of the international head-to-heads which, all ethics aside, had lit the wick for previous Olympics. Posturing and suspect judging were prevalent but the Games partly redeemed themselves by unearthing a classic rivalry, and ironically it stemmed from two athletes from the same country. A contrast of personalities between the friendly, fresh-faced Sebastian Coe and surly, introverted media-dodger Steve Ovett partly compensated for the absenteeism.

The Olympic athletics program had a Goodie v Baddie tilt.

The two rival Britons had bounded through their Games preparations with a series of record smashing performances over the 800m and 1500m distances, somehow just managing to dodge each other in the process. The press seized upon their rivalry with such a fierce tenacity that the British bookmakers found a market for the two middle distance races. Coe's world record time of 1:42 put him into the 800m final a short priced favorite to snare the gold for his pet distance. Ovett had not been beaten in 41 attempts over 1500m and, bad-guy image aside, was rightly favored to win that final.

"I think that if Borg and McEnroe are still one and two next year, the public will be back."

Perhaps it was a matter of feeling right on the day or the outcome of the psych-out procedure which caused Coe to run a dog of a race in the 800m final. With three parts of the race gone, Coe was perfectly placed at the rear of the field to observe Ovett's winning sprint as the tall Englishman booted clear at the curve. Coe gave chase but couldn't erode the distance, and Ovett won in 1:45.4.

The winner dodged the post race press conference, leaving bookies and journalists to speculate that Coe's loss strengthened Ovett's claims on the 1500m gold. Three days later, in a heart-stopping reversal, Coe ran the tactical race of his life to win the 1500m gold in 3:38.40. East German runner Jurgen Straub was second, sandwiching Ovett back into third. Although Coe later admitted he would rather have won the 800m, the final medal tally read Coe: one gold, one silver; Ovett: one gold, one bronze. A points win to Coe.

The East v West and Good Guy v Bad Guy square-offs as witnessed at Lake Placid and Moscow are consistent with the sort of identification that many fans seek in their sport. It would be naive, says psychologist Warwick Bubb, to suggest that the promoters do not consciously play on these addictions.

"Ten years ago," says Paul Dainty, "we were promoting the best rock tours of Australia. Within no time at all, eight or nine others had jumped on the bandwagon. Now that we're into sport, there are bound to be others who'll think it's worth getting in."

Dainty's rock and roll record had him marketing rock mammoths like the Rolling Stones, Wings and Fleetwood Mac upon these shores so that the transition to Borg and McEnroe, for a self-confessed tennis fan, was rather easy. After all, says Dainty, the logistics are pretty similar. He is considering the idea of launching into other sports and, as a firm believer in the attraction of the "special" event, will pursue the tennis stars again.

"I think if Borg and McEnroe are still one and two next year, the public will be back," says Dainty. On that score he at least agrees with Warwick Bubb's concept of the fans' attraction to the "ultimate" confrontation. Just how, when and where it eventuates is a different matter.

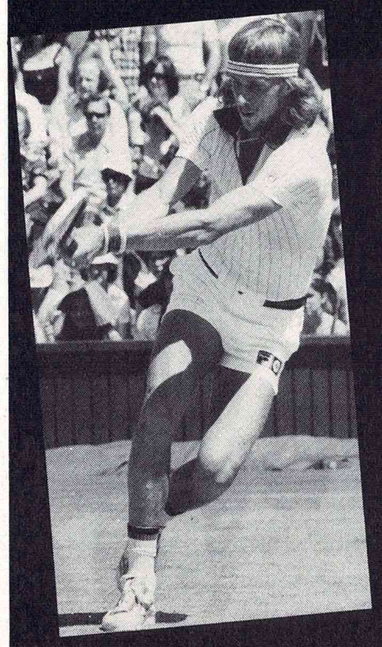
When it comes to sport, old hands might view Dainty's pedigree with suspicion. But he is, above all, prudent. Golden rule one: he will not touch boxing. After watching Surfers Paradise whiz kid Peter Foster's attempted promotion of a professional card featuring aged light heavies Bunny Johnson and Mike Quarry, who can really blame him? Far from generating the traditional challenge and macho elements of boxing, the fight pulled a handful of spectators to Sydney's Hordern Pavilion, ended in farce and attracted non-complimentary press. With a dazed and beaten Quarry left thinking that he was in England rather than Australia, the event was a financial disaster and the object of public ridicule.

That bout came two years after the John Singleton-John Laws pairing attempted to lift the somewhat flagging financial fortunes of the then 37-year-old restaurateur Rocky Gattellari by putting him back in the ring against Australian featherweight champion Paul Ferreri. In one of boxing's most pitiful hours, Rocky Gattellari cried "enough" after three rounds with the quote: "That's it; I don't want to fight anymore." Ferreri was too ashamed to accept the acclamation under such circumstances. Singleton and Laws hated signing Gattellari's cheque, and the NSW Government almost intervened. It was later revealed Ferreri had been offered a $20,000 bribe to throw the fight. If other promoters are to follow Dainty's route into sport, it's likely they'll give boxing an equally wide berth, despite its obvious attraction as the super confrontationist sport. Boxing is the last sport, for better or worse, that still embodies the true gladiatorial spirit. When Roberto Duran risked his rep as one of boxing's gutsiest by quitting in the eighth round of his 1980 title rematch with Sugar Ray Leonard, he confirmed the suspicion that the era of the senseless and scrambled champ had gone. Duran had nothing to prove after being outboxed in a punishing seventh round. A 72 win, two loss record was his epitaph.

Ironically, his hardest fight is yet to come: will he be able to resist the come-back call of the promoters?

Essentially, it is the promoters' aim through "special" events to recreate sport's magic moments — such as a great Wimbledon final — without running the same risks. It is the naturally induced confrontations which stimulated the promoters to reproduce a Borg-McEnroe final, Ali-Frazier fight or even a Bobby Riggs-Billie Jean King showdown. When the Daintys put their money down, it is too much of a risk to put the stars through a qualifying haul with the chance that two unknowns could appear in the final. Hence special events. Dainty and company agree that it is not like the grand prix stuff and it is probably not the next best thing, but it sure as hell fulfils a need, puts bums on to seats and, when properly promoted, generates profit.

The Association of Tennis Professionals is not exactly enamored with the promoters' plans for exhibition tennis, and the same can be said through the various corridors of sports administration. But ultimately it is the public who decides and, despite Dainty's admission that the tendency to over-hype does present some risks, it's the fans who make the final decision: plebeians and pontiffs alike. Perhaps that's why Messrs Fraser, Peacock, Hawke, MacKellar, Anthony and Ellicott swanned it with the rest at the great Borg-McEnroe shoot-out.



ANATOMY OF A SUPER-CLASH

THE STORY THUS FAR . . .

June-July 1980: Australian rock promoter and top entertainment entrepreneur Paul Dainty goes to Wimbledon. A self-confessed tennis nut, he scores good seats for the memorable Borg v McEnroe final — a monumental event which provided Borg's fifth Wimbledon title and confirmed the pair's rating as one and two in the world. It strengthens Paul Dainty's resolve to bring them together for a special challenge.

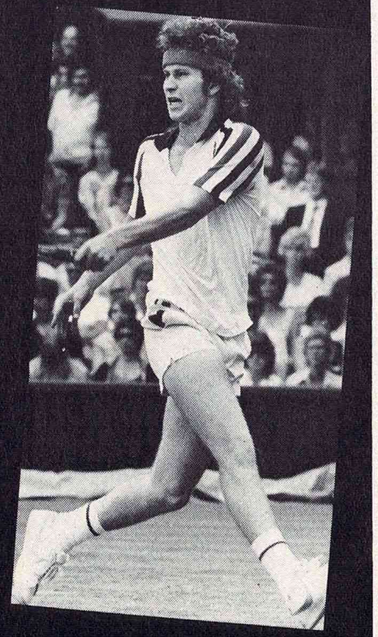
February, 1981: With a five-figure telephone account behind him, about $2 million up front, and rumored prizemoney of $1 million plus a gold-plated silver tennis racquet, Dainty chairs the Sydney press conference to welcome Borg and McEnroe for the three-cornered Benson and Hedges-sponsored super series. Two legs will be played in Sydney with the third in Melbourne.

The hype: Dainty, better-known for handling rock heavyweight tours such as Paul McCartney's Wings, puts his full promotional machine into gear. The sensational press peddle "war" and "grudge match" terms while also speculating whether Borg's virus will see him below his best. Dainty's timing is very good. The super duo's last encounter was in the Volvo Masters Championship when they packed Madison Square Garden with a record attendance for tennis as 'Ice' Borg momentarily lost his cool, but won the match. The Borg clichés appear yet again: "court assassin", "killer" and "machine". McEnroe's Superbrat tag overrides his other qualities. Dainty pushes stories of royal tour billing: a private jet on standby in case of industrial trouble, armed security on the scale of a presidential visit, a novel $30,000 gold racquet trophy plus undisclosed prizemoney. It is slick, timely and well placed through the respective media arms. Dainty describes the clash as the most expensive sporting event ever staged in Sydney.

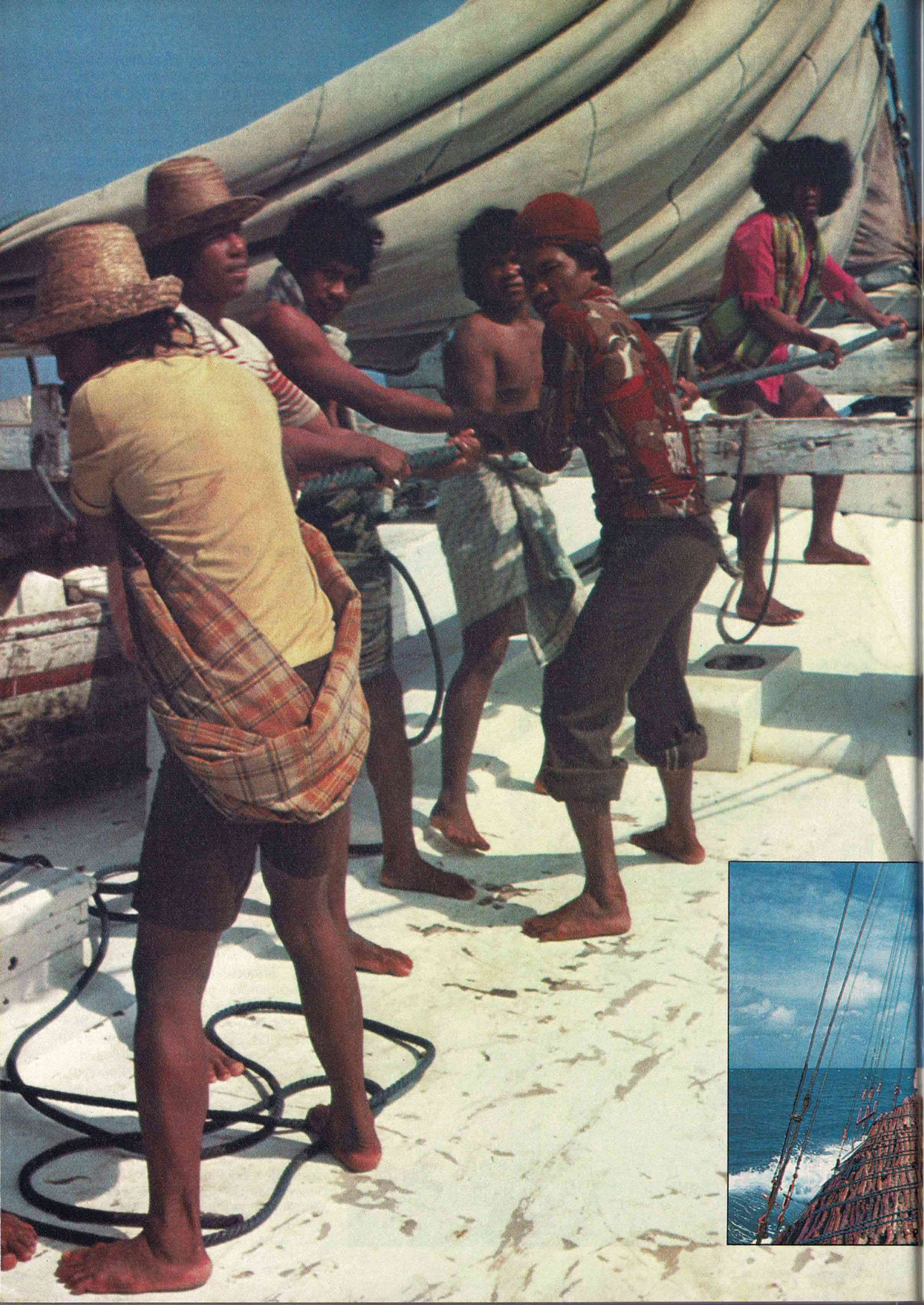
February 19: Borg blows McEnroe off the court 6-0, 6-4.

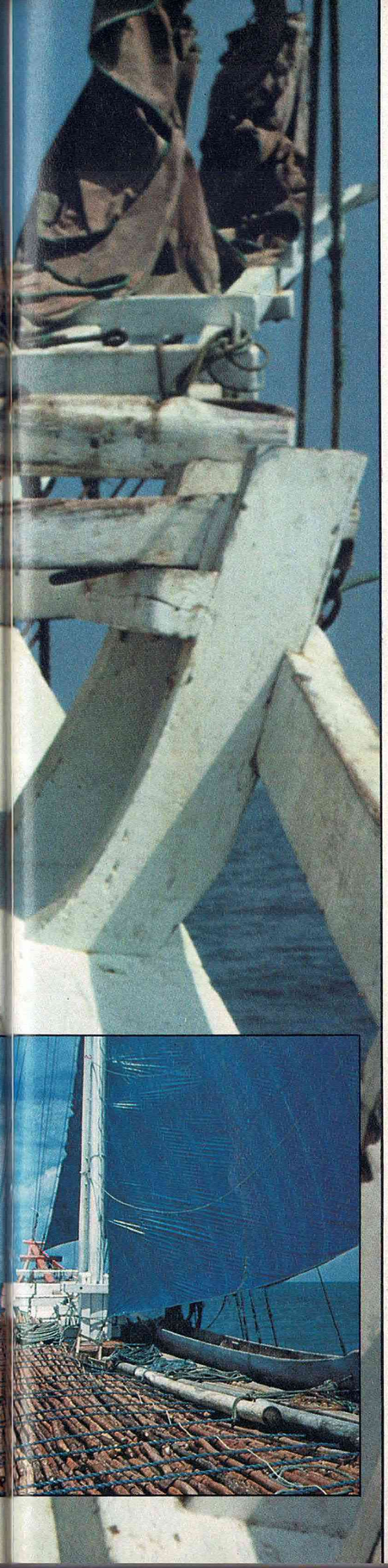
February 20: Borg repeats the dose, 6-2, 6-4. Two-love.

February 21: McEnroe makes more than a match of it in Melbourne, winning 6-4, 1-6, 7-6, 6-4. Supermac grabs a fast jet out of town and Borg heads for Perth where he fits in a social match with Dainty. "I won't tell you the score," the promoter jokes. He's a good sport. To those fans disappointed by the anti-climactic product of the Sydney slaughter, Dainty responds: "Look at it this way, if we'd gone to Melbourne at one-all, there'd be some people claiming it was a fix. The simple fact is that Borg was in unbeatable form in Sydney."



Dainty and Benson and Hedges are keen to have the pair back next year; perhaps under a different format, perhaps with the addition of the other four players rated in the top six. Whatever, the fans will definitely be there to watch.





THERE WERE 200 vessels trading under sail moored alongside the wharf and dwindling off into the distance beyond the ancient sea wall in Jakarta's old port, Sunda Kelapa. The distasteful smells of Pasar Ikan's fishmarket and the stagnant canals surrounded me as I stared out at the port, already old before the Dutch arrived some three centuries ago, and I suddenly realised what "forests of masts" meant. Here, the phrase was no cliché.

The wall of sails belonged to the trading prahus of Indonesia, a vast flotilla of 3000 vessels (only 450 of which have auxiliary engines) making up what is perhaps the most graceful sailing fleet in the world. The ships vary in length from 15 to 50 metres, with as much as 400 cubic metres of cargo capacity. High-arched stems and sterns are a distinctive feature of all prahus; some of the more spectacular — called *prahu pinisi* — sport soaring bowsprits, stern-quarter galleries and side runners.

It was one of these, the *Pantai Harapan* (the Shore of Hope), that Yvonne Liechti and I were just about to board and sail the 400-kilometre voyage to Belitung Island (formerly Borneo) midway between Sumatra and Kalimantan.

Indonesia is a cradle of mankind's seagoing history. The outriggers and twin-hulled canoes Polynesians used to push boldly into the vast emptiness of the Pacific 1500 years before Christ, developed here. Today, that history can be seen in both our catamarans and trimarans.

The unique features of Indonesian ships were recorded by Romans in the Red Sea. Indonesians were the first to colonise Madagascar and today's rigs and double masts are duplicates of the ships of ancient Egypt.

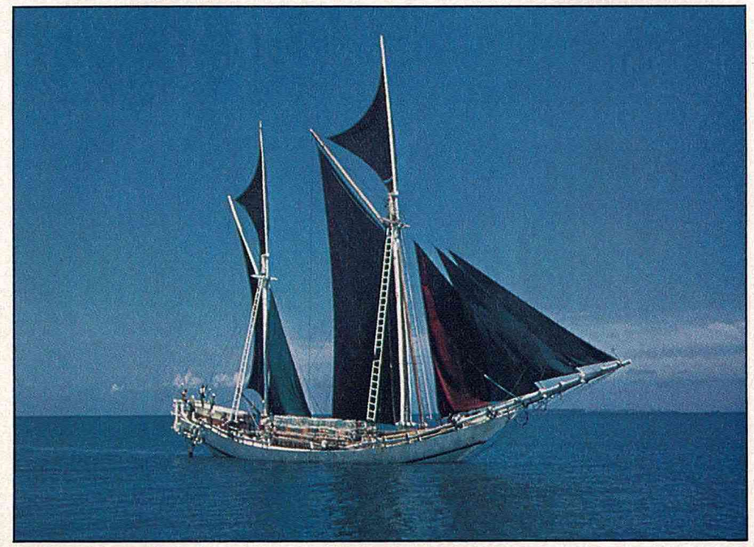
It was this window on the maritime past that Yvonne and I — sponsored by the Oceanic Research Foundation, Sydney University, the Australian Museum, and the Maritime Museum at Jakarta — were about to explore. Six months of letter-writing and a week wandering through countless government offices in Jakarta were behind us. We now had a thick wad of documents to establish our respectability and credibility, and we were ready to turn a fresh page in the book of the sea on the hard deck of a prahu.

Pantai Harapan was heavily laden with sacks of cement stacked by hand

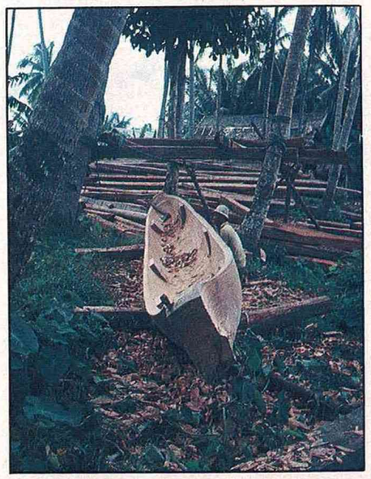
Seafarers out of time

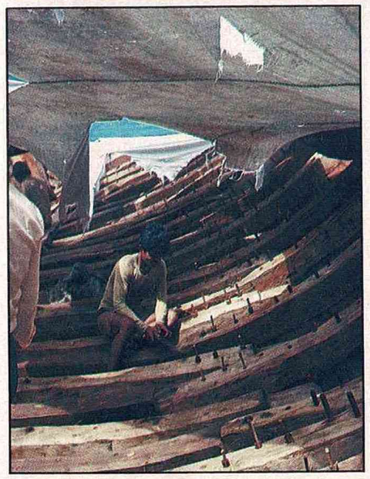
the wave of the future in seafaring may be rising out of the past in the waters to australia's far north

report and photography by david lewis



in the hold. Plastic containers were stacked in layers all over the deck, making passage difficult. The crew of 13 were all long-faced Bugis from Sulawesi (Celebes), all related, and all shareholders in the enterprise. They also did the loading and unloading, balancing precariously on narrow planks while carrying cumbersome loads. Yvonne and I were guests of the Prahu Owners' Association, and our skipper had been in command for 17 years. Andi-Mappeasse, the Jurakaan, was much older than the rest of the crew. Even the *serang,* or bosun, was much younger. Most were in their teens or early-20s.





Accommodation aboard ship was spartan. The deckhouse offered no more than a metre of headroom and was built on an afterdeck which sloped so steeply we slipped helplessly going down it. Our bulky rucksacks cut down on the limited space even more, a fact the crew accepted with good humor. All our possessions were of great interest to the crew; they examined them curiously and took very good care of everything. My camera was constantly being shifted to a place of safety. We were not worried: the Bugis have been pirates for 300 years, but never thieves.

Andi's deckhouse contained a pot plant, a caged bird, one chart, two murderous kris (daggers), binoculars, a flashlight, suitcases, a magnificent copy of the Koran in Bugis and, less appealing, a cassette player that blasted our ears. His sole navigational instrument was the compulsory compass. But, like other skippers, he was well-versed in the far older nautical lore of the stars, wind and waves.

To the chant of *satu, dua, tiga,* which translates as one, two, three, we got underway. The chant was used for everything from furling the great green and red sails to lifting the anchor and lowering the massive rudders. The sails filled as the *Pantai Harapan* slipped silently out to sea past the brightly-lit fishing platforms.

I was apprehensive of running afoul of one of the larger ships that plied these waterways, and my fears were soon confirmed. An ominous triangle of red, green and white lights rushed toward us through the night. But the crew merely assembled a bamboo pole containing a roll of sailcloth soaked in kerosene. A flickering glow of flame illuminated our canvas, and the steamer promptly sheered off.

Before dawn, the wind died. Rather than allow the tide to sweep the ship backwards, the crew dropped anchor. This routine kept up for three days; we made no more than 40 kilometres.

Our journey occurred during the holy month of Ramadan, during which Muslims may not eat, drink, smoke or have sex from dawn until sunset. Yvonne and I were quite willing to adhere to their regimen, but Andi would not hear of it; we were guests. Every morning found us acutely embarrassed, the focus of all eyes, as we consumed large plates of white rice, omelettes and dried salt fish, washed down with very weak tea.

After the first few days of little progress, an easterly monsoon set in and the lights of Java dropped rapidly below the horizon. The journey to the south coast of Belitung, about 300 kilometres, was accomplished in two and a half days. Around us the sea was never empty of sails.

A sister *pinisi* swept by loaded with timber. A prahu *lete* — a type which sails down the Kimberley coast every May in search of trochus — passed by under three lateen sails. Later, we saw another *lete* sporting a sail intermediate between the canted square sail of ancient Egypt and the Indonesian boomed lateen, that rig of enormous historical interest.

The compass was ignored by Jurakaan Andi and the *serang* at the helm. "I tell the direction by the stars at night, by the monsoon swell — not the wind waves, because these are transitory, and by the Sun in the daytime," Andi told me.

Just before dawn, we anchored off the islets near the south coast of Belitung. The winds were too light to be of help, so we had to wait another three days until a tug took us in tow and moved us through the steamy mangrove-fringed estuary of the river leading to Tanjung Pandan. It was low tide and, just short of town, we ran aground. The tug departed, leaving the crew fuming.

In deference to Yvonne and me, Andi had the sampan launched, and we were paddled to the wharf. We greedily drank several cups of black coffee and watched the activity of the occupants of this town of 60,000 while waiting for the crew's arrival.

It was after dark before the *Pantai Harapan* was warped up to the jetty. The crew came ashore, resplendent in high-heeled shoes, carefully pressed shirts and slacks, and bedecked with gold rings, watches and ornamental daggers. The daggers weren't only ornamental; there is still a lot of violence in these island towns. The boys seemed to have little luck with the local girls, most of whom were clustered together in small groups or well-chaperoned. Most of the crew finished up in a cinema.

The next day, Andi took us a few kilometres outside the town to a site where the Bugis were building three 40-metre ships. As a sign of the times, all three were to have auxiliary engines, but the lines were laid down by eye, and the massive rough-hewn ribs and planking were joined by wooden dowels or hand-forged nails.

We said reluctant goodbyes to the *Pantai Harapan* as it set sail for Sumatra to pick up a new cargo. Now that we are back in Australia and planning another trip, some patterns have emerged from the data we gathered on this first voyage. Perhaps there are some lessons for the modern world to learn from the ancient craft.

Increasing prices and shortages of fuel have brought the revival of commercial sail back on to the horizon. Already the Japanese have computerised sailing ships whispering experimentally along the world's sea lanes. North of Australia, some 3000 sailing vessels are now doing prosperous business without even the most elementary of labor-saving devices. If we are prepared to learn from our neighbors, the vanished tall ships of yesterday may once again return to Australian seaways.

ROYAL FLASH

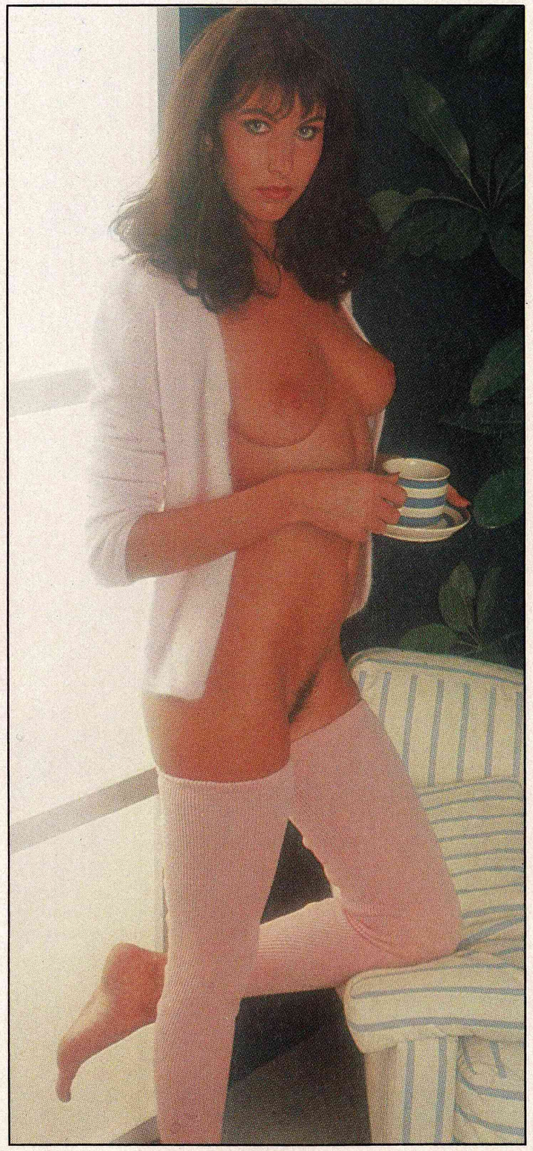
our june playmate, julie king loves to dream. well, turnabout is fair play, and julie is the stuff that dreams are made of. so turn the page, guys, and dream

Photography by Colin Stead

SHE'S ENOUGH to make a distracted Prince Charles mutter: "Di *who?*" You've got to admit that Julie *King* has just the right name for a royal engagement, plus the right inclinations . . .

"For as long as I can remember, I've had this fantasy about being a princess living in a castle and being

"I'd like to make love at the wheel of a Ferrari going 200 km/h. Maybe a car maker could find a way."



chauffeured about by a coachman with a team of white horses . . ." And then the raven-haired, green-eyed lovely flashed a smile which would cure a chronic depressive, and added: "Mind you, a Ferrari wouldn't be bad."

Julie, 19, lives in South Sydney, a short distance from the beach. Most mornings she jogs to the ocean, throwing off her T-shirt as she runs across the sand to plunge topless into the surf. "It's a much better wake-up tonic than orange juice or coffee," she said.

The beach-going brunette also keeps her wondrous body in trim by attending jazz ballet classes and dancing at clubs and discos. And when Julie was younger, she did classical ballet and tap-dancing. "I love expressing myself through my body," she said. "That's why I had no qualms about appearing nude in PLAYBOY."

She told us that she's heavily into watersports —

"Another thing I'll do when I'm rich and famous is have a loungeroom carpet made of mink."

"A man has got to conquer me, take me . . . I get turned off by passive males who 'um' and 'er' and pussy foot around."

"I'd be prepared to forego everything except love, which I think is the most important thing in this world. You're just an empty shell without love."

jet-skiing, water-skiing, or just messing about in boats. With these activities, and her morning swims, it's a wonder she hasn't developed the tail of a mermaid . . . but wouldn't the loss of those beautiful legs be a tragedy?

Does she go for the classic surfie type? "Not really," said Julie. "I like older, more sophisticated men." (Sorry, lads!) "But then, one's tastes change, and you never know where mine will lie in the future." (So put away those razor blades, all you surfie readers out there!)

In fact, as we go to print, there's no special man in Julie's life. So earthy surfies and sophisticated socialites and any other males with a grain of optimism (yes, you too, Charlie!) can consider themselves in the running to be King's Prince Charming.

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Julie King

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: JULIE KING

BUST: 36" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 36"

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 8½ st SIGN: LEO

BIRTH DATE: 28.7.61 BIRTHPLACE: SYDNEY

GOALS: To establish myself in a fulfilling career; To travel the world.

TURN-ONS: Expensive cars and boats.

TURN-OFFS: Not working.

RELAXING: Swimming, walking along the beach at sunset!

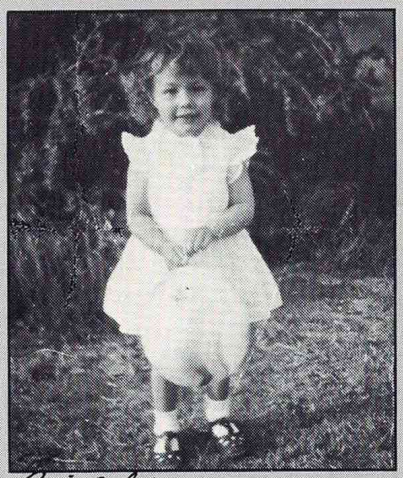
FAVORITE SPORTS: Water skiing, jet skiing, dancing

FAVORITE MOVIES: MIDNIGHT EXPRESS, GONE WITH THE WIND

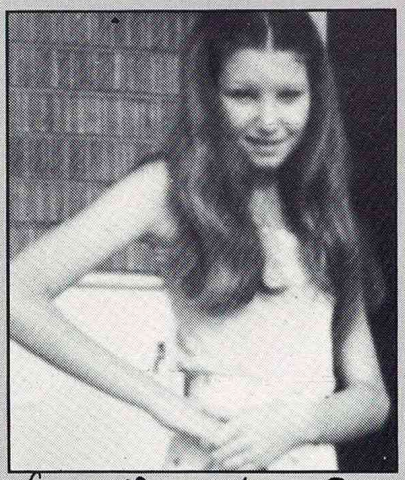
FAVORITE FOOD: Sea food, Moussaka – all French

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: The Eagles, Blondie, Kate Bush

Who me? ... 3 mos



Birthday girl.. 2yrs



Caught me! ... 13yrs

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A sex-survey pollster had to telephone one of the volunteer couples. "I'm afraid there's a discrepancy in the data supplied by you and your husband," he began explaining when the wife answered. "Under Frequency of Intercourse, he listed 'Twice weekly', while you put down 'A number of times nightly during most of the week'."

"That's correct," confirmed the woman, "but it's a temporary situation — only until I've earned the deposit for a house."

While walking through town one afternoon, the young priest was approached by a woman who purred, "A quickie for five bucks?"

Obviously confused by this advance, the father simply continued on his way; but within a short span of time, another prostitute beckoned him with, "A quickie for five bucks?"

The priest returned to his parish and encountered the mother superior. His curiosity overcame him and he asked, "Mother, what's a quickie?"

"Five bucks," replied the nun, "same as in town."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virgin* as a girl who has never lost her head.

It was midnight when the phone rang at police headquarters. The desk sergeant answered and the voice exclaimed, "There's a sex maniac in my house."

"Try to be calm, lady," the cop said reassuringly. "We'll have someone there in a few minutes."

"Oh, that's not necessary," the caller chimed. "Just send somebody to pick him up in the morning."

I have taken so many cold showers to fight temptation," the priest told the psychiatrist, "that every time it rains I get an erection."

Upon the opening day of the new school year, the teacher approached the blackboard and announced to her class, "I want you all to learn my name, so I'm going to print it out: P-R-U-S-S-Y, Miss Prussy, it rhymes with pussy, but it has an R in it."

Satisfied that she had made her point, the instructor went on with the scheduled lessons. The next morning, right after the bell had rung, she asked, "Who remembers what my name is?"

One beaming little fellow at the back of the room quickly raised his hand. "I know," he replied. "It's Miss Crunt."

A *Christian young lassie named Clare*
Was having her first love affair.
As she climbed into bed,
She reverently said,
"I wish to be opened with prayer."

Three babies in their prams waiting outside the supermarket were exchanging views on food. "My mummy keeps buying those mucky strained vegetables I hate," announced the first one.

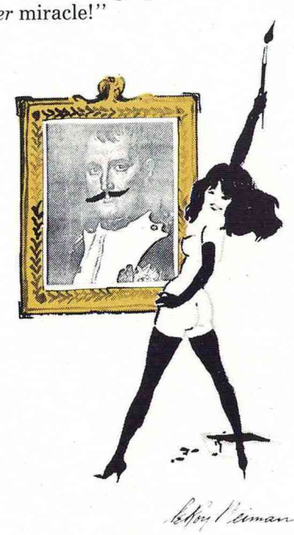
"And mine's starting to feed me that yukky lumpy cereal," said the second.

"You two jokers don't have anything you can really complain about," chimed in the third infant disdainfully. "How would you like to be waked up at three o'clock in the morning to suck on a cold tit that tastes like a stale cigar?"

The young tourist was attempting to sneak a litre of tequila back from Mexico when a customs officer stopped him and asked what was in the bottle. "Holy water from the shrine of the Virgin Mary," replied the fellow.

The official opened the bottle, took a sip and exclaimed, "This is tequila!"

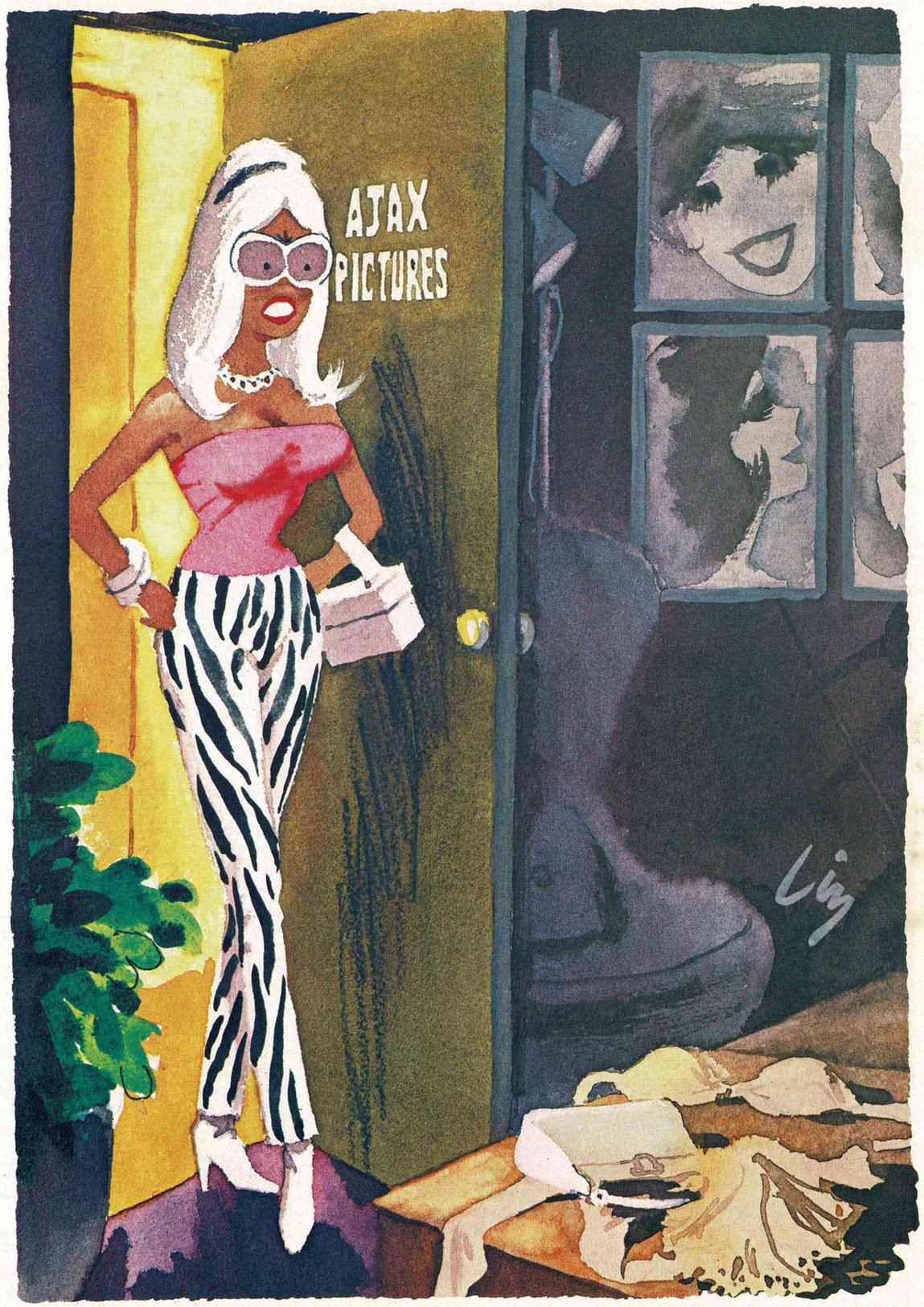
"My heavens!" gasped the astonished tourist. "*Another* miracle!"



The newlyweds had checked into a hotel that featured the latest in king-size water beds. Shortly after they had settled down to some vigorous lovemaking the girl made a dash for the bathroom and locked herself in. "What's the matter, darling?" asked the husband. "Are you embarrassed?"

"No," moaned the girl, "I'm seasick."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



"Mr Johnson! You auditioned *me* for that role."

What's up Doc?... Everything!

Warning: this article is a health hazard (read at your own risk)

Lee Patterson

AS A YOUNG child, like Dr Richard Gordon who wrote the famous *Doctor* books, I suffered from a wide variety of illnesses called psychosomatic. This is a useful word doctors use to disguise their total ignorance of a malady by blaming the patient.

Scientific and medical advances have, however, made doctors these days far more knowledgeable about all the nasty things in our daily lives, which *could* result in a debilitating disease or death.

Doctors are increasingly fond of rushing from their laboratories, or jumping up at conferences, to decry everything from figs to frozen chooks, sarsaparilla to sex and beer to bikinis — as possible causes of cancer, heart disease, lassitude, leprosy, bad breath — or worse!

We are surely only one burp away from the day when some killjoy doom-watch doctor is going to announce that baked beans on toast and a cup of tea will lead, inevitably, to lingering death by cancer.

Whatever, it is, you can now find some medical expert to swear that it's lethal, carcinogenic, fattening, debilitating or just plain dangerous.

These doctors of doom have intrigued, terrified and amused me since the early 1960s. I have a sizeable collection of their scholarly scientific papers and old newspaper clippings, reporting some of their more bizarre, confusing and contradictory predictions. I store them in two tea chests under the stairs, together with a gas mask, some emergency ration Mars bars and two bottles of Black Label I've been saving up for the end of the world. (I don't know about the Mars bars, but too much Black Label is bad for you. I know. I read it in the paper.)

Always prepared to assist the common man, and the great march forward of medical science, here are 113 Weird Things responsible medical authorities have warned us off in the past two decades — an orgy of hypochrondria for paranoids!

Touching figs in the blazing sunshine causes blisters in persons predisposed to phytophoto-dermatitis.

— Dr Klaus D. Rennert, *Medical World News* January, 1961.

Quail that have not eaten the right foods can prove fatal, if consumed by gourmets.

— R. C. Spalding, London *Daily Express*, October 21, 1965.

Sex can cause cancer in women.

— Dr Bevan Reid, Senior Lecturer in Obstetrics and Gynaecology at Sydney University, *The Sun*, July 2, 1966.

Sex for purposes other than for procreation may possibly cause an increase of congenital stress and infective and malignant diseases.

— Dr J. K. Burns, *New York Post*, June 13, 1966.

Too much sex makes man infertile.

— Dr D. R. London, *British Medical Journal*, March, 1972.

Coffee consumption may damage the genetic machinery, the foetal development and sex distribution of future generations.

— Dr Wolfram Ostertag, Third International Congress on Human Genetics, September, 1966.

Taking up residence near a coffee-roasting plant may injure the lungs, bladder, and larynx through "coffee soot" fall-out.

— Dr Masanori Kuratsune, *New York World-Telegram*, April 12, 1967.

The consumption of six cups of drip-grind coffee daily may mutate human chromosomes.

— Karl Sax and Hally J. Sax, 1965 meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, Washington.

Tea may cause cancer.

— Dr Hans Kaiser, Washington, International Cancer Congress, Tokyo, 1966. *The Sun*, November 3, 1966.

The drinking of hard water may induce heart disease.

— Dr C. A. d'Alonzo, Sacramento Bee, November 17, 1961.

The drinking of soft water may induce heart disease.

— Dr Henry A. Schroeder, Associated Press, January 7, 1965.

Pet turtles may cause salmonella, typhoid fever and induce blood poisoning, especially if kissed.

— Dr Philip S. Brachman, *New York Times*, January 13, 1966.

The wearing of nylon stockings, bikini swimsuits and mini-skirts contributes significantly to skin cancer and melanoma, a form of cancer — as these bare large body areas to the sun.

— Sydney dermatologist, *Daily Telegraph*, January 19, 1967.

Being male instead of female increases your chance of contracting pneumonia, influenza, tuberculosis and lung cancer.

— Dr Clarence Cook Little, Chicago, Illinois, November 1, 1961.

The consumption of great quantities of beer, especially after the age of 40, may promote heart disease.

— Article in the journal of the American Medical Association, June 13, 1966.

Non-drinkers may suffer increased risks of heart attack. While large and regular alcohol intake probably causes heart trouble in some, abstinence in others can actually increase the risk of heart attack.

— Dr Arthur Klatsky, Eighth World Congress on Cardiology, Tokyo, *The Australian*, September 20, 1978.

Men who do not drink at least a bottle of beer a day and have regular sex run increased risks of having a heart attack.

— Dr Mordechai Levin, Heart Disease Prevention Centre, Soroka Hospital, Bethsheba, Israel, *The Bulletin*, January 13, 1981.

Drinking binges can damage the heart, even if a patient's overall alcohol comsumption is moderate. The crucial variable is not how much people drink but the difference between their usual consumption and the amount that they drink on their special binges.

— Dr Harvey Gruchow, Medical College University of Wisconsin, *The Canberra Times*, November 20, 1980.

Owning a pub is a health hazard as publicans are 15 times more likely to become alcoholics than average people who drink.

— Dr Martin Plant, *Sunday Telegraph*, April 1, 1979.

Wearing mini-skirts can be the cause of rheumatism.

— Professor Adolofo L. Rivelis, *New York Post*, June 28, 1966.

Living your life in an over-crowded neighborhood does contribute to mental instability.

— Dr John J. Christian, *New York Times*, September 22, 1963.

Vegetables grown in some areas can cause cancer and multiple sclerosis because of their contamination during cultivation by lead, molybdenum and zinc.

— Professor Henry Warren, journal of the Royal College of General Practitioners, February, 1972.

Watching television westerns may contribute to heart attacks.

— Dr G. A. Rose, Associated Press, February 20, 1959.

Eating confectionery cigarettes as a child can make you a cigarette addict and therefore vulnerable to cancer.

— Article, *Wall Street Journal*, June 22, 1966.

The consumption of barbecued foods (steak, sausages, chops, etc.) can cause cancer, especially if burnt.

— R. C. Spalding, London *Daily Express*, October 21, 1965.

Wax milk cartons may contain a cancer peril.

— Dr Wilhelm Hueper, *New York Herald Tribune*, June 13, 1959.

Milk might possibly promote cancer and/or heart disease.

— Dr Walter W. Sackett, *Louisville Courier-Journal*, October 30, 1961.

Illustration by Royce McClure

Olive oil may be cancer-inducing.

— Research Institute study, the Royal Cancer Hospital, London, May, 1967.

Overbearing mothers can induce ulcers in their children.

— Dr Jeremy Morris, *Science News Letter,* October 24, 1959.

Immigrating to Arctic regions puts you in danger of contact with radio-active reindeer.

— Daniel W. Bruce, D. G. Remark, W. J. Averett, *New York Times,* December 24, 1965.

Eating canned food stored for long periods in fallout shelters may cause nervousness, abdominal pain, insomnia and difficulty in walking.

— *American Journal of Clinical Nutrition,* November, 1966.

Eating carrots and celery exposes you to a toxic that can poison the nervous system.

— Dr Donald G. Crosby. *New York Times.* January 23, 1966.

Packing apples in blue paper trays can induce nosebleed.

— Dr Griffith E. Quimby, *Chicago Daily News,* June 29, 1966.

Kissing increases your chances of contracting a disease called mono-nucleosis and other diseases.

— *Science News Letter,* May 9, 1964.

Illicit sex can cause fatal heart attacks in husbands because of guilt-born emotional stress. Eight out of ten sudden deaths occurring during sexual activity involved men having extramarital sexual intercourse.

— Dr Lemore Zohman, Annual General Meeting of the New York Medical Society, 1972.

Promiscuity among young women significantly increases their chances of contracting cancer of the cervix and the womb.

— Professor John Stallworthy, Professor of Gynaecology, Oxford University, Royal Society of Health, Conference, May 5, 1972.

Prostitutes are far more likely to get cervical cancer than non-prostitutes, as are all women who indulge in frequent sexual intercourse with different partners.

— Professor Franz Geldenhuys, Annual Clinical Meeting of the British Medical Association, Nicosia, April, 1972.

Gentile women are far more prone to contract cervical cancer than are Jewish women.

— Professor Franz Geldenhuys, Annual Clinical Meeting of the British Medical Association, Nicosia, April, 1972.

Excessive ambition and drive frequently lead to heart attacks.

— Drs Ray H. Rosenmone and Meyer Friedman, UPI dispatch, July 2, 1971.

Aggressive, verbal, confrontive, non-conformist, argumentative and highly creative people are more likely to resist the ravages of cancer than are passive personality types.

— Dr Carl Simonton, Jeanne Achterberg, Stephanie Matthews, Institute of Neoteric Sciences report, Fort Worth, Texas, *The Age,* December 8, 1978.

Eating or chewing on orange, red-orange or violet crayons is dangerous because they contain toxic elements.

— *Schering Science Bulletin,* July 1964.

Smoked fish, peanut butter, the dye on stamps, the linings on tin cans and plastic false breasts may promote the growth of cancer.

— Report in the Toronto *Financial Post,* September 12, 1964.

Tarred roads, railway yards, oil refineries, power houses, steel mills, orchards, aeroplane factories and shipyards are all high risk occupation areas for cancer.

— Dr W. C. Hueper, *Washington Daily News,* March 29, 1961.

Playing on lawns near flowers, bare-footed, bare-headed, dressed in gaily-colored but rough fabric and wearing sweet-scented hair-oil, increases the possibility of your being stung by bees.

— Dr Claude A. Frazier, *West Virginia Medical Journal,* April, 1966.

"The carrying of only one suitcase is a serious health risk. The load should be distributed between two suitcases."

Eating honey collected by bees from azaleas may contribute to getting heart disorders.

— R. C. Spalding, London *Daily Express,* October 21, 1965.

Tomato juice can induce tumors.

— Research report by Professor M. Askanazy, UPI dispatch, October 1, 1968.

Certain fruit juices sold in Australia which contain an artificial red colorant called Amaranth are suspected of containing cancer-inducing agents. Amaranth has been banned in the US since 1977 as a suspected carcinogen.

— *Choice* magazine, October, 1980.

Eating of mustard can burn out the body's capillaries.

— Dr Jackson Blair, UPI dispatch, August 30, 1962.

Sleeping is dangerous, since figures show that most heart attacks occur while we are asleep.

— Dr C. A. d'Alonzo, *Sacramento Bee,* November 17, 1961.

Monday mornings are a health hazard: 75 percent of all fatal heart attacks on the job always occur on Monday mornings.

— Dr Simon Rabkin, *American Medical News,* September, 1980.

The Australian male ego causes hundreds of needless heart attack deaths, because it refuses to recognise that the man is having a heart attack. The proud and unrealistic "it's not happening to me" syndrome, causes fatal delays in patients arriving at cardiac units, where their lives might otherwise have been saved.

— Dr David Hunt, Dr Tom Peter, Royal Melbourne Hospital, *The Age,* December 12, 1974.

Sending your children to eat in an average Australian school tuck-shop, stocked with fatty junk food and highly-sugared drinks, predisposes them to heart disease. Children as young as 10 are showing traces of heart disease, linked to eating junk food diets.

— Dr Joan Woodhill at Australian Academy of Science Report, *Sunday Telegraph,* April 27, 1975.

Municipal town clerks suffer an unusually high incidence of heart attack and nervous strain, because of their occupation.

— J. P. Scott, President Metropolitan Town Clerks' Association, Victoria, *The Age,* February 25, 1976.

War may cause cancer. Men who smoke because of the stress of war service and later develop lung cancer can claim that war causes lung cancer.

— Professor Kenneth Cox, Professor of Surgery, University of New South Wales, in evidence before a Commonwealth Standing Committee on Repatriation, *The Australian,* February 16, 1972.

Women's Liberation may cause heart disease. Increased rate of heart disease deaths among women under 45 may be attributed, in part, to "new women's action programs" which have won jobs for women previously reserved for men, but expose them to occupationally induced heart risk.

— Dr Theodore Cooper, Director, US National Heart and Lung Institute, *Sunday Telegraph,* April 9, 1972.

The carrying of only one suitcase is a serious health risk. The load should be distributed between two suitcases, as blood pressure and heart rate rise significantly when a load is carried with only one arm.

— Dr David H. Jackson, University of Alabama Medical Centre, *Sun Herald,* December 3, 1972.

Men who have had vasectomies may age prematurely and be predisposed to strokes and heart attacks.

— Report on artery research on monkeys, Oregon Primate Centre, *Daily Telegraph,* March 22, 1979.

Women who sleep with any men who have had vasectomies have significantly less chance of coming into contact with a virus in male sperm

"Inhale! . . . Exhale! . . . Inhale! . . . Exhale!"

which induces cancer of the cervix.

— Dr Shanna Swan and Dr Willard Brown, medical paper, 1979.

Being sacked from your job could make you three times more likely to develop cancer.

— Dr Lynn Horne, Pennsylvania University, *The Sun*, August 27, 1980.

Being lower class is a health hazard. Migrants and blue collar workers in the lower socio-economic groups are now more prone to heart disease than upper class Australians in the higher socio-economic groups.

— Dr Paul Nestel, *The Age*, March 22, 1979.

Enlisting in the Australian armed services could cause cancer. Members of the armed services, known to smoke and drink more heavily and to live unhealthy lifestyles, were shown to have the highest incidence of cancer of 80 occupations surveyed.

— Dr Jake Najman, University of Queensland, *Daily Mirror*, September, 1980.

Being related to someone with cancer significantly increases your chance of catching the disease. The more people in your family with cancer, the more likely you are to get it.

— Dr Henry T. Lynch, journal of the American Medical Association, *The Bulletin*, December 25, 1976.

Living in South Africa is more dangerous than living in Europe — because the South Africans are more likely to get cancer.

— Dr Geoffrey Dean, *Miami News*, September 17, 1961.

Young schoolgirls and children with southern European backgrounds have more symptoms of heart disease risk than Australian-born males.

— Dr T. Dwyer, Dr A. Worsley, Mr D. Leitch, CSIRO Dept. of Human Nutrition, Adelaide *Sun Herald*, September 28, 1980.

Paris is bad for the heart. French National Heart Foundation officials calculate that the average delay in getting heart attack victims to doctors or a hospital is now nine hours and 40-60 percent of heart attacks prove fatal within one hour.

— French National Heart Foundation paper, *The Australian*, October 12, 1974.

Living near major international airports dramatically increases the likelihood of admission to a psychiatric institution — residents near London's Heathrow airport run a 25 percent greater risk of psychiatric admission than those outside the noise risk area.

— Dr E. J. Richards, Loughborough University and Hounslow medical team, *The Sun* October 6, 1970.

Middle-aged executives who play only one game of vigorous squash and do no other form of exercise risk a heart attack.

— University of Western Australia report for the National Heart Foundation, *Australian Journal of Sports Medicine*, May, 1972.

Jogging can cause injuries to the foot, heel, leg, knee and thigh, cause gout, osteoarthritis, rheumatoid arthritis, skin disorders, virus infections as well as affecting the respiratory system, kidneys and heart.

— Dr A. B. Corrigan, Dr K. D. Fitch, *Medical Journal of Australia*, August 1972.

Jogging can be boring, painful and deadly for some enthusiasts.

— Dr Michael DeBakey, *Sydney Morning Herald*, July 15, 1978.

There is no danger in jogging to people who work up slowly to their own physical capabilities, have no previous history of cardiovascular disease and experience no unusual symptoms; 93 percent of Australians who suffer heart attacks and die are sitting, relaxing or asleep at the time of the episode.

— Dr Terry Dwyer, epidemiologist and jogger.

"Work kills. People who are addicted to work and love their jobs too much run the risk of heart attack and death."

President of the Doctors' Reform Society of SA, *New Doctor*, Issue 12, 1979.

Watching pro American football on television can result in television angina, a heart attack triggered by the stress and excitement of watching the game.

— National Heart Foundation Report, *Sun Herald*, May 14, 1972.

Articial light (fluorescent, etc) causes as many skin cancers as does natural sunlight.

— Professor Ian Magnus, University of London, *The Australian*, May 20, 1972.

People who wear spectacles have a far greater chance of getting skin cancer than those who don't.

— Sydney dermatologist, *Sunday Telegraph*, April 23, 1972.

Go north — and die! Queenslanders get more skin cancers at an earlier age than any other people on earth.

— Donald Robertson, Department of physics, University of Queensland, *The Australian*, March 17, 1972.

Residents of Sydney's inner city suburbs run a proportionally higher risk of getting cancer and heart disease than do residents of the city's other suburbs.

Also, residents of flatettes with shared facilities have a higher mortality rate than others.

— Dr I. H. Burnley, University of NSW, *Australian Journal of Social Issues*, 1981.

Female residents of Sydney's elite north shore suburbs get breast cancer more often than do residents of the other suburbs.

— Dr I. H. Burnley, University of NSW, *Journal of Social Issues*, 1981, reported in *Sydney Morning Herald*, January 1, 1981.

Collingwood causes lead poisoning. Children living in the Melbourne suburb of Collingwood have up to 40 percent higher levels of lead in their teeth, hair and blood (caused by traffic pollution) than the Victorian State average.

— Collingwood Council Health Report, *Australian Financial Review*, February 18, 1981.

Feeling "down" or depressed may actually predispose you to a more serious or fatal disease.

— Professor G. J. V. Nossal, *Daily Telegraph*, August 17, 1971.

Work kills. People who are addicted to work and love their jobs too much run the risk of heart attack and death.

— Dr William H. Orchard, *Sunday Telegraph*, September 3, 1972.

Triglycerides, a fatty group of substances which build up in the body during times of stress are a major heart disease risk. They are more dangerous than cholesterol.

— Professor J. B. Polya and Dr R. S. Parsons, University of Tasmania and the Shepherd Foundation, Melbourne, *The Australian*, October 20, 1970.

Eating of kangaroo meat poses a serious health threat, due to salmonella and other conditions in the meat of Australia's national emblem.

— Kangaroo Protection Committee spokesperson commenting on statement by Dr T. G. Redgrave of Melbourne University, advocating consumption of kangaroo meat as a low cholesterol alternative to other meat. *The Australian*, December 28, 1973.

People with deep creases in both ear lobes may be high risk candidates for heart disease.

— Dr Sanders T. Frank, *New England Journal of Medicine, Sun Herald*, October 14, 1973.

Ill-fitting dentures are a contributory cause of cancer of the mouth and throat.

— Dr Brian Penhall, *The Age*, July 13, 1974.

Betel-nut chewed with lime, pepper or mustard causes cancer.

— Health Department of Papua New Guinea, *Sydney Morning Herald*, July 13, 1974.

Chicken could be one of the causes of cancer, as it can transmit a virus known as Marek's herpes virus, linked causally with leukemia, lymphoma and Hodgkins' disease.

— Dr R. J. Boscott, University of Queensland, *The Australian*, October 23, 1974.

People worrying about living in

countries with high average temperatures have a proportionally even higher chance of contracting cancer.

— S. W. Tromp, Leiden, Holland.

The popular breakfast combination of coffee and bacon could produce a cancer-forming agent in the stomach, due to the coffee's effect on the preservatives in bacon — but also on cheese, corned beef, ham and other pork products.

— Dr Brian Challis, Mr Chris Bartlett, Imperial College, London University, *Sydney Morning Herald*, May 8 1975.

Self-sticking sandwich wraps may contain a cancer-causing substance which can contaminate food.

— Dr B. Selinger, Department of Chemistry, ANU, *Sydney Morning Herald*, January 21, 1975.

Housework is a health hazard. Women, strained by badly run homes and who walk up to 10 kilometres a day more than necessary, are suffering heart attacks in their mid-40s than ever before.

— Marlaene Brell, Australian Consumers' Association, *Sun Herald* September 21, 1975.

Highly-salted food is causally linked to stomach cancer.

— Professor Ichiro Urushizaki, Dr K. Ishitani, *Daily Mirror*, July 6, 1977.

Pets can kill. Pet lovers who get too close to their parakeets or their budgerigars can get a dangerous and possible lethal disease known as psittacosis; toxocariasis is caught from the worm eggs of cats and dogs, the developing larvae migrating in the human blood stream and causing blindness if they lodge in the eye.

— Article, *Paris Match*, April 23, 1971.

The number of private fee-for-service doctors — especially medical specialists — now pose a serious threat to the health and lives of the Australian patients — "few of whom can expect to reach the age of 70 without having some parts of their body removed" — by overzealous surgeons and other doctors who over-treat and over-diagnose.

— Professor Lou Opit, Monash University, *New Doctor*, Issue 14, 1979.

A commonly used chemical in pool cleaners — orthotoluidine — may cause cancer of the bladder.

— Mr E. Mocellin, Deakin University, *Daily Telegraph*, February 23, 1978.

Some hair dyes used in Australia contain carcinogenic substances and cause birth defects.

— Dr D. McPhee, *Sunday Telegraph*, June 4, 1978.

Crash low carbohydrate and fad diets, including the zen macrobiotic brown rice diet, can send you blind.

— Dr Creig Hoyt, Professor of Ophthalmology and Pediatrics, University of California School of Medicine, *Sun Herald*, December 2, 1979.

Lack of love, loneliness, and a "broken heart" may cause heart disease and other physical and emotional breakdowns.

— Professor James Lynch, The Broken Heart: The medical consequences of loneliness. *Australian Women's Weekly*, December 5, 1979.

Preserved cherries, living near a chemical factory, or knocking down an old fibro shed in your backyard, can all cause cancer.

— Professor Samuel Epstein, *Sun Herald*, May 27, 1979.

Monosodium glutamate can cause numbness, headaches and chest pain.

— US Government report, *National Times*, September 14, 1980.

Black pepper, walnuts, pecan nuts, peanuts, carrot juice, smoked fish and milk or meat from cows who have eaten bracken fern may be carcinogenic or in other ways injurious to health.

— *National Times*, September 14, 1980 and Sir Geoffrey Badger, *The Age*, May 13, 1980.

"Mother's milk, being rich in calcium, is a cancer hazard as calcium has been shown to cause cancer in laboratory animals."

High-fat diets, potatoes, bamboo shoots, fruit seeds, lima beans, carrots, honey and nutmeg, when eaten to excess, may cause cancer or ill health through induction of nerve toxins from them.

— *National Times*, September 14, 1980.

Foam insulation sprayed into wall and ceiling cavities may give off formaldehyde gas, and be a serious health hazard.

— US Product Safety Commission report, *Sydney Morning Herald*, October 8, 1980.

The women who wear copper intrauterine devices (IUDs) risk cancer from a carcinogenic and mutagenic compound called malonaldehyde.

— Professor Michael Briggs, *The Age*, February 19, 1980.

A chemical used in many office copier machines may induce cancer in people exposed to it over long periods.

— Dr Marvin Legator, *The Age*, April 15, 1980.

Fresh air and the outdoors could be a health hazard. Taking to the land as a farmer to escape the dangers of dirty city living may expose you to cancer risks three times as great as city office workers — principally, cancers of the prostate, stomach, lips and lymph glands, leukemia and also multiple myeloma (bone marrow cancer).

— Iowa University research paper, *Daily Telegraph*, August 5, 1980.

Mother's milk, being rich in calcium, is a cancer hazard as calcium had been shown to cause cancer in laboratory animals.

— Mr A. Bakelin, ICI Chemical Research Manager, *The Age*, November 14, 1979.

Sodium nitrite, a well-known and long-used preservative employed to keep meat looking red and fresh, is mutagenic and causes cancer.

— Reseachers, Washington University, Missouri, *Sun News-Pictorial*, September 6, 1979.

Nitrite chemicals in meat might not be as carcinogenic or dangerous as the nitrites produced naturally in human saliva, and in some vegetables, such as spinach, lettuce and celery.

— Professor Steven Tannenbaum, Professor of Food Chemistry, Massachussetts Institute of Technology, *The Age*, April 19, 1980.

Reports of the carcinogenic properties of some artificial food colorings and preservatives and of the dangers of saccharin may be exaggerated.

— Dr B. W. Stewart, research fellow, NSW State Cancer Council, Carcinogen of the Week Symposium, *Sydney Morning Herald*, October 10, 1979.

Women's cosmetics and asbestos in women's hair dryers may be a cause of some cancers.

— Dr D. McPhee, *Daily Telegraph*, August 5, 1980.

Unemployment is a health hazard. Mental disorders, suicide, heart disease, cancer and other illnesses increase dramatically among the unemployed population in times of economic downturn.

— Rex Bunn, Noel Drane, Macquarie University study, *New Doctor*, Issue 7 and ACT Health Commission study, 1980.

Worrying about cancer scares and constant health hazard alarms may possibly be more damaging than the substances about which we are constantly warned.

— Sir Geoffrey Badger, chairman, Science & Technology Council of Australia, Professor of Organic Chemistry Adelaide University, *The Age*, May 13, 1980.

Worrying about any of the above may lead to heart disease cancer, ulcers . . . or anything.

— Dr Harold T. Hyman, *New York World-Telegram*, February 18, 1960.

So now you know all the things that can hurt you: quail, sex, coffee, tea, water, sex, beer, hair dyes, peppers, peanuts, Paris, milk, apples, sex, olive oil, mustard, fruit juices, Mondays, chicken, sex, cherries, honey mother's milk, fresh air and doctors.

What next?

Don't ask.

RAPE

Australia's least reported serious crime is increasing at a rate of 10 percent a year

article by Russell Deiley

"THERE WAS ONE boy I can still almost weep over. Sixteen! This kid went out one night to practise soccer. He went down to the local oval and he practised his game. He had a shower, got dressed and was outside an hotel in Fairfield just as they were putting a girl in a car. He just tagged along. He didn't know just what was happening. Here was a group of boys getting into this car. He didn't know the girl was being kidnapped. When they were at the place, 10 of them raped her. He was the 11th. Then the other 10 boys disappeared. This boy comforted her, gave her his coat and looked after her until the others came back and raped her again, and so did he. He was one of the nicest looking kids I've ever seen. You have to ask yourself why?"

The late Mr Justice John Henry McClemens posed that question to the Parliamentary Select Committee on violent sex crimes in NSW back in May, 1968. Thirteen years later, Australians can still look at hundreds of rape cases and not make up their minds about who is the victim.

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Rape is an ugly, unique crime. By historic definition, based on unlawful carnal knowledge of a female by force or without her consent to a penile penetration of her body, rape is one crime that only can ever be committed by men. Women have been charged in connection with the commission of rape, but only as accessories. Times, however, are a-changing.

Legislation recently passed by the NSW parliament is fashionably non-sexist. Under the amended law, the word rape has virtually disappeared from the State statute books and, in its place, are four classifications of sexual assault which carry maximum sentences ranging from four to 21 years imprisonment.

As Premier Wran said in supporting the change: "The categories will place less emphasis on the sexual aspects of the crime and more emphasis on the violence involved in the sexual assault." The new NSW law will lead to fundamental societal changes. Husbands will forfeit their marital immunity — which South Australian men have already partially forfeited in amended rape legislation which preceded the changes in NSW. And women who take an active role in the sexual humiliation and degradation of their sisters will be liable to face direct charges in connection with what used to be loosely defined as aggravated cases of rape.

Changing Australian laws might be a sop to the feminist movement, but, in spite of the legal semantics, rape will still be rape.

Another singular aspect is that, whereas the incidence of other serious crimes such as murder, robbery and assault is now virtually static, rape is increasing at an annual rate which the Queensland University sociologist Dr Paul Wilson estimates to be 20 percent beyond the present national population growth. Translated into real terms, that means the number of rapes committed in this country is rising by about 10 percent each year.

No one in the socio-criminology field can say how many rapes are committed in Australia. The experts agree, however, that rape is the least reported serious crime. Official figures compiled by the Bureau of Statistics from police records show that the number of rapes increased from 262 (2.3 per 100,000 females) in 1964 to 680 (5.2) in 1973 when the reporting procedures were changed to include a wider range of complaints.

There were 766 rapes recorded by Australian police in 1973-74 (11.4 per 100,000 females) and the number had increased to 1321 (16.2) in 1979-80. In contrast, however, the Bureau came up with a totally new set of figures from 18,694 interviews conducted in Australia's first national crime survey in 1975. While 2200 women told the Bureau interviewers that they had complained of being raped to the police in the survey year, the police records showed 803 rapes were acted upon in the same period. But when the women surveyed who had not reported to the police were taken into account, the survey indicated 7800 women were raped.

When the rape victims uncovered in the Australian survey were asked why they hadn't reported the crime to the police, the majority gave these reasons: 22.4 percent said that they thought the incident was private; 9.2 percent were too confused or upset following the assault; 7.8 percent felt the police would not bother to follow up their complaints; and 7.6 percent were afraid of reprisal.

Lack of confidence in the police, shame and humiliation also figured prominently in the reasons a group of

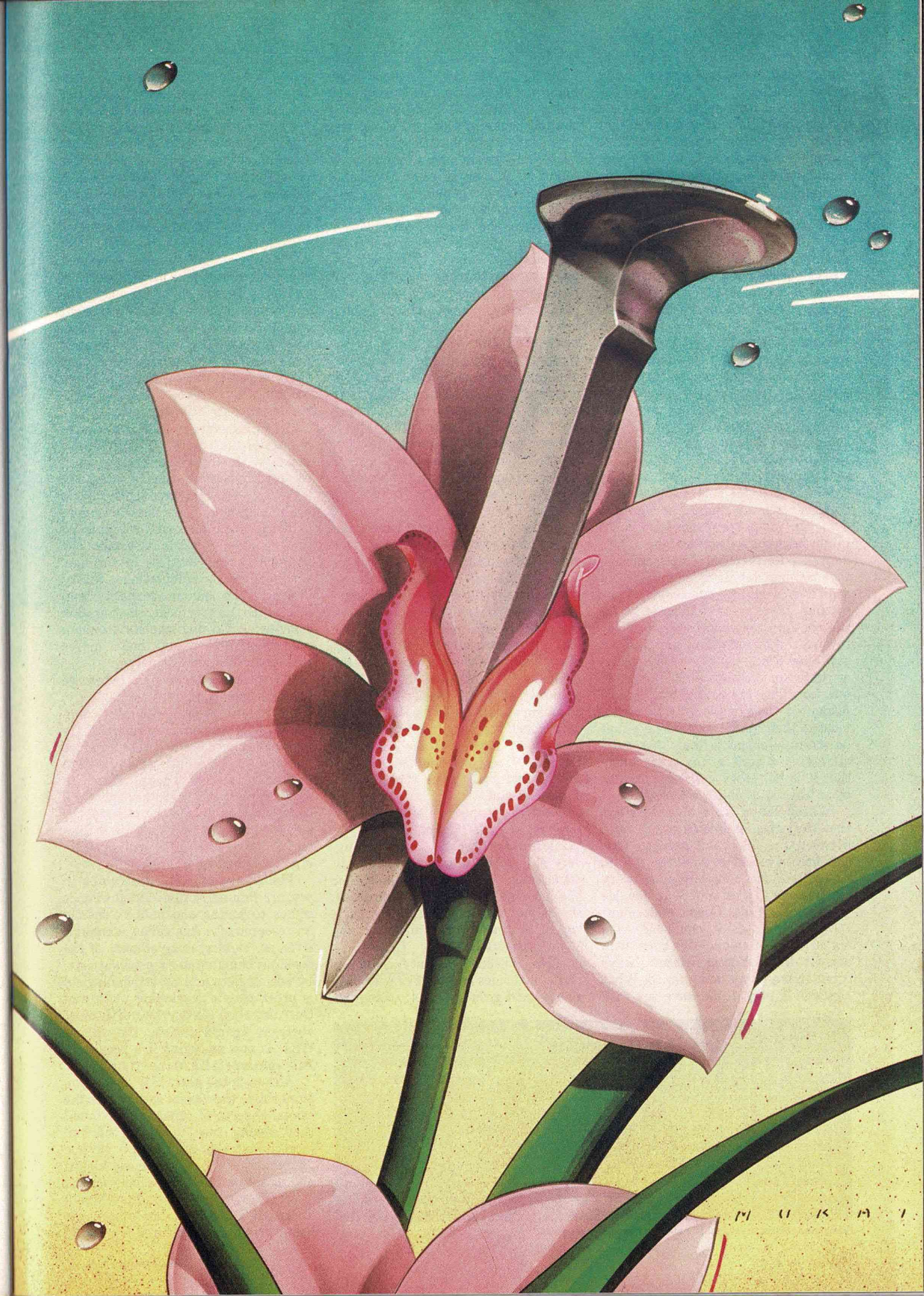


Illustration by Mukai

70 Brisbane women gave for failing to report their rapes in a private study undertaken by Dr Paul Wilson of the Queensland University. Twenty-six percent told Wilson they believed that either the police would not have enough evidence, or that the police wouldn't do anything about the complaints; 19 percent just wanted to forget all about the rape; 16 percent were afraid of their relatives' reaction; and 16 percent feared the social stigma. A random selection of quotes from Wilson's book, *The Other Side of Rape* . . . "I knew about the hassles women have with police and courts and couldn't face it." . . . "The police trivialise these things. To them a screw's a screw" . . . "I didn't even consider it. I just wanted to be let alone, to try to forget." . . . "No one would understand what I have been through. It doesn't help me if they catch him. I'll have to live with it and I want to leave it alone."

A follow-up survey by Wilson of 44 Queensland police suggests that rape victims' lack of confidence and the cynicism about the response of police might have some justification.

Asked for their immediate reaction to a woman laying a complaint, 14 said they would be suspicious of the victim; 12 expressed sympathy for the victim; two expressed hostility toward the offender and the other 16 said they'd be "unaffected, impartial or were uncommitted". To another question, 28 of the 44 said the possible falsity of the complaint was uppermost in their minds. Wilson says that he strongly suspects that "the more attractive a girl is, the more likely that it is her story is given credence by at least some police officers."

Wilson found from his interviews that the police estimates of the ratio between the false and genuine rape complaints varied enormously — from seven spurious complaints to every genuine one to a ratio of 30 to one. He quotes one Gold Coast policeman: "Over Christmas it could be even higher (than 30 to one). We turn them away in droves. Young girls are always complaining about being raped. What happens is they drink, have sex with the boy they're with and feel guilty afterwards. We just tell them to go home and forget about it. It's not even worth recording." After monitoring the job books of four police districts over one set 11-month period, the Victorian Law Reform Commissioner found 50 percent of rape complaints were accepted as genuine.

But another police perspective underlines the law's frustration in trying to assemble the corroborative evidence of rapist identification, penile penetration and lack of consent necessary to convince a court of a man's guilt. Says one officer: "Police are on the side of the victim perhaps more than any other group in the community. After all, we see the blood and guts that result from a murder or a rape or a street bashing. Take rape. So many times I've seen a case thrown out of court on a technicality. This is not our fault, but the way the court wants it. It gets you down after a while, particularly as all the women's libbers are saying that we are the villains. If you want to know who are the villains in a rape case, look at the jury — they represent society and it's society that made the rules."

Incriminating though the circumstantial evidence of sexism by police may sound, the police attitude toward the crime of rape and its victims is no more than a brutally honest reflection of Australian society. Certainly in the opinion of Dr Wilson: "It is often assumed that our society strongly condemns rape. And so it does — but only under the most rigid conditions of extreme physical force and, even then, only when there has been no prior contact between the offender and the victim."

As writer Anne Summers *(Damned Whores and God's Police)* puts it: "Unless a raped woman is very young, very old, or is a virgin demonstrably respectable — a nun for instance — or has incurred severe physical injuries, she is not automatically seen as a victim and is even blamed for the attack she suffered."

Says Wilson: "Despite changing sexual attitudes and behavior, women over 60 and girls under 14, accredited virgins and quite indisputably faithful wives are considered pure. Women who do not fall into these categories are considered impure and, therefore, they are not treated with respect. The argument goes that the more sexual freedom a woman has enjoyed in her past, the less culpable her attacker. A woman who has defied conventional sexual standards is considered to be promiscuous and, as a result, cannot be trusted if she cries rape.

"A woman has the right to expect the cessation of any further physical advances if she says 'no'. But the prevailing folklore among men that women often say 'no' when they mean 'yes' leads to the belief that women just want to be persuaded and that their protestations need not be taken too seriously. This is a societal formula designed to increase rape."

In all its aspects, rape is a bizarre crime, not the least in the act itself. In a society in which heterosex — both the paid and the mutually satisfying varieties — is freely available, rape is an anachronism, a sexual act more suited to puritanism and war than to the hedonistic 1980s. Despite the apparent permissiveness of the age, despite the accumulating library dealing with human sexuality and despite the law reform, the paradox remains: Australian rapists are more numerous, bolder and more active than at any time in our history.

The paradox compounds when we examine the act itself: a crude, ugly, clumsy parody of seduction, lust combined with violence and sadism. Its ingredients are sufficient to reduce "normal" men to impotence. In spite of their intentions, it does just that to many rapists. From interviews with convicted rapists and the victims, the experts have deduced that fewer than half of the reported rapes culminate in orgasm and ejaculation.

Politicians, who see few votes in sex, are singularly tight-fisted when it comes to voting the public's money for research into Australian sexuality. Even so, an increasing amount of the research being done by psychiatrists, by sociologists and by criminologists is presenting a developing picture of the Australian sex psyche and its most aberrant manifestation, the rapist. What is now emerging is a peculiarly Australian pattern of the crime.

Although the new NSW legislation emphasises the violent rather than the sexual aspects of rape, Wilson found that among the 70 women he had interviewed the number of victims "brutally attacked, punched, kicked and threatened" was relatively small.

"This does not mean that I subscribe to a shallow view of rape as being primarily motivated by sexual

NUMBERS OF POLICE REPORTED RAPE

Year	NSW	Vic	Qld	SA	WA	Tas	NT	ACT	Aust	Per 100,000 Females
1974	308	209	66	101	31	17	25	9	766	11.4
1975	364	212	75	91	43	11	22	7	825	12.1
1976	342	273	64	131	71	25	7	7	920	13.3
1977	307	264	77	148	93	17	15	7	928	13.3
1978	365	233	72	172	98	16	17	10	983	13.9
1979	419	215	61	165	96	22	13	7	998	14
1980	491	318	105	242	112	16	29	8	1321	16.2*

*Estimated 1980 rape rate per 100,000 females, Australia-wide.

"Yes, I must admit I've done rather well here."

desires," he says in *The Other Side of Rape.* "It does mean, however, that, at least in Australian society, the aggressive and the violent component of American rape is probably not so predominant. And, it is tentatively suggested, such cultural differences reflect in this country the sexual socialisation roles, heavily underlined by both men and women which define men as being predatory, domineering humans justly taking their sexual property. Women are defined as submissive, subdued sexual objects passively allowing the males to act out their historically imprinted sexual fantasies. It is difficult to isolate rape as an act of random violence outside normal heterosexual relations."

Wilson told PLAYBOY that he still believed there were more sexual than violent overtones to Australian rape attacks. "The pattern of injuries among the rape victims indicate that there is more violence attached to rape in the US than there is here. Nor do rapists in Australia go to the same extremes in an attempt to denigrate and degrade their victims. Obviously, these elements are involved in the Australian rapes, but not nearly as strongly as they are in the US.

"I think rape is bound up with the Australian hypocrisy toward sexual matters. On the one hand sex is now displayed to us as something we can all have. It is freely obtainable. On the other, we have puritanical laws and we have politicians who ride on the backs of movements such as the Festival of Light. Australians aren't prepared yet to come to terms with the fact that rape is no different from any other expression of sexuality, no different than, say, pornography or homosexuality. Understanding rape will help us to understand a lot about the Australian society. It shows that violence, which is inherent in our society, is the other side of the coin from the good things that we are constantly hearing about Australians.

"Rape reflects the fundamental attitude of men toward women. Until there is some change in the behavior of Australian men in their attitude toward women, the rape rate will continue to spiral — especially if economic circumstances force more women back into subordinate roles."

One researcher who is not entirely convinced that the incidence of rape is increasing as dramatically as Wilson believes is Dr Jocelyn Scutt, of the Australian Institute of Criminology. Whereas Dr Wilson tends to discuss rape within the legal and courtroom definition, Dr Scutt views the crime from a feminist standpoint.

And in the feminist context, every woman, whether she be wife, lover or acquaintance, is raped when she is subjected unwillingly to any sexual act. In fact, in terms of the horrific exploitation of women in the past, such as the sexual abuse of the once common housemaid by the master of the house, she wonders if rape is any more widespread than it was then.

In general terms, however, she agrees that the incidence of rape can only be arrested by a deeper understanding of the social roles of men and of women. And to achieve a wider understanding of the fact that more women are in tune with their own sexuality, and object to participation in sex acts in which they don't want to be involved, Dr Scutt sees an urgent need for a more enlightened official attitude toward human sexuality — especially toward sex education in Australians schools.

Nor does she underestimate the role women must play in this search for legal and social equality. As Dr Scutt, who feels women jurors are just

"There is much more to rape than the headlined stories of a woman being seized from behind in a dimly lit city street and dragged into a park."

as suspicious of rape victims in a courtroom as their male peers, wrote in an essay on the economics of sex:

"It is (thus) impossible to escape the conclusion that it is our own movement, the development of the feminist consciousness, that provides the only path to the creation of a society where women can stand, literally and figuratively, perpendicular with the rest. Realisation of feminist goals is our sole chance to get off our backs."

A significant weight of statistics supports the theory that there is much more to rape than the headlined stories of a woman being seized from behind in a dimly lit city street and dragged into a dark park.

Several studies indicate that most victims are either related to or are acquainted with their attackers. Here again, the Australian rape syndrome is different from the American, where one Denver psychologist, Dr James Selkin, who has interviewed hundreds of rapists and their victims, estimates that 35 to 40 percent of reported rapes are "familiar cases".

While two quite recent Australian surveys, based on reported rapes, produced results similiar to Selkin's findings, others tip the scales in favor of acquaintance rapes. From a sample of 167 rapes, all reported in 1973, the NSW Bureau of Crime Statistics found that 57 percent were stranger rapes, while 42 percent of rapes were committed by a member of the family, a friend, an acquaintance, a former lover or a neighbor.

In their first year of operation, Help centres in eight of NSW's metropolitan hospitals treated 306 rape victims who reported that 49 percent of their attackers were total strangers, 24 percent were acquaintances and 25 percent were to them closer people.

The victims of unreported rape presented a strikingly different image. Seventy percent of those Brisbane women who volunteered to take part in Dr Wilson's survey advised their interviewers that they either knew, or were related to, their assailants.

Last year *The Australian Women's Weekly* invited Australian women to vent their feelings on wide-ranging aspects of society, including rape. A staggering 30,000 women responded. Their response to the rape question made the survey the largest ever undertaken on rape and the testimony the most representative of Australian womanhood. The results indicated that eight out of every 100 women of all ages have been raped, and that the rate rose to 13 in every 100 among those in the 20 to 24 age group.

Most significant, however, was the information they supplied on their relationship to the rapist: 36 percent said that the attacker was a casual acquaintance, 21 percent said he was a friend, 11 percent said that he was a member of the family, two percent did not specify at all and only 17 percent described the offender as a stranger.

One doesn't need to be Sigmund Freud to see the correlation between those figures and the basic reluctance of so many women to report their rapes to the police. Many victims find their families, friends and neighbors just as sceptical as the police.

While rape and rapists refuse to be stereotyped, some distinctive patterns are now taking shape in the Australian version of the crime.

Dr Wilson has also categorised Australian rape into eight typical patterns of attack —

RANDOM BLITZ RAPE:

This type of rape most commonly reflects the popular stereotype. Typically there is no prior interaction between victim and offender. The rapist suddenly appears uninvited and forces himself into the situation. The victim just happens to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Generally the rapist attacks outdoors in parks or in the streets, but random blitz attacks do occur in private homes.

SPECIFIC BLITZ RAPE:

Again there is no previous, general interaction between the victim and the offender, and the rapist has carefully calculated his moves. But in this type the rapist chooses a specific victim whom he has observed over a period of time.

WHITE COLLAR RAPE:

Typically the rapist comes from a professional or a semi-professional occupation and uses his position to win the confidence of a colleague or client. He establishes some kind of relationship with his proposed victim and then carefully manipulates the situation to win her trust.

POWER WITH TRICKERY RAPE:

The victim's collaboration in this type of rape stems from her inability to consent or not to consent due to her personality or her emotional development. Many victims are children, but age is not necessarily a criterion for the ability to consent. The rapist uses his position of power to induce the victim to engage in sexual intercourse. The victim is offered goods or services for sex — not normally money but generally offers of emotional security, pleasure or some other abstract personal or social experience.

FAMILY RAPE:

Family rape differs from trickery rape in that deliberate force is used by a family member against another family member. The assailant often uses his role as father, husband or family member to catch the victim off guard in a situation isolated from other people in the group.

CEREMONIAL RAPE:

In this type of rape, ritual and mysticism provide the setting and justification for the attack. Ceremonial rapes are performed by gangs of bikies on their girlfriends, by male members of urban communes on the female members, and by adherents of black magic and other variations of devil worship upon females as part of initiation ceremonies. Group pressures force the woman to submit to sexual intercourse and, in this sense, ceremonial rape has much in common with pack rape.

FRIENDSHIP RAPE:

This has much in common with specific blitz and family rape, but it differs from the former in that the offender and victim have known each other for a period of time as friends. This relationship is used by the rapist as both the opportunity and justification for the attack. As in family rape, force rather than trickery is used to achieve sexual gratification, but, unlike rape between family members, relationships between victim and the offender are generally positive in the period before the attack. The two might even have engaged in sexual intercourse in the weeks before the rape, but it is equally as likely to occur under conditions where an emotional, but not necessarily a sexual, relationship has been established.

SITUATIONAL RAPE:

The unique characteristic of this type is the careful arrangement of the situation by the offender and the explicit or implicit collusion of other people in enticing the victim to the scene of the rape.

Drawing profiles of the tiny minority of men who commit rape and fitting them to the various types of rape framed by Dr Wilson, most of the convicted rapists display one or more of five characteristics —

THE PSYCHOTIC RAPIST:

He is in a minority and has a recognisable, organic brain disease. Many have been diagnosed as being psychotic by psychiatrists and they are mentally ill by any definition.

"Victims who have been dressed in see-through blouses, mini-skirts or cutaway shorts . . . have been accused of 'asking for it'."

THE SITUATIONAL RAPIST:

Many rapists fall into this slot. He can rape at any time, but he is more prone to do so in periods of stress brought on by emotional upheaval sparked by a crisis such as loss of job or marriage breakdown. He often has violent mastubatory fantasies. Quite often he has suffered violence or sexual hang-ups as a child. Outwardly, the situational rapist appears to be perfectly normal and he does not feel compelled to rape to prove his virility or his sexual prowess.

THE MASCULINE IDENTITY COMPLEX RAPIST:

This kind of rapist feels that his masculinity is threatened. The threat might stem from other men, from abortive relations with women, or from their own perception of themselves as being less masculine than they should be. Active from the mid-teens to the mid-30s, he often runs in packs. He is viewed by some psychiatrists as the most dangerous form of rapist because he plans his attack very carefully and is often extremely violent. He often uses more violence than is necessary to complete the rape as forcibly subduing, degrading and humiliating the victim can be more important to him than the rape itself.

THE SADISTIC RAPIST:

Representing only two to three percent of rapists, he derives sexual satisfaction from the subjection of the victim to a vast variety of sadistic demands and to the demeaning and humiliating of her. He is more inclined to introduce foreign objects to the victim's vagina or anus than is any other rapist. He operates alone and is active up to the 40s.

THE SOCIOPATHIC RAPIST:

He makes up a fairly substantial number of rapists. To the sociopath, rape is just one of a series of antisocial acts. He is likely to commit his rape spontaneously.

Researchers both in America and Australia agree that rape-murderers are different personality types from rapists. The rapist-murderer is invariably a far more disordered person, but they can share with non-homicidal rapists a familiar approach to their crimes — selecting, isolating and intimidating their victims and then often trying to calm or bargain with the woman before they proceed to sexual assault and murder.

"The weight of clinical evidence," states the American psychologist, Dr Selkin, "is that the rape-murder victim sets out to co-operate with her assailant." While this is not meant to imply that any rape victim is culpable for her behavior, studies in Australia and overseas offer strong evidence that many women chose to surrender sexually rather than risk serious injury or death through resistance. Untenably, a woman who "passively resists" an attacker because she'd rather be raped, than maimed or killed, is often disbelieved by police or a jury who unreasonably demand bruising, blood or signs of serious injury as proof that actual physical assault has occurred.

Similarly, victims who have been dressed in see-through blouses, mini-skirts or cutaway shorts, or who have accepted lifts in motor cars without thinking, have been harshly accused of "asking for it" or, at least, contributing to their own rape.

Australian society's attitudes to rapists and their victims reflect the multiplicity of our attitudes toward human sexuality.

There is something hypocritical about a society which condones so many overt expressions of sexuality, yet happily allows such a demeaning and sex-specific crime as rape to go largely unpunished and unreported.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

ticks, flies, mossies, spiders moths, ants, rats, leeches, frogs,

THERE ARE strange stirrings in this land of ours for the second time within 15 years. Sane and otherwise sensible people of more or less decently fixed sexual habits, people who are not afraid of their bank managers, eat a proper breakfast and have never, ever pulled the wings off flies, are sniffing the breeze and getting glazed looks about their urban faces.

What this means is that the middle-class back-to-the-land movement is once again with us. Disregarding the various peace and love exoduses, the communes, and the alternative god-botherer sects, this odd middle class curiosity has happened only once before — in the mid-'60s.

In the first fad, it became a terrific idea to find a small holding of anywhere between five and 50 hectares and really attempt to do something with it — like raising half a hundred Herefords and free range goats and growing vegetables and that sort of thing. Whisky, beer and gin were abandoned in favor of a curious fluid known as home-made wine. Some people even went completely vegetarian, although most seemed to stick to some sort of alcoholic bracer.

After a while the owners of all these little country places found that it was rather harder than they had imagined. Animals got stuck in fences and the noxious weeds inspector was found to be a gentleman without any sense of humor. Fruit trees had to be sprayed, animals (when they were not stuck in the bloody fences) had to be injected and dipped and doused. It was found that this rural caper was very hard work indeed — as any combination of Dad and Dave in any country town could have told them in the first place.

So quietly, and without any of the fanfare of departure, one by one these small-holdings or hobby farms were covertly placed on the market. All of a sudden, there seemed to be an awful lot of Fowler's Vacola bottling

humor by Richard Beckett

illustration by Alan Ewart

outfits available second hand, and quite a number of city homes had tractors parked as conversation pieces on the front lawn.

And because they were all ashamed of themselves for their failure, some very curious excuses were invented for this panic-stricken retreat to urban safety. If one had children over the age of 10, it was common to say that they had "suffered". One never elaborated here, which led friends to erroneously believe that, perhaps, country children had vaguely serious problems with unusual social diseases or ate their peas with a soup spoon (the latter regarded as more socially unacceptable than taking smack).

Another common and yet equally idiotic reason was that one missed the intellectual life. On being given this little beauty one day in my old watering hole in the inner Sydney suburb of Surry Hills, I gazed round at the splendid establishment and remarked that the Royal Albert Hotel showed, at that point in time, little or no sign of changing into any form of intellectual salon. My retired rural companion refused to take up the argument with me.

But, because of these and other fake excuses, the movement died. The death was also aided by local councils, the members of which viewed the newcomers with horror and for some time virtually declared war on them. At one stage there was even a learned seminar in Canberra at which it was suggested that all these city nasties ought to be herded into little rural stockades and kept apart from the loyal members of the Country Party.

But now it's all on again. I say this because I have managed to get myself caught up in this second time around madness. I'd decided a couple of years back to move out of the city, mainly because I wanted to keep a blue heeler. And you can't keep a blue heeler in the city because he keeps rounding up prams, and that will not do at all.

I knew there was no use looking in the Saturday pages of the broadsheet newspapers for the desirable country residences. Those places are sold to dentists, doctors and lawyers. The thing to do was go and have a look. It was then that I realised that, having forgotten the sins of their "slightly elders", the hordes of urbanites were once more on the move. I knew this because every real estate agent said simply that "yer gun gettem" or he "didn' 'ave any".

Another thing that one learns very quickly is that the countryside is indeed littered with establishments of anything from one to 100 hectares, but most of them have been left to run down to such an extent that it would take twice the purchase price to put them into any part of good condition.

After viewing about 50 of the landwrecks you will be about to give away completely the whole concept of a standing house and settle for a block of land on which you will then build. Be very careful here, as many rural councils, in an effort to discourage small-holdings and protect valuable, large rural properties, forbid anything new being built on anything less than 200 hectares.

Another charming little pleasantry comes with the popular phrase "electricity available". It could cost up to $8000 just to have electricity installed. And unless you are about to forsake all creature comforts and live by the light of the tallow lamp you can be in for a very boring time indeed.

About the same time you will find that, even if you are serious about doing anything at all to the place, you will run smack into the Taxation Department. It's because of the old stigma of Pitt Street and Collins Street farmers, and what they were supposed to stand for, you will find that you are unable to write off any improvements to the place because you are merely a *hobby farmer.*

To my mind, hobby farmer is a dreadful phrase and has about the same sneering status as the now vanished phrase "New Australian" — although one wonders here whether the phrase "ethnic group" is much better — and if you are a hobby farmer, who is *also* a member of an ethnic group, you've really had it as far as everyone is concerned.

Now I know that everyone views real estate agents with distrust, but when searching for a country place the simplest thing is to regard everyone as an out-and-out liar. The phrase, "it's the worst season I can ever remember" can be translated into it is a normal year for that part of the country and that next year will probably be worse. If one is told that there is no bushfire problem, one can assume that the entire property was in danger of burning to the ground the year before. No water problems means that there have been severe water restrictions on for the past 20 years. And don't forget the wind.

When you live in the city, apart from cursing high-rise developers for building wind tunnels in every major city, you tend to forget about it. I mean that sometimes it's windy and sometimes it isn't. It can be a dammed nuisance at times but that is about all.

But there are winds that can both drive you mad and break your heart. In fact it is a good idea to have a look at the place on a lousy day. A day of limpid sunshine with all the maggies chortling in the trees lulls you into a false sense of country beauty. It is far better to view it on a day when the birds are busily lashing themselves to fence posts and getting down on their tiny knees and praying.

And then there's ticks and flies and spiders and snakes and the red mite and hydatid cysts and the bloat and bloody foxes and rats and godknowswhatall out there just waiting to get you. And it is stinkin' in the summer and freezin' in the winter.

If all this sounds bloody awful, the country really isn't. It is just that far too many people view the whole business as some sort of a jolly romp through verdant fields when in fact the fields are full of three-cornered jacks and khaki weed.

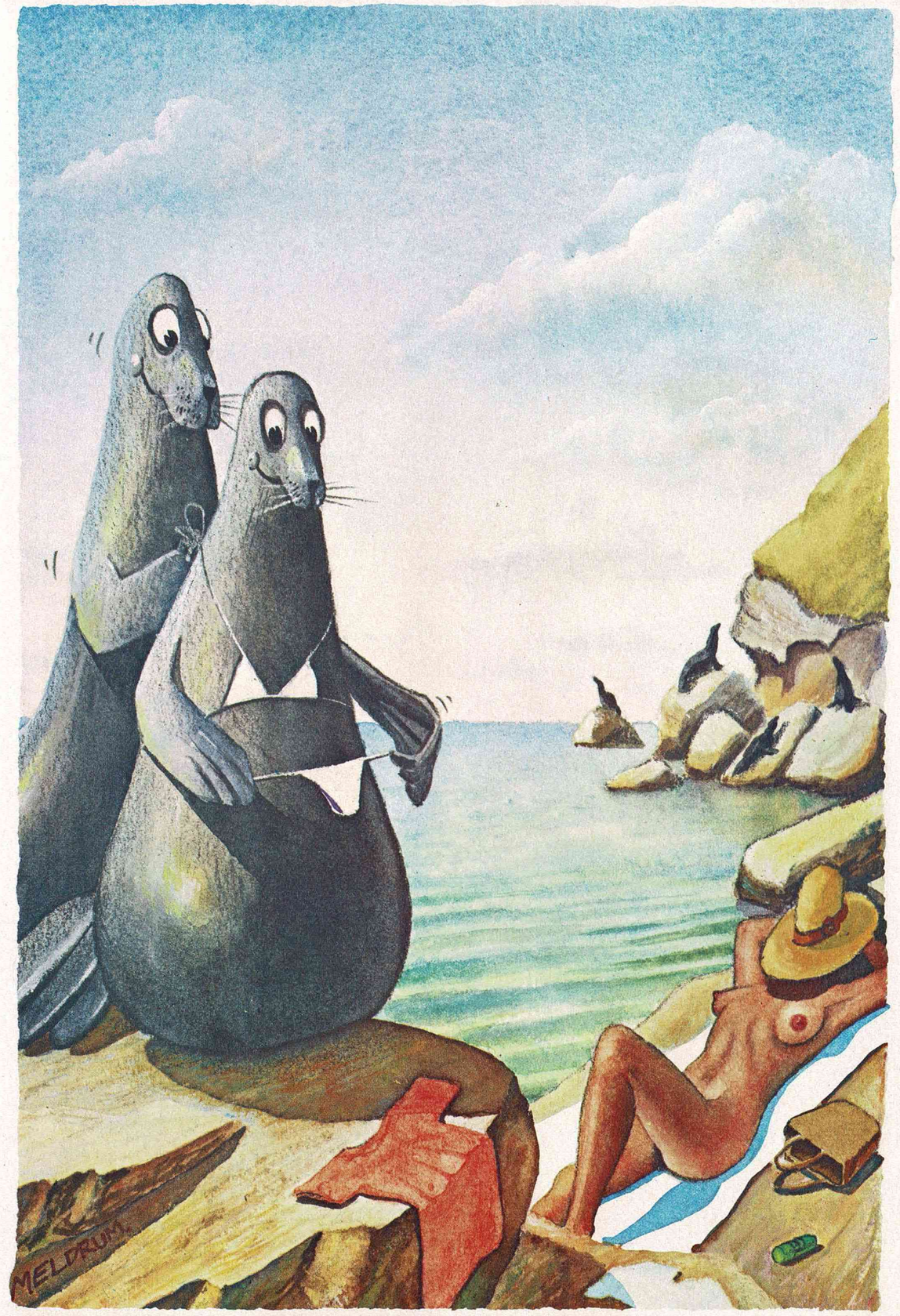
There is no need to throw the dream out of the window, but one does have to be sensible about this country. Apart from a few sections of Tasmania, rural England it ain't. I dreamed the impossible dream of a cottage on about 30 hectares of unspoiled bush by an estuary where the bream and the whiting were always running and one could doze off at night by the wood stove with the sound of the surf over the bar gently reaching my ears.

Instead, of course, I finished up with a small place in the mid-west with sparrows in the roof, wolf spiders in the laundry and frogs in the bathroom. As an aside, before you go away with your female companion for good, make absolutely certain that she is totally fearless about the smaller forms of our bush life during the day and night. It is no good finding out *afterwards* that, while your beloved may take black snakes in her stride, tiny, harmless moths flying in her face in the night are in the straight jacket division.

Mine is okay with the moths (more or less) but has declared an all-out war on the wolf spiders — which I rather like as they are prone to panic at your approach. And it is no use looking up *Dangerous Animals in Australia.* All that tells you is that the wolf spider lives in a burrow.

Yet there are compensations which seem hard to explain at times as I stand around with a few other newcomers, all holding the wrong end of the fencing wire — and you might well ask which is the right end. I have absolutely no idea.

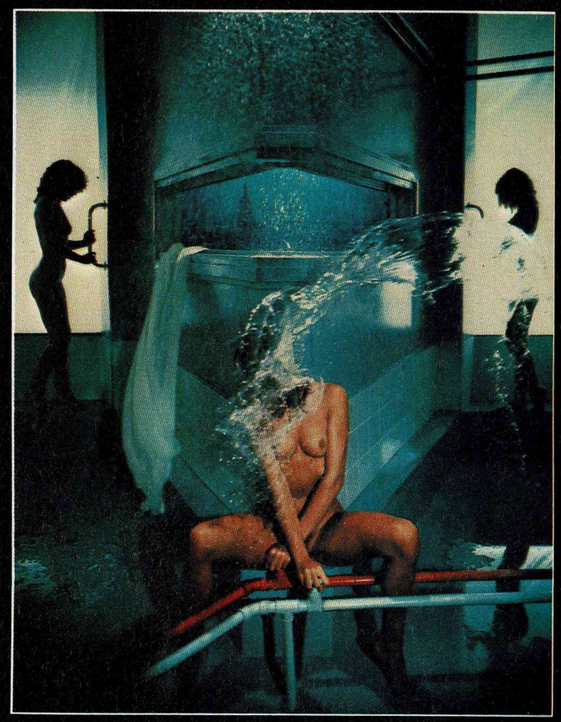
But one thing you can have is a noisy tumble without some neighbor banging on the wall, and that stands as a giant step forward for personal relationships in this most urbanised of nations.



HIGH RISE

(above suspicion)

New York City: a detective story, a love story, a loft story. The area known as SoHo (South of Houston Street), is a world unto itself, the most naked city of all. Earthy, realistic, the absolute bottom line, SoHo seems to engender a certain crudity. Not in



a negative, gauche sense, but crudity as in natural, raw, total honesty. Each person who lives in SoHo has built a universe all to herself, full of her own fantasies. There are no preconceptions, no rules. It's life on another planet, a trampoline jump caught

in mid-air, a space where the only sign of life is found in the handprints on the wall. The women of SoHo are the Delphic Oracles of today; they whisper mystery, excitement and — most of all — the promise of a new and surreal life of erotica.

HEROIN ANNIE

a sweet girl, blonde hair and big, blue eyes; but her friends were just as dangerous as the drugs she loved

fiction by Peter Corris

Illustration by Roger Roberts

"YOU'VE GOT to help me out, Mr Hardy," the woman pleaded. "Our Annie's going to end up in the gutter and I don't know what to do." The voice was adenoidal and Cockney, the bright lipstick was askew on her big, plain face, and she kept dropping cigarette ash all over my desk, but I liked her. Ma Parker lived in the street behind mine; she washed dishes in the local pub and sat in the sun outside in the back garden. We talked about the weather and horses and London. I think she once thought I was a schoolteacher, but now she knew I was a private investigator and she'd brought me her troubles.

"You remember Annie, Mr Hardy. A lovely kid she was."

I remembered Annie, although I hadn't seen her for some years, then she would have been about 13; she was already tall and, although she was stick-thin, it didn't take much imagination to see the figure she'd have one day. I remembered an oval face under straight blonde hair, big blue eyes and the alluring way she moved — she was graceful when she was tomboying in the street with the spotty boys or dragging home Ma's messages in a string bag.

"Tell me the trouble, Ma," I said. "I'll be happy to help if I can." I gave her a cigarette from a box of the things I keep for the weak — I gave up the habit three years ago.

She puffed smoke and her false teeth clicked. "Annie ran off on the very day she turned 14. She must've been planning it like for a long time. I didn't know a bleedin' thing about it but she left me a note saying she had some money and not to worry. Worry! I went out of my mind with worry for nearly a year."

I thought back but I couldn't recall noticing her distress. "I'm sorry, Ma," I said. "I don't remember it."

"Well, you were busy I expect. She was only a kid then and I've got Terry and Eileen to think about. I just kept on, you know."

I nodded. I knew Ma had buried two husbands; I assumed she had a pension. I'd just let her be a walk-on character in the film of my life, the way you do. With the sensitivity tuned up like this, I looked at her clothes — they were cheap and clean except where'd she'd dropped ash. Ma herself seemed to be keeping up appearances okay; we were two of a kind, my clothes were cheap and just about due for a dry cleaning.

"Nearly a year you said. How was she after that?"

"I didn't know her. She was all grown up to look at her. She got some money and she took off again. The next time that I saw her she was in Silverwater." I asked Ma what for, but I'd have bet money on the answer.

"Drugs. Heroin and that — she was using them and selling them. She was giving them to kids. She got three years."

"Where? Some detention centre?"

"No, Silverwater."

"She'd be too young."

She stubbed out the cigarette; she looked old and worn but she wouldn't have been 50.

"She made me promise not to tell them her age, she said she was 18."

"She wanted to do her time in Silverwater? Why?"

"That's right Mr Hardy. I couldn't believe it. She told me she'd kill one of the guards if I gave her age away. What could I do?" A couple of tears ran down her rouged and powdered face. It was one of those moments I was glad I didn't have any children.

"What's she doing now?" I hadn't meant the words to come out so harshly, so full of hostility. She sniffed and looked at me uncertainly.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have come. I was going to pay, you know."

That did the trick. Next I knew I was brewing her tea, stuff I never drink myself, and feeding her more cigarettes and expressing indifference to money. The story was familiar: Annie had done 18 months, come out on parole and gone back in on a similar charge. Now she was out again.

"Something happened to her in there, Cliff," Ma said. She was almost jaunty now, smoking her fags, and getting down her third cup of tea. It was getting on to mid-day and watching her drink the muddy stuff made me think of something cold and wet in a 10 ounce glass.

"Come on Ma, I'll run you home and you can tell me about it." We drove to Glebe and I bought her a beer in the pub opposite the trotting track. She said Annie settled down for a while after her second time inside, had got a job and seemed steadier. But recently Ma had begun to have her doubts — she didn't like the look of the men who called for the girl and she had the feeling that she was heading for trouble again. She finished her first beer and I ordered another.

"It's the drugs I'm worried about. She swore to me that she was finished with them but I don't know."

"What do you want me to do, Ma? She must be a big girl now."

"She's still a kid really. You know how to investigate people — just watch her for a day or two, see what her friends are like. And tell me if you think she's back with the drugs."

"What will you do if she is?"

Suddenly she lost interest in the beer; there was a rough, flaky patch of

skin near her nose and she scratched it. To a turned-on 18 year old, she must have seemed like a survivor from the days of the Tudors. When she spoke her voice was shaky and tired. "You know there was only ever one thing about me that Annie respected. Know what it was?"

I shook my head.

"That I was born in London. She's got a real thing about London, even reads about it. Anything on the telly about London she watches. Well, I've got a sister whose old man died a while back and she hasn't got anyone and she'd love to see Annie. Been looking at her photos for years and reckons she's the ant's pants. She'd pay for Annie to go over and visit her. It's the one thing Annie'd toe the line for."

"You can't bribe people to be good," I said.

"I know that, but it's all I've got. I have to know what she's up to so's I can decide what to do."

I told her the usual things — that she might not like what turned up or that I might not be able to find out anything at all. But she'd made her mind up that this was how she wanted to handle it. She insisted on giving me $50 and when I protested she turned fierce and bitter.

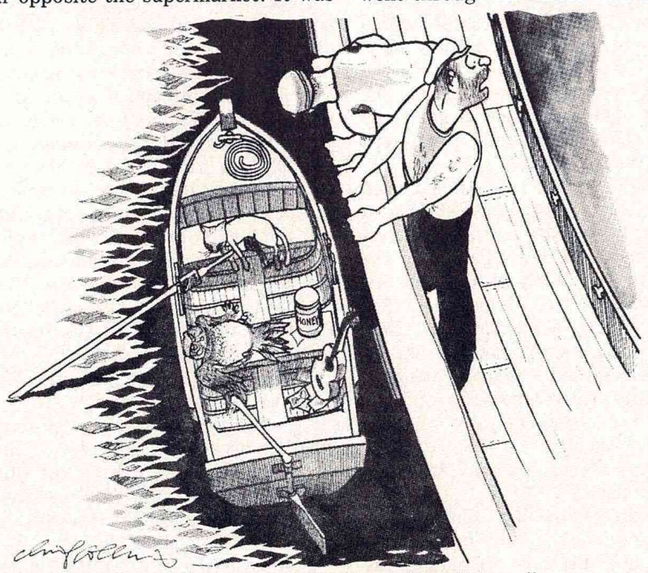
"I'm not bleedin' broke, you know."

I subsided. We finished our drinks and she left to walk home. I drove back to my place to have some lunch, re-arrange the bills in order of priority and kill the afternoon. Annie worked at a supermarket in Redfern, Ma had told me, and the strategy was to start off the surveillance that evening to determine whether little Annie was or was not treading the path of virtue.

At 5.15, I was sitting out in my car opposite the supermarket. It was Wednesday, and traffic and business were light; the shop window was plastered with signs offering cheap mustard pickles and dish-washing liquid. Some of the signs were torn and flapping as if idle hands and the wind had not believed their promises.

Ma had told me that I wouldn't need a photograph to recognise Annie and she was right. When she came out at 5.40, I saw that she was still recognisable from her walk. Annie moved well, but there was something not proud about the way she carried her head. Her hair had darkened to a honey color and she wore it short. In a lumpy cardigan and old jeans, she slouched across the pavement to a battered Datsun standing at the kerb with a guy in a leather jacket at the wheel. I saw her face as she got into the car; it was pale and clenched, knotted with anger and resentment.

The Datsun butted out into the traffic and I followed in my ancient Falcon like just another old pensioner out for a stroll. We went down into Erskineville and the Datsun stopped outside of a battered terrace house mouldering away in the shadow of a sheet metal factory. A couple of blasts on the Datsun's horn brought a thin beanpole-like character out from the house. He wore denims and sneakers and had to bend himself twice to get into the back of the car. I noted down the number of the house and the street and then the game began again. I don't do much tailing and I don't particularly like it: it feels too much like driving in a funeral procession. The Datsun driver had bad manners; he cut in and bluffed out and raised several citizens' blood pressure levels dangerously. I stuck close and we went through the Cross and into the roller coaster of Double Bay. The apartment buildings don't look much from outside but the titles sell for 50 thousand and upwards; Annie and her mates were climbing the social ladder. The next stop was outside a newish three-storey job with a lot of white stones to slip on and the sort of trees that have the bark peeling off them. The beanpole got out this time and went into the building for a few minutes. When he came back he had a girl with him; in high heels she must have stood close to two metres and the purple jump suit affair she wore showed the world that here was someone with a great body. She slid into the back seat of the car like a cat going into its basket; as she snaked her spiked-shoed foot in I realised that I'd been holding my breath. I let it go and followed the Datsun down the hill into the gathering gloom.



"Cap'n . . . you'll never believe this . . ."

They parked a few streets back from Oxford Street and walked up in two pairs. The car driver was a nuggety number in jeans and a short leather jacket. His clothes accentuated the width of his shoulders and he had an easy, rolling walk like a fighter before the punches get to him. He kept his distance from Annie who mooched along with her hands stuck in a back pocket of her jeans. The beanpole and the Flamingo pranced on ahead, a good couple of metres apart. He had a long narrow head and crisp, curling hair; the girl had a high-tone, up-market conceited strut. Suddenly, they stopped on the footpath and debated something for a few minutes while I watched from across the road. A police car cruised down the strip and the blonde jerked her head at it and said something uncomplimentary. Annie lit a cigarette and the flame in her cupped, shaking hands jerked and danced like a marionette. They settled the point and walked up to the Square to a disco dive with a sign outside that read: "Drinks till two and do what you want to do."

It cost five dollars to go in and you got strobe lights and dark corners, mirrors to hate yourself in and noise. The beat of the music coming over the amplifiers was regular to the point of monotony and about as loud as the guns at Passchendaele. It was much too early for the action at this sort of joint; a girl was dancing with another girl and three men were dancing together on the polished floor. A few people sat drinking in plump-cushioned booths and my foursome sat up at a long bar. There were mirrors behind the bar which had the prices of the drinks written on them in white paint — a Scotch cost a dollar and a half, a Bloody Mary cost two dollars. I sat at the far end of the bar and ordered a beer. It wasn't an ideal place for a surveillance; alone and 40'ish, I stood out like a carthorse at the Melbourne Cup. Also, I didn't know what to make of it: Annie was out with some friends consuming alcohol, and the fact that she had a bad case of the shakes and that three of the party looked as if they didn't have 50 cents while the other was wearing $500 worth of clothing on her back was interesting, but nothing more than that.

We all had another drink or two and I was thinking about calling it a night when he came in. His platform soles lifted him up high enough for you to call him short; he had on a dark three-piece suit with a dark shirt and a white tie. His body was plump but his head was abnormally small. It looked as if it was trying to duck down out of sight. He had a thin, pasty face and stringy blond hair, wispy on top and worn long. He looked as if he'd been made up out of leftover parts. He walked straight up to my party and the blonde bought him a green drink. They had a few giggles and then got down to what looked like serious talk, argument even. Annie shook her head a couple of times and Shorty downed his drink and made as if he was going to take the high dive off his stool. Then they all calmed down and the head shaking turned to nodding. Shorty got down and walked off toward a door with a sign over it that read: "Powder your nose till it glows." Annie and leather jacket followed him and about 30 seconds later, I followed them out.

Through the door was a short, dark corridor and then a set of narrow, carpeted stairs. I went up the first flight, made a turn and then something like the Queen Mary hit me behind the ear. My face hit the carpet hard and a front-end loader scooped me up and threw me down the stairs. I flipped over, hit my head more than once and never reached the bottom. I went down into the blackness and then down some more.

When I came out of it, a cat was walking across my face and talking. I told it to be quiet and tried to brush it away, but it stayed there and talked louder. At least it wasn't scratching, but I thought it might so I opened my eyes. It wasn't dark at the bottom of the stairs anymore. There was a bright light burning about a hundred miles away, and it was getting closer. I closed my eyes again.

"He's alive," a woman's voice said.

Another giggled. "How alive?"

I decided to kill the cat so I opened my eyes again.

The light was closer this time, but not as bright, and the cat was a fur coat. Its owner also wore a pink leotard and spike heels.

"What happened to you?" She had the same voice as the cat.

"I fell down the stairs."

The giggler giggled again. "Break anything?" She was small and dark with a bright smile. She'd be just the girl to take to an execution.

I located my arms and legs and flapped them. I didn't fly, but I did manage to crawl up the wall and stand there with my head throbbing. Two versions of the girl stood in front of me; I tried to fuse them into one.

"I'm okay," I said.

"Oh," said the small one and I detected a note of disappointment.

"You need a drink." Fur coat, leotard, spike heels and practical, too — my idea of a dream girl.

I mumbled something inane and staggered out through the door back to the fun parlor.

There were more people around, but no sign of the frolicsome five.

I didn't have the drink; perhaps being knocked unconscious disturbs the normal behavior patterns of people.

After a lot of effort, I plodded out to the street and walked two blocks before I realised I was going the wrong way. The walk back to my car was like a month on the chain gang. I stumbled and ran into things and people on the streets drew the natural conclusion; each of the collisions sent daggers of pain stabbing into my head and only a strong mixture of pride and stupidity got me to the car. I sat in it for a while looking at the cars — the new fast ones and the old ones and the people who were just the same. When everything had settled down to a steady hum of distress, I drove home. My mirror showed me a right eye that was darkening and a swelling on the side of my head. There was no blood to speak of and I did what I could with wet clothes and pain killers and went to bed. Just as I drifted into sleep, I had one of those half-dreams where you fall off a step or a gutter, except that my step was high and over an endless void; I twitched like some electric shock victim and then relaxed and knew I was warm and safe.

I didn't wake up until nearly midday and waking up was no pleasure. My head and body ached and I felt weak as if I'd had a long illness; maybe I had, maybe it was this work I was doing. I dragged myself out to the kitchen for some food, ate it and went back to bed again. I did some more sleeping and it was dark when I came out of it to hear the phone ringing.

"Mr Hardy? Mr Hardy? I am really worried. What is going on?" Ma's voice was urgent with concern.

"Not sure I follow you, Ma," I said. "I got knocked on the head last night by one of Annie's friends. I was going to tell you about it when I felt better. What's got you upset?"

"Annie, of course. She didn't come home last night and she hasn't been at work. I don't know where she is. I thought you might know. What happened? Why'd you get hit?"

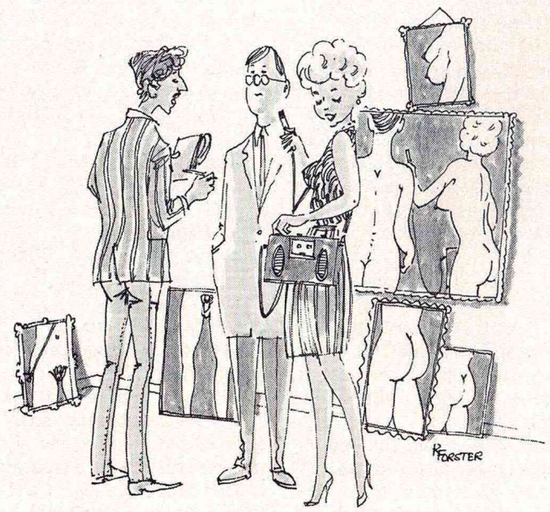
"I'm not sure but I know your Annie's in bad company."

"The bloody drugs?"

"I think so. But one day out of sight doesn't mean anything."

"It's more than that. She was supposed to see her parole officer today. She didn't turn up and he went to the shop. Now she's in real trouble. Mr Hardy, Cliff, can you . . ."

I put my hand to my head, the swelling was large and pulpy and very



"So what's so new about your process with mirrors?"

tender to the touch. "Yeah, yeah. I'll try to find her Ma. If she's ducking parole, she won't want to see me. I might have to be rough."

"You do what you bleedin' have to. I'll pay you."

I told her I'd work on it and keep her informed. She asked if she could help but I couldn't see how she could. Then she said to be careful; that was nice, not many of my clients told me to be careful.

I had a cautious shower and shave and got dressed gingerly. Some food, and a little wine and a checking of my gun made me feel better.

The first stop was Primo Tomasetti's tattooing parlor which is just down the way from my office. Primo has allowed me to park my car in the yard behind his establishment (for a consideration) for going on three years. In this part of the world, an arrangement so long-standing makes us old and dear friends, comrades. I pushed the door open and entered Primo's surrealistic cavern: the parlor consists of one big room which is decorated over every inch with the designs, large and small, which Primo promises to transfer to the skin. His creations range from typical heterosexual nautical to the most vivid, Eastern-philosophy-inspired fantasies. I usually gape a bit on entering Primo's because he is capable of changing the motif of a wall overnight: I once saw disgusting imaginings involving mermaids changed into inter-galactic, time-capsule obscenities during a 10-hour period. Primo paints on the walls and sticks needles into skin. There was a cowbell hanging from the ceiling and I rang it. Primo leapt into the room from somewhere dark and gloomy behind: that's how he usually moves, in jumps, except when he's wielding his tool of the trade.

"Primo, caro, bonno sierra!"

He winced and adjusted the bow tie, spotted, red on white, he wears with the business shirt, the white coat and the dark slacks.

"Cliff, you are the least talented linguist I have ever had inflicted on me." He reeled off some liquid sounds with wild gestures and I watched admiringly. "Primo, old friend, I need your help."

"At last!" He clasped his hands together and looked skywards like a bishop. "I see a Walther PPK, gun metal, under the left nipple."

"I see a little plastic bag, a sealed sachet maybe, colorless, with some white powder within."

"Stick to the wine and the Scotch, Cliff, it takes longer and you can still be interested in girls and food."

"Primo, I wouldn't touch it unless I had something terminal. They could take my teeth out with a cold chisel, you know that. Just now, for a reason, I need a little leverage. Come on, amigo, I'll pay you now and you keep 10 percent if I return it."

He looked at me like a parachutist inspecting his pack, looking for the wrinkles, folds, imperfections that shouldn't be there.

Then he shrugged and ducked back into the darkness. I examined the murals some more while I waited.

"First quality shit," Primo purred, sounding like a dealer — except that he waved my money aside.

I patted his arm, put the stuff in my pocket and went back to the car. My head was aching again as I pulled up in front of the flats in Double Bay, which must have been expensive to buy or rent because the residents were proud enough of their occupancy to put their names over the letter boxes. There was a Major Cahill, a Robert Something, a Henry Something-else, a Mr and Mrs and a Solomon Issacs. The sixth flat was supposedly occupied by Samantha Coleman, and her name plate was a fetching shade of pink.

I went up two flights of stairs and knocked on her door. I could hear disco music playing inside. It was loud and I had to knock again, hard. The door opened to the length of its chain, about 20 centimetres. She was barefoot and wearing a Chinese dressing gown; her eyes were hollow, and the dark roots of her hair were showing. She looked at me, taking in the clothes and face, including her black eye.

"Yes?" Her voice was husky and accented. I caught a glimpse of the suitcases on the floor behind her.

"Annie Parker," I announced. "A beanpole, you and a little guy with lifts in his shoes and a white tie."

Her eyes opened injudiciously; a network of tiny wrinkles sprang into life around them. "So?" she said.

"I want to talk to Annie, I wanted to talk to her last night." I lifted my hand to touch the damaged eye.

"Oh, it's you. Mr Nosey. Go away before you get hurt."

I brought out Primo's sachet and held it up for her to see. I looked around the deserted landing before I spoke again.

"First quality shit," I purred. "It's absolutely guaranteed."

"You're selling?"

"Bargain basement, while stocks last. But I only can deal with little orphan Annie."

"I'll have to make a phone call."

I waved my hand airily and the door closed. It was the sort of wait smokers fill in with a cigarette. I filled it with doubt and fear. I waited longer than a phone call should have taken unless she was discussing the pricing of oil. When the door opened, she'd arranged her hair, put on her make-up and slipped into jeans and a sweater. She kept the chain across while she wriggled her feet into a pair of high-heeled sneakers.

"Have you got a car?"

"Yes."

"I'll take you to Annie but I should tell you something first." She put her hand on the chain and jiggled it a little. "We will be seeing a man who knows every narc in Australia, every one. Still want to go?"

I nodded, she slipped the chain, and came out pulling the door shut behind her. She went down the steps wriggling her shoulders and swinging her bum as if she was attempting to get herself in the mood for something exciting. I followed, watching the show with a mixture of feelings — arousal, amusement and pity.

In the car, she wrinkled her nose at the smells of age and neglect. I scrabbled in the glove box and came up with a cigarette packet containing three joints. I lit one casually and passed it to her.

"Thanks."

"Where are we going?"

"Wait and see." She sucked the smoke deep and held it before offering me the joint.

"No thanks. I mean in what general direction? I've got to drive."

"We're going north, man." The accent again; it was South African or perhaps Rhodesian.

"North coast or north inland?"

"Coast, what d'you think. Palm Beach . . . oops, well, there it is boy." She was enjoying the grass and she gave me a smile as she waved a hand signalling me to start the car. I started and drove north.

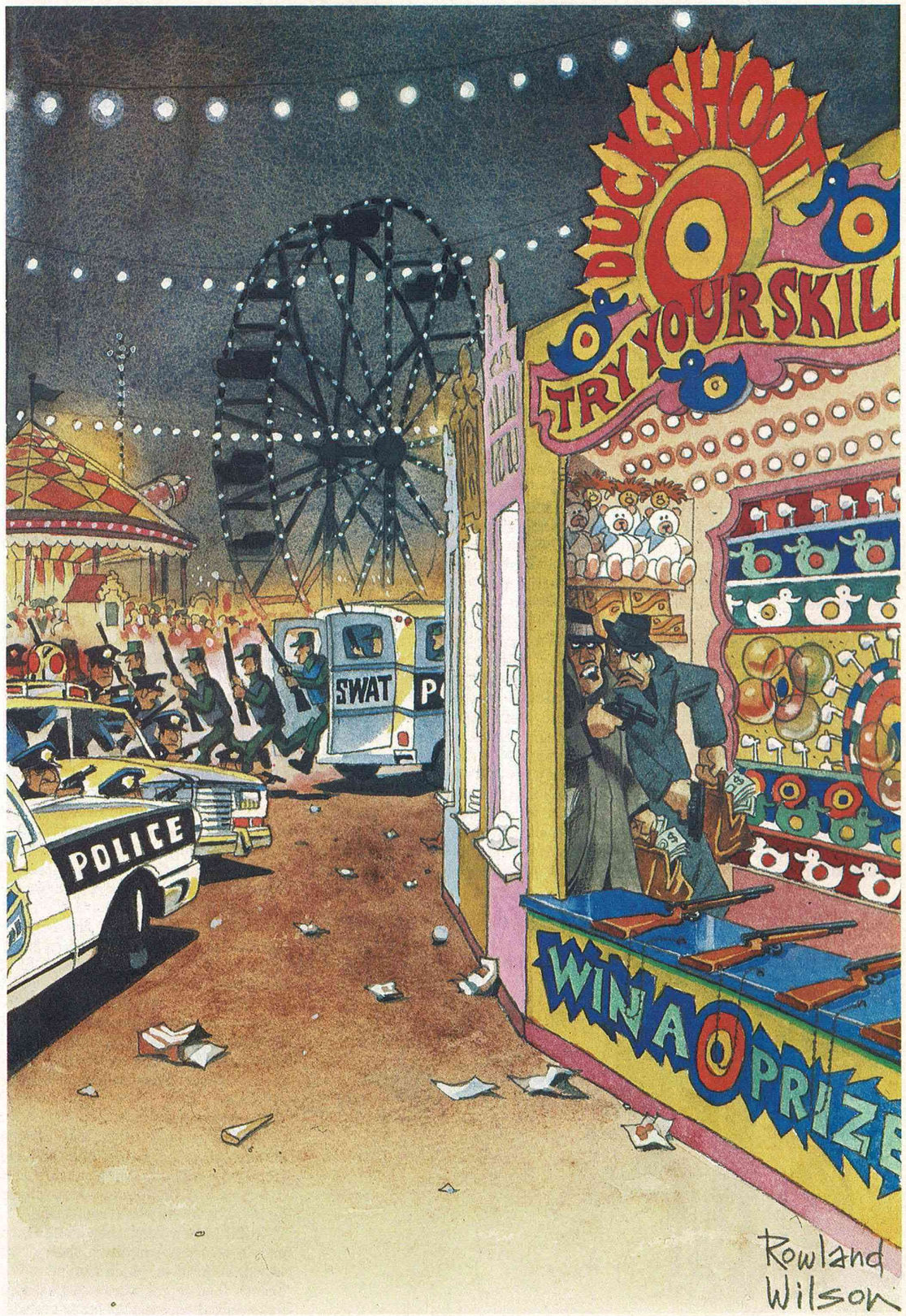
"You don't smoke?" she said as she stubbed the joint out. "Sometimes, not when I'm working. Where are you from, Samantha, South Africa?"

She giggled. "That's close. Salisbury, Salisbury Sam, that's me. Greatest country in the world until the niggers took over."

"Good times, eh?"

"The best man, the best. The best of everything. Can I have some more of that grass?"

"Help yourself." She lit up and settled back to smoke. I drove and thought. We took the turn at Pymble and headed for Mona Vale. I pulled the car up at a small mixed-business shop set back a bit from the road. Samantha looked sleepily at me and I told her I wanted chewing gum. In the shop I bought a packet of corn flour, some bananas in a plastic bag, the evening paper and the gum. I put about 100 grams of the corn flour in the plastic bag and wrapped it up in



"Of all the damn places to get cornered!"

some sheets of newsprint. On the way to the car, I stuffed the package down in the bottom of a litter bin outside the shop. I got back inside the car and handed Samantha a banana.

"Drek," she said, so I handed her some chewing gum instead.

We carried on up through the northern beaches playspots until we hit the biggest playspot of them all. It was nearly 10, and everything along the strip was going full blast — it was all chicken fat and pinballs and the popping of cold, cold cans. Samantha directed me off the main road down a few streets which were discreetly bordered by ti-tree and money. After the last turn the ocean stretched away in front of us like a vast velvet cloud.

The house was one of those structures that have been pinned to a hill like a butterfly to a board. The steps down to it were steep and the house touched land only along its rear wall; the rest was supported by pillars which must have been 17 metres high at the front. Before I left the car, I made a show of putting the big Colt into the clip under the dashboard. Sam watched looking bored, but I had the short barrel .38 tucked in safe under my waistband at the back.

They were all there in the bright living room watching TV and drinking Bacardi rum — Annie, the beanpole, the guy in the leather jacket and the near midget. Shorty was wearing a lime green safari suit tonight and highly polished boots with Cuban heels. Sam headed straight for the bottle and poured herself a big slug over ice. She offered it to me and I shook my head.

"Hello all," I said. "Hello, Annie."

She glanced up from her drink and shrugged. The leather jacket stood up and walked over to me; he had acne scars and a gold front tooth and he looked tough. I tried to look tough back at him.

"Name?" he said.

"No."

He flashed the tooth and spoke to the near midget. "You know this guy, Doc?"

Doc pushed back a strand of the stringy hair and looked at me with his pale eyes. The flesh around his face and neck was like soft, white dough.

"No," he said. "He's not a narc. Don't like the look of him."

I shrugged and took out the heroin. "I know Sammy and Annie and I'm pleased to meet you, Doc. But just who are you?"

"Sylvester Stallone," he quipped. "Let's have a look at the shit." He reached for it but I moved quickly out of his reach.

"You look, I talk to Annie."

"How much have you got?" Doc asked. His voice was deep and resonant, belying his appearance.

"Hundred grams, pure."

"Dean or Paul, you'd better have a look at that shit," Doc said. "Annie, talk to the man."

I tossed the sachet to Dean, the leather jacket one, and motioned to Annie to come out on to the front balcony with me. She got up and moved through the French windows sluggishly. The others all gathered around Dean ignoring the television program and their drinks — they were communing with their god. The balcony ran the width of the house; it was about three metres deep and glassed in for half its length. Where we stood was open — out in front of us there was just the dark night and the sea. Annie stood with her back to the rail, a cigarette in her hand glowed like an angry red eye. I moved up close to her, took her hand and moved it around the the small of my back so she could feel the gun.

"Feel that? It's a .38, does nasty things. I'm going to use it on some of your friends if I have to."

"Who the hell are you?"

"My name's Hardy. You wouldn't remember me but I live near your Mum in Glebe. She's hired me to find you and help you if I can."

"What are you doing peddling shit then?" Her breath was heavy with tobacco and alcohol; there was a rank smell from her clothes as if they'd been slept in. She was also trembling quite violently.

"That was a blind to get me here. You're in a bad way, Annie. You must know that."

"Sure. What do you reckon you can do about it?"

"I can take you out of here. I know some people who've worked the cure. Your mother wants to talk to you, your parole officer's not too happy. The way you're going, your life is rotting away in front of you."

She sagged against me into what I thought at first was a fit, then I realised she was laughing. The spasms shook and twisted her; she was leaf-thin and impossibly light; I put my arm around her and could feel the sharp bones poking through the tight skin. I got hold of a morsel of flesh on her upper arm and pinched hard.

"What's funny?"

"Everything." She cut the laugh off with a deep breath which she expelled slowly. She looked over my shoulder into the room.

"We've only got a minute. Look, Hardy, I'm working for the narcs. I don't want to but they've got me by the tits. Understand?"

I nodded. "There's a guy coming here tonight with some smack, a lot of it. It's a set-up. When Doc pays him, he's going to bust them all."

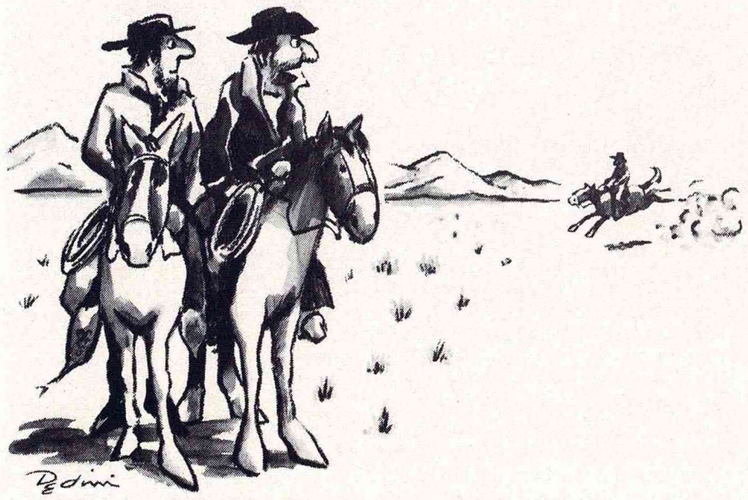
"What do you get out of it?"

Her tired features worked their way up into a sort of smile. "Freedom," she sighed. "That's what they have promised me. They say they'll wipe my slate."

"Any money?"

"Some, enough to get out of this bloody place. It's my one chance, Hardy. If you butt in now you'll screw it for me and they'll come down hard on me. You know what they're like."

I did. I knew what they could do to people who got caught in their dirty world, a world in which the narcotics agents themselves were not the least dirty part. I squinted at her in the soft light, trying to gauge her levels of truth and reality, but you can't assess



"Whoever he is, he rides like he wears designer jeans."

junkies on any sort of normal scale — their habit overrides everything else, straightens out their curves and throws in new ones. Anything was possible, but there was a note in her voice that could be taken for sincerity. And she was Ma Parker's daughter.

"I'll buy it," I answered. "When's he due?"

"Soon, any minute. I'm trying to come off it, I'm badly strung out. It has to be soon, has to be. Shit, I really didn't need you in the scene."

"We'll see. Look on me as your insurance. Why did they agree to let me come along if they've got this big score lined up?"

"Greed. Look, we can't stay out here, and I need a drink bad."

She moved away and I let her go. Inside, new drinks were being poured and cigarettes lit. The television was still on; tennis players in colored uniforms moved around on a red court under a blue Texas sky. Dean had slit open the sachet with a razor blade and his face was showing a little awe as he looked at me.

"You say you have a lot of this?"

"I may have exaggerated a little." I looked him up and down and let my eyes drift off over Doc and the beanpole. "I've got as much as you can handle anyway."

Doc spoke quickly. "We'd need to see more of it, Dean. Anyone can get hold of this amount of good shit. There's something about this that worries me . . . this packet."

The beanpole and Sam were working on a big joint, rolling it with a number of papers and Dean sneered at them and went over to where Annie was standing; she had a cigarette burning and her face was drawn tight and stiff.

"What do you know about this guy, Annie?" Dean said.

"I had a girlfriend in Silverwater," I improvised. "She . . ."

"I was asking her!" The scars on Dean's skin showed out white and malignant-looking as anger pumped color into his face. Doc was staring at the square of plastic in his hand and it was an altogether nasty situation when a soft knock sounded on the back door.

"That will be Dink," Annie whispered. "This is it."

"Two big scores in one night," Sam said putting a match to the cigar-sized joint. "Let's celebrate."

"Shut up," Dean hissed and turned to the beanpole. "Paul, open the door. Doc, stand back so you can get a good look at him." Dean reached inside his leather jacket and took out a .45 Colt automatic; he pushed the slide back to full cock and stood where he could get a clear shot at the door. He knew what he was doing and I felt underequipped and unready with the .38 tucked down behind.

Beanpole Paul opened the door and the man who came through it conjured up pictures of the *veldt* and *sjamboks:* he was about two metres tall with wide, beefy shoulders; his face was reddish and broad, topped with thin, sandy hair. He had that blue-eyed, mass-produced-in-Holland look which repels most people not made out of the same mould.

Doc wasn't repelled; a smile spread over his pasty face; stretched tight, his lips were like a pair of freshly peeled almonds.

"Hendrick, dear friend," he cooed. "Hendrick, is it really you?"

The newcomer didn't smile back; his pale eyes flicked around the room, rested on me for an uncomfortable time, and then settled into a neutral, business-like glare.

"I thought it'd be you Doc," he said. "It had the smell you know." His accent was three shades thicker than Sam's but it was formed under the same African skies. He moved forward like a man about to take control. His dark grey suit would have been conservative except for the over-bold red check in it. There was a gun bulge under the left lapel and a bulge of another kind in a side pocket.

"Don't be like that, Henk," Doc said soothingly. "We're all friends here. Let's get down to business."

I took a side-long look at Annie; her cigarette was burning away unheeded and the extra strain showed.

I didn't know what sort of act she'd expected from her contact, but it clearly didn't include these pleasant greetings from Doc to him. A double-cross was in the air and she could sense it. Dean behaved as though comprehension was no concern of his; he held the .45 at the ready and quietly waited.

Hendrick ignored Doc's patter and looked at me. "Who's he?"

"Dealer," Doc said, "small time, nothing to interest you, Henk."

I took a chance. "Not so small," I said. "Fair-sized consignment, first grade stuff." The heroin was lying on a chair arm and I pointed to it: "That's just a sample."

The pale eyes seared me like acid. "Is that so?" he said. "Interesting." He walked over to Annie, took the cigarette from between her fingers and dropped it into her glass.

"Dirty habit, Annie," he said. His big white hand came up and he took a grip on her left breast.

"I'm glad it's you we're dealing with, Henk," Doc said rubbing his hands briskly. "Annie had some story about a Vietnamese. You don't look like a Viet."

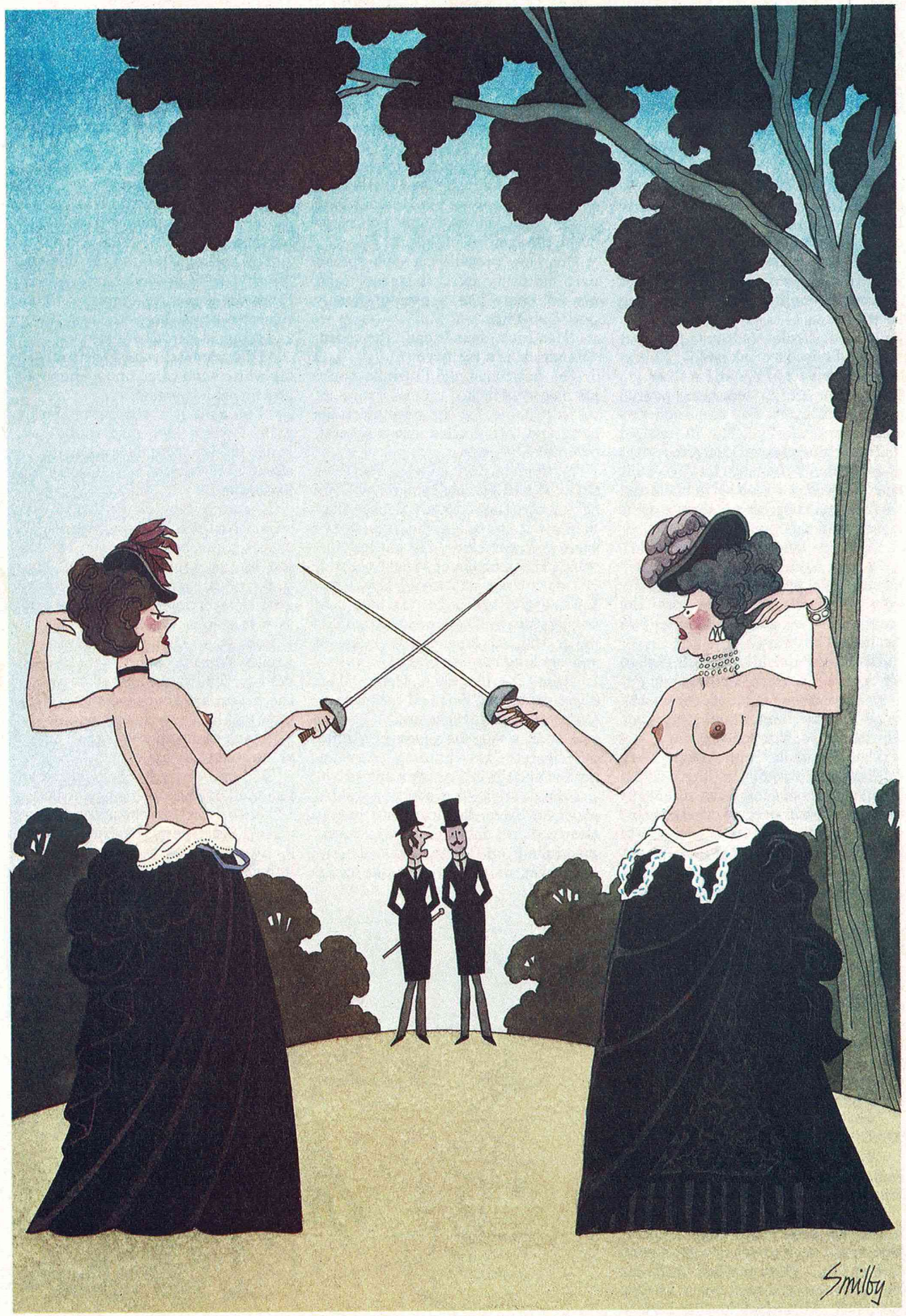
Hendrick laughed. "Well, Annie wasn't completely in the picture." He squeezed her breast harder. "It's my job to get in touch with all these desperadoes. But Doc here now is a gentleman compared with some. I do a service keeping him in business."

Sam was looking at him with her mouth slightly open — another one not repelled. Paul was well away with the grass; he'd smoked most of the joint and he was lying out on a sofa as if he was ready to levitate. Dean was at his post still, gun in hand.

Doc spread and waved his hands like the Pope bestowing a benediction. "There's no better smack than copper smack. Let's see it, Hendrick."

He moved away from Annie and unbuttoned his jacket; the black butt

"If it works, we could be witnessing the emergence of a whole new era for rats."



"I believe it all started with an innuendo about an excess of salt in a Consommé Julienne."

of the gun curved out near his shirt pocket. He nodded at Dean. "You, put the popgun over there on the telly and then go back to the door." Dean did as he was told after a nod from Doc. Hendrick pulled out a package from his pocket and tossed it to Doc. It was wrapped in plastic and when Doc had unwound it a couple of dozen small, linked plastic pockets rippled out.

"Hip belt," Doc said. "Good one. Annie said 30 grand, that right?"

Hendrick nodded and Doc went out of the room. When he came back, he was carrying a manila envelope which he handed over to Hendrick. Annie watched fascinated; maybe she was still hoping that her deal would go through but it must have been a faint hope. Hendrick wasn't acting; he counted the money carefully and put it away in an inside pocket. He had no particular expression for 30 grand just as he had no particular expression for tit-grabbing; I wondered what he did for fun.

"This is a nice place Doc. Had it for very long?"

Doc shrugged; he started looking uneasy and Dean was shifting his feet like a boxer about to start punching.

"What about a drink?" Hendrick moved toward the bottles and then suddenly darted right and picked up Dean's gun. He had the safety off and the thing on full cock in one smooth movement the way they train them to do where he came from. Our host looked worried for a minute but his expression changed when Hendrick pointed the gun at me.

"You know, Doc," he said, "you shouldn't deal with fly-by-nighters like this. Could get you into trouble. Is his stuff good?"

"The best," Doc said.

"Is it now? Well, I just might take him and it into custody and do myself some good." He lifted the .45 a fraction. "You wouldn't object, Doc?"

Doc licked his lips; there was some reluctance in his face, greed as well but they both had fear to contend with. He let the plastic belt slide in his hands. "No, Henk," he said. "Be my guest. Nothing rough here though."

"Of course not." He moved up to me and put the muzzle of the .45 under the point of my chin.

"Where is it?" This was what he did for kicks; he pronounced the 'where' like 'vair' and there was a big, blue vein standing out under the pink skin of his temple. "No rough stuff here, Henk." I said.

He brought his knee up accurately and I went down with that feeling of pain and violation rolling through my whole body.

As I hit the floor, I felt the gun bite into my back and I had the consoling thought that I might get a chance to shoot him where he'd placed his knee. I lay there blinking as the spasms shot through me. My wallet was in the top pocket of the denim jacket I was wearing and he bent down and lifted it out. He looked through the contents letting them drop to the floor one by one. There was only money, drivers' licence and some stray papers. I contemplated an attack from below but the gun in his hand was nicely directed and rock steady.

"Clifford somebody, nobody." He dropped the last paper disdainfully like an ice cream wrapper.

I sat up, controlling the pain and gathered the things from the wallet. I was about to put them back when Hendrick stood on my left hand. He bore down on it with all his 110 kilos and I screamed.

"Where?"

I shook my head. He swung his other foot at my head; I rolled away from it a bit but he connected near my

"He glanced down at me with the look he probably used when he was kicking the kaffirs about. 'Amateur!' he sneered. I groaned."

ear, I felt skin tear and bones click and there was a roaring sound getting closer. The warmth on the side of my face and neck was my blood.

"Now Henk," Doc said.

"Shut up! How'd he get here?"

"Sam brought him," Dean said. "He said he knew Annie."

Hendrick looked at Sam with interest, and she returned the look.

"He showed me the sample," she said quietly.

"Did he say he had it with him?" Hendrick was looking at her as if he'd like to hurt her.

"He didn't say."

"Did he stop anywhere?"

"No, oh yeah, he did stop. He bought chewing gum." She giggled. "And bananas."

"And what else did he do? It's important that I know."

Sam was pretty stoned but she gave it a good try. "Well, he gave me some gum and he had some good grass in the car. He didn't smoke and he's got this sort of springy step." She giggled again.

"What?" Hendrick snapped.

"Well, I was thinking how he was Mr Clean, you know, not smoking and that. And outside the shop he shoved his hand into this rubbish bin, like a derro. It looked funny but I guess he was throwing something away."

He glanced down at me with the look he probably used when he was kicking the kaffirs about. "Amateur!" he sneered. I groaned and let him have his fun.

"Well, I think that winds it up here." Hendrick said. "Get up on your feet, you." He helped me with a kick on the leg and I promised him something for that too. "Annie, you're coming with us — and you too." He waved the gun at Samantha. "You can show us the spot."

"I don't know . . ." Sam mumbled.

"Yes, you do. Let's go."

"Hey," Dean rasped, "what about my gun?"

Hendrick looked at the .45 and slowly swung it around to point at the bridge of Dean's nose. "It's a good piece," he said. "I like it."

I got up slowly trying to look more wonky than I felt. I was glad he liked the gun, a man with two guns isn't looking around for a third. Stands to reason. He herded us out of the house and up the steps to his car, a yellow Cortina. Annie moved listlessly and Sam tried to regain some of her oomph but it was a losing battle, she was stoned and scared. Hendrick gave the keys to Annie.

"You drive and the blonde can keep you company. I'll cuddle up in the back here with Clifford."

Annie drove slowly and steadily and Sam sat rigidly beside her. I slumped back in the seat away from Hendrick and groaned from time to time. The blood had stopped flowing and the pain in my head wasn't worse than an impacted wisdom tooth. I concentrated on blaming the man beside me for the pain.

After a while Hendrick asked Sam a few questions and encouraged her replies with a few prods of the .45. He'd uncocked it but I remembered the speed he'd displayed before — not yet. We slowed down and after a few false alarms Sam found the right shop. It was closed; there was forest on one side of the road and the houses on the other side were set well back from the road and behind high hedges and shrubberies. There was light from a street lamp a little way off but not much of it. There were two rubbish bins outside the shop.

He got Annie to U-turn and we pulled up eight metres or so back from the first bin. Hendrick stuck the gun in my ribs.

"How're you feeling, man?"

"Lousy."

"Good. Now I want you to get out, go up to the right bin and retrieve

"The doctor says it's okay if you're very, very careful."

something. Then bring it back here to me. If you do anything silly, I'll shoot and there'll be all the evidence I need to make it okay. Understand?"

I nodded wearily and got out of the car. There was a light breeze and it hurt the torn flesh by my ear. I limped up to the first bin, paused a minute and then went on to the second. I put my hand on its rim and then collapsed rolling on to my side where I could see back to the car. Nothing happened for several long seconds and then Hendrick got out. He still held the .45 and he was very wary. I played dead and let him put his boot toe into my ribs. He seemed satisfied now and burrowed down into the bin, still keeping the gun on target. He pulled his hand up with the package and proved he was human — for a split second he forgot me and looked at his prize. Adrenalin was flooding me — I grabbed the gun hand and pulled it down while I swung one foot at the back of his knee. He grunted and came down and I ground the fingers into the cement; I felt his little finger break and his grip relax. He let the gun go and whimpered a bit. I got up fast and reached back for the .38. His eyes were wide with pain and surprise as I put the muzzle between his eyebrows.

"Henk," I croaked, "you ought to pick your enemies better." I kicked the .45 away into the shadows and put the .38 into the rubbish bin. "Get up."

He was good, he came up fast and threw the package at me but I was ready for that and he missed anyway. I put a straight left on his nose and felt it give. He roared and swung wildly; I let him miss twice and then I stepped up and hooked a hard right into his mouth. The flesh split and a couple of his big, beautiful white teeth collapsed and I hit him there again. His hands went up to his face and he stepped back, then he lowered his head and charged; I stepped away and he went hard into the post which held the bin. I ripped him twice under the heart and he went down and lay still.

I was breathing hard and both hands were hurting but it was my turn to gather guns and money. I collected the lot and picked up the plastic packet of corn flour from the roadway.

"You should've killed him," Annie said fiercely.

"No, he should have killed me."

The whole thing only took a couple of minutes and if any cars had passed during the action their drivers must have decided it wasn't their scene.

A car cruised up now with a genuine citizen aboard; he wound down the window and put his big, bald head out. "Trouble?" he said.

I'd taken Hendrick's ID card out of his wallet: it carried his name and a photograph of him. I put my thumb over the photo and flashed the card.

"No trouble. Making an arrest. Good of you to stop."

I tried to look as if I always went about with three guns and 30 grand of mad money about me. He didn't like the effect, but he wasn't a fool.

He nodded and drove on.

Hendrick was wearing a rather nice line in paisley ties; it looked better around his wrist and he looked better on the back seat of the car bleeding gently over his upholstery. Sam sat in the back with him and Annie drove us to Palm Beach. We had a quiet talk on the way; as she told it, she was right in the middle between Doc and Hendrick and his colleagues. It all rang true and when I asked her how she felt about a loan and a little trip abroad she gave me the first real smile I'd ever seen her use.

"Can you do that?"

"I think so. I'll do it for Ma mostly. You, I'm not sure about. It depends how you feel about the junk." "Never again," she said. "Believe me."

" 'Now, flush the toilet bowl like a nice, clean boy.' He did, and a hundred thousand dollars headed for the sewer."

I didn't say anything — what can you say? They opened the door to Annie and we all trooped in. I used the .45 to impress Doc and Dean but after dumping Henk in a chair they didn't need much impressing. Paul was stretched out asleep on the sofa.

Dean looked over at Hendrick and breathed slowly. "What happened?"

"He got careless and he wasn't quite as good as he thought he was. Now you just be quiet and you'll get your gun back." I walked over to Doc and pushed him down into a chair, then I tickled his knee cap with the gun. "Tell Sam where the shit is or you'll never walk again." He told her and she brought it out.

Hendrick looked bad but he was taking an interest; one side of his face was darkening fast and he was working at a loose tooth with his tongue, maybe several teeth. I took out the plastic bag.

"Can you cook?" He shook his head.

"Pity," I said and dumped the cornflour in his lap, the dust flew up and he sneezed and that caused him pain and he swore. I poured myself a small splash of Bacardi and sipped it, I could see why they drowned the rum with Coke.

"Now," I said, "let's all go to the bathroom." I finished my drink and we all went in to a bathroom that had white and red tiles and good-looking plumbing. I tossed the plastic belt in Doc's direction.

"Open it up, Doc, and pour it all into the toilet bowl."

"No," he screamed. "That is more than a hundred thousand . . ."

I smiled at him. "As Henk said to me a little while ago, there's enough evidence here to arrange things any way I like. And if you're found dead Doc, clutching about 100 grand worth of heroin no one's going to ask too many questions. Start pouring!"

He did and the action seemed to cause him physical pain. When the bowl was clouded up with the white powder I took the belt from him and held it under a running tap.

"Now, flush the toilet like a nice, clean boy." He did, and a hundred thousand dollars headed for the sewer.

Back in the living room I put my .38 handy and unloaded the .45. I tossed the gun to Dean and told him to put it all down to experience. I took out the manila envelope and tapped it on the coffee table. Doc and Hendrick looked at it like cats eyeing a bird.

"I was hired to look out for Annie," I said, "and it turned out she needed it. Now it's you and you who have got problems." I tapped the envelope again. "Do you know what this can buy me in Sydney in the way of people to take care of you two?"

They didn't say anything but they knew what I meant.

"Right, now Annie's going away. She might be back soon or she might not, either way it's no concern of yours. Do you get me?"

Doc nodded, Hendrick didn't move, it would have hurt him to nod.

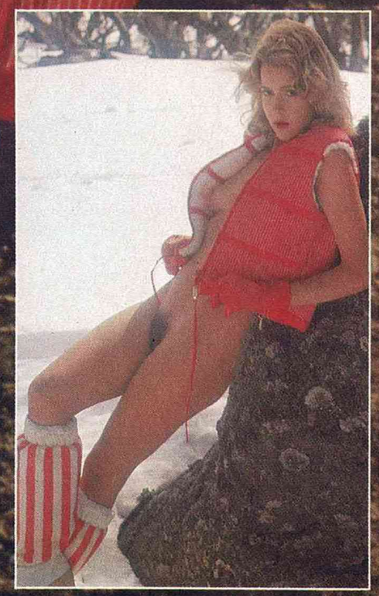
"The same goes for me, I'll put a little of this around and you won't piss without me knowing about it. If I hear that you have used my name or Annie's in vain, someone will get a chunk of this and you'll be missing."

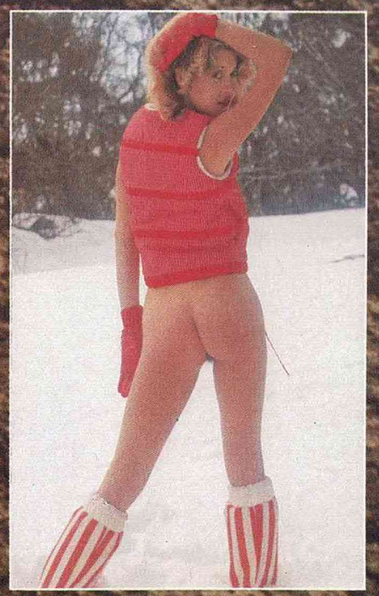
I took Annie home, and four days later she was off — there were the small matters of a parole and a passport, but we had the money to take care of them. I made her a small loan. That left some 20 odd thousand which I split into four lots and posted to deserving organisations. A month later I got a postcard from Annie, it had a picture of a naval gentleman on top of a high pillar so I gathered she was in London — but I couldn't read the writing.

"I know what they tell us mountain men like, but a girl really has to get away on her own for some of the time."

SNOWBALL

"I had heard about people rolling around in the snow in order to stimulate their bodies — now I know what they're on about."





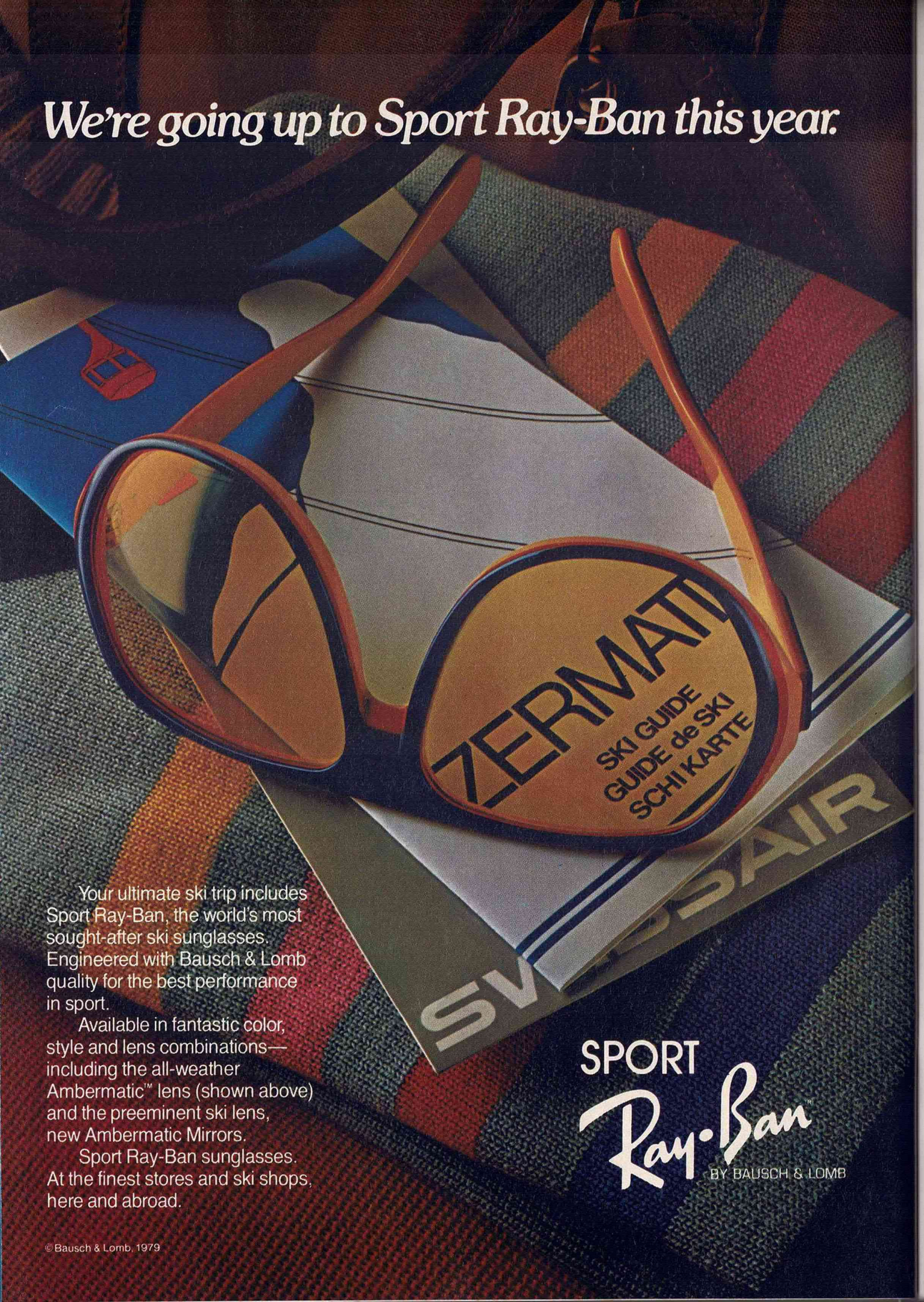
Even when the Sun comes out, a girl has to wear something up here in the snowfields.

SNOW BUSINESS

skiing is an addiction that has hooked scores of australians. denby browning tells you how to handle the habit

THIS IS the time of the year that few people (except hardened football addicts) really look forward to. The approach of winter heralds wet, grey Saturday afternoons; layers of wool clothing which take months to stop smelling of mothballs; girls who once displayed their slim figures in flimsy dresses now rugged up so heavily we can't be sure of their shape. We are approaching the season when many contemplate overseas holidays just to escape the cold.

But for an ever-growing number of Australians, winter is the season we have waited for all summer. We are



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BLA1015SC

the mad skiers. Summer may be great for surfers, but we'd rather be on the ski slopes of Europe or America.

Even today, many people think of skiing as an elitist sport, only for the wealthy, a sport measured in many thousands of dollars. Wrong. It costs, sure. But it can cost surprisingly little, and you'll have as much fun as the fattest of fat cats.

But first, why would anyone want to venture to the coldest region of Australia, tie a pair of planks to his feet and risk life and limb by shooting down a crowded mountain?

Simply because it is one of the most exhilarating experiences anyone can ever have. To ski well is a personal triumph. To conquer the difficulties a mountain offers is to reach a personal landmark. To make each run a little better than you did last time, to refine a technique, to conquer a slope which once made your blood run cold, or to simply enjoy the sense of movement, control and co-ordination. That's what skiing offers.

It is a sport which demands complete concentration, and you'll find it rewards effort with an extraordinary sense of elation. Many will be the time when, standing at rest on a slope or waiting in a T-bar queue, you will hear a whoop of joy from a fellow skier who has just come off the mountain. He has won his reward.

So, if you dream of snow bunnies and you envy the men you see on television who glide effortlessly down towering mountains into the waiting arms of blue-eyed blondes, read on. You're on your way.

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Downhill skiing is a world-wide boom sport, and its popularity and competition improve the range of equipment and facilities every year. And with each improvement, there is greater access for more people.

So forget your worries about money, forget about broken legs (they happen, but people get run over in the streets, too), and join up.

If you have never skied — if you've never even been near Australia's snowfields — there are only two sensible ways to begin.

You may have a skiing friend who can help you with cheap accommodation and free advice, in which case you are truly lucky, as that is the best *entrée* to the sport.

But most of us have to work it out for ourselves. So go to a travel agent who specialises in ski tours and book a weekend trip to the snow. A weekend is enough to begin with because skiing is a sport you'll either love or hate. And if you hate it at first try, it would be upsetting to be trapped in the snowfields for a whole week. You've got to love the sport to put up with the inconvenience, the weather, the crowds and the cost that eventually go with a deep involvement.

Let's look first at an inexpensive weekend coach tour from Sydney. (Tours from Melbourne and Canberra are cheaper because the journey is shorter.) The cost will vary according to the time of year. Early June is cheap, but there will probably be no snow. The season officially kicks off later in June, on the Queen's Birthday long weekend. But you can not be assured of a reasonable snow cover until early July. August is high season and therefore the most expensive — don't, unless you can't avoid it, take a tour during the August school holidays. The slopes are packed with novices. September and perhaps even October will still provide some good snow. Travel Scene tours run from Sydney every Friday night, offering a share room at Sponar's Chalet, a delightful Austrian-style hotel a few kilometres down the mountain from the Perisher/Smiggins complex, two breakfasts (you'll need the first after the all-night drive), and one dinner, for between $85 and $120.

We will discuss more extensive and expensive tours later, but first let us explain some of the preparation you have to undertake. You will need skis, stocks (they're the poles you use for balance and turning), boots, gloves, goggles, a parka, bib and brace overpants, a warm sweater (one you are prepared to get wet), skivvy, warm (preferably long) underwear and thick socks. Oh yes, and a beanie to keep your ears warm. Most of your ski gear can be hired or supplied from your own wardrobe. But you will have to beg, borrow or buy goggles and gloves. If your weekend is sunny, you will be able to wear sunglasses, but goggles are a must — having snow driven into your face and eyes is no fun. You'd be skiing blind, literally. Gloves are vital, too. If they're not preventing frostbite, they are saving your hands from lacerations when you fall. Woollen gloves are useless but motorcycle gloves are quite adequate for starters.

Hire everything. The cost of buying even cheap gear can be high, and could be a waste if you find you hate skiing.

Nearly all ski shops have hire facilities. Try on boots and clothing and reserve them. Most resorts have hire arrangements with ski shops in the cities and you can reserve all your equipment in town and pick it up in the snowfields. But you'll probably have to take clothing with you. Few of the shops in the snowfields have clothing hire. But pick up skis, boots and stocks at the resort. It's too great

a hassle to cart that sort of gear around the city and, if something goes wrong with it, you can exchange it on the spot. This applies particularly to your boots. Comfort is essential for enjoyable skiing and a tight fit is vital for safety. Finding the two together can be difficult.

So now you're ready to go. What has all this done to deplete your bank balance? Transport and accommodation: $85 to $120. Ski, boot and stock hire: $15 for a weekend plus $30 deposit. Parka and overpants hire: $14 plus $20 deposit. You would be well advised to take out insurance which will cover loss of deposit, medical bills in case of injury, personal liability, etc. It costs about $18 but it could save you a heap. Skis, in particular, sometimes disappear, and you never know when you might collide with something. A cheap pair of gloves will cost about $5, goggles about $4 and a beanie can be picked up for as little as $5. Total cost before you start skiing: $196 to $231, of which you will get $50 back as deposit.

Now come all your weekend costs. You've got to get to the top of a hill to learn to come down, you should take ski lessons for reasons we will discuss in a minute, you'll need lunch, drinks and odds and ends. Lift tickets in most NSW resorts last year cost $16 a day. A group two-hour ski lesson costs about $9, but a weekend one-hour beginner's special costs only $5. So you are up for about $300 for a weekend of cold, pain, clean air, great friends and an introduction to one of the greatest addictions known to man.

You will need to be reasonably fit before you start your holiday. No bronzed Aussie, but fit enough to do a couple of sets of tennis or a hectic round on the squash court without great effort. Simply put, skiing is strenuous exercise, particularly from the waist down and, unless you are fit, you won't surface for the second day. Jogging and exercises to tone up leg muscles are essential. Your legs act as shock absorbers as your skis ride bumps and hollows in the snow. Your knees and the thigh muscles are hardest hit, but you would do well to make sure that you have some measure of overall fitness. Make that part of your preparation and you'll be able to take your ski trip with a sense of humor and confidence.

Now, let's get you on to the snow. You've settled into your hotel and got on all your clothing. Make sure you have enough for a cold day and that you can peel off a layer or two if it gets warm. The weather can change in minutes, so be prepared for a quick change. Pick up your boots from the ski shop. (If you booked gear through a ski shop in town, you'll know which size fits best). When you are walking around, leave the top buckle of your boots undone. It allows some ankle flex. Then collect skis and stocks. Walk all your gear close to your take-off point, be it a little hill, a T-bar queue (a T-bar is the machine that gets you up a hill) or the ski school meeting place. Trying to walk with skis on is a pain in the legs.

Use the little hills, use the T-bar for all you're worth, but join a ski school. It is essential for your enjoyment — in more ways than one, as we shall explain. Even if you have come to the ski slopes with a friend, join up. Your friend will be an experienced skier and won't want to waste time on the beginners' slopes trying to teach you. Even if he offers, join the ski school. The instructors are well qualified and know how to teach beginners.

Even the pros keep up with their lessons. No one knows it all. You can book a private lesson but don't be embarrassed into going into one for fear of making a fool of yourself in front of a lot of people. Everyone does. You will learn quickly enough in a group and, just as important, you will meet people of your own standard.

This is your *entrée* to mountain romance — if you haven't started already with a girl from your coach tour. There is no better way to start a relationship than to rescue a girl you've just met when she's all tangled up in her skis, or to chat about your mutual nervousness as you first tackle the T-bar together. And don't believe the stories about the ski instructor getting all the beautiful snow bunnies in your class. Many of the instructors are married or paired off with female instructors or other women employed at the resort. You *may* have competition, but it is more likely to be coming from the T-bar operators. They are practised at the art of the 30-second chat-up. And the most determined competition for the attention of that luscious girl on your right is likely to come from every other red-blooded male in your class — or the boyfriend she came with!

But the male/female ratio in your class may be daunting. Where else to try? The next best place is the T-bar queue after ski school.

At the end of your elegant and swift run down the mountain, you will have to join a queue to catch a T-bar back to the top. As T-bars are made for two people, skiers quickly pair off in the queue, and a little agility and arithmetic should see you next to the girl of your dreams. Depending on the time of the season, time of day and whether you are skiing on a weekend or weekday, you could be waiting between 30 seconds and 30 minutes. If you think the latter is ridiculous, try any major resort on a Sunday during school holidays.

Having started an inane conversation about the weather and the snow conditions, you can move into your smooth talk once you are joined on the T-bar. Play your cards right and you may offer or be offered the chance to ski together. And herein lies the first snag in courtship on the slopes. While skiing as a twosome or moresome is the only way to go, once you are finally on the move, your total concentration must be focused on your own performance. Otherwise you will crash. So opportunities for small talk or bedroom talk are limited to the moments after a fall, rest stops, or when you are both back at the bottom, ready to rejoin the T-bar queue.

You've struck out on the T-bar? Try a mouthwash, or head for the nearest watering hole. It is very IN to drink in the bars frequented by the instructors. The people who work on the mountain know the best haunts, so ask around. Or watch.

"If you hit the snow on a day when the sun was out, the wind was low and the snow cover superb, you probably can't wait to get back."

The same applies to finding good eateries and nightspots in or near the snowfields. Nearly all the hotels on the snow now offer top-class disco and live music entertainment at night. Have a look at the complete rundown on the major resorts on page 136.

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Your first weekend will probably decide whether you've been hooked or whether you hate the sport. If you hit the snow on a day when the sun was out, the wind was low and the snow cover was superb, you probably can't wait to get back. But if you were greeted by snow, wind (the two tend to come together in Australia) or, worse, rain, you may well swear off skiing forever. There are great days, and there are days when even the addicts just pack up and go home.

Okay, you like it. Now you want to know how to ski on a budget. Easy. First, don't stay in hotels and, second, take as many provisions with you from the city as possible. Everything is expensive on the mountain. Contact your various local ski clubs, talk with people at the resorts and quiz the people where you work. Someone will know of rooms to let in or near the resorts. There are many private and public lodges in the snowfields, but it is more reasonable to stay a small distance from the snow. In New South Wales, many skiers stay in Jindabyne, a village about 40 minutes drive from the major resorts. From there you can either drive or take a coach to the snow. Accommodation in Jindabyne can be found for as little as $12 a night. Cook your own meals, provide your own linen.

A better idea if you want to do a lot of skiing, can afford the initial outlay and are prepared to do a lot of organising is to put together, or join, a group of perhaps 10 people who together take a lease on a house or lodge for the ski season. A 12-week lease may cost $600 or $700 a week for 10 to 12 weeks, so each member will have to throw in about one week's rent. Make sure the lodge can accommodate everyone in the group. Then you have a bed and a place to eat and play whenever you want.

Another unbearable long-term cost is ski equipment rental. Why pay $15 for equipment every weekend when you can buy your own gear? And skis and boots can be remarkably cheap if you shop around. The first thing to acknowledge is that you are not yet a particularly accomplished skier, nor do you know what you want from your equipment. As you become better, you will require more high-performance skis. For now, you can settle for less. But never sacrifice safety or comfort for a few dollars. Every day, in every way, you will regret it. You can afford to save on skis, but not on bindings; you can afford inexpensive clothing but not second-rate boots.

But none of this need cost an arm and a leg. The first pair of skis you purchase will almost certainly be inadequate for your needs in two seasons, but, by then, you will have learned a lot about your style and about the type of ski that suits you. So, unless you can afford top-of-the-line material, buy cheap, ready to replace your first pair of skis after your second season. There are a number of skis which can be picked up for about $50, plus the cost of bindings ($30 minimum) and brakes. Your skis must be fitted with brakes that work. A loose (rogue) ski tearing down a mountain can kill innocent people. And even if it doesn't hit anyone, you will have a long walk to retrieve it. A brake will stop a ski as soon as it comes away from your foot.

Many ski shops sell ex-hire equipment and some of it is adequate for your needs. Ex-hire skis and bindings

Where the ski action is — both sides of the border . . .

NEW SOUTH WALES

Charlotte Pass

Access to be had only by over-snow transport from Perisher Valley. Beginners paradise with some intermediate slopes. Most accommodation in private lodges. Kosciusko Chalet is the only commercial hotel. Lunch at bistro in hotel. Apres-ski drinks at Charlotte Adams bar. Chalet restaurant. Chinese restaurant at Alechi's lodge. Live music at Schloss bar.

Guthega

Many beginners slopes with some challenges for intermediate to experienced skiers. There is a food kiosk at the base of the T-bars and Walter's Restaurant and Bar is nearby.

Jindabyne

This small town caters to many skiers. It is below the snowline but just 40 minutes journey from the major resorts. A number of restaurants, including the Creel (Austrian-style food) and the Jindabyne Hotel.

Perisher Valley

Few areas for beginners with many slopes for intermediate skiers and a number of challenging runs for experienced skiers. Three on-slope kiosks. Most people stop for a drink at the Valley Inn (the club bar at the back is where instructors and staff congregate at the end of the day) or at the Sundeck hotel. Cafeteria food at the Valley Inn, restaurant at The Man from Snowy River Hotel, The White Spider and (perhaps the best) the Eiger Chalet. Live music, disco at Valley Inn and The Man from Snowy River.

Smiggin Holes

A beginners paradise, with some good intermediate slopes. Drinks and food at the Smiggin Hotel at the base of the T-bars. Heidi's Bistro is another restaurant at the resort.

Thredbo

A few beginners slopes at Merritt's Spur, which is reached by chair lift. Most slopes are for intermediate to experienced skiers, including the longest run in Australia. Food at Merritt's Spur. Food and drink at The Eagles Nest at the top of the Crackenback chair and at Black Sallees at the top of Snow Gums. There are a number of restaurants, including Tom Groggan at the Thredbo Alpine Hotel, Clancy's at Rudi's Lodge and the Keller. Disco at Thredbo Alpine Hotel and at the Keller.

VICTORIA

Bright

This town is just an hour's drive from Mount Buffalo and Mount Hotham. It's a little further to Falls Creek. It abounds with private and public lodges, guest houses and motel accommodation. Good restaurants in the Bogong Motor Inn and Red Carpet Inn. Two of the restaurants at the resort are Barnaby's and Grandma's Kitchen.

Falls Creek

Some beginners slopes, but mostly intermediate to experienced skiing. Karelia Lodge has a great public restaurant and there's the Frying Pan restaurant and Coonie's coffee lounge/bistro. Loads of action at The Man disco/bar.

Mount Baw Baw

Resort mainly for Melbourne day-trippers. Short runs for beginners to intermediate. The Watzhaus restaurant is a BYO establishment.

Mount Beauty

A town similar to Bright, but smaller. It is close to Falls Creek.

Mount Buffalo

This resort is run by the Victorian National Parks Service. It attracts a great number of day visitors to ski, toboggan or throw snowballs. It is one of the cheapest resorts in Australia and, therefore, great for beginners. Slopes at Dingo Dell are especially for beginners, with Cresta Valley offering more challenging skiing. Unlicensed restaurant at Dingo Dell, licensed restaurant in Tatra Inn motel at Cresta and the Chalet, a grand Victorian building near the ski areas also houses a licensed restaurant.

Mount Buller

Beginners slopes (including one aptly named Bourke Street) and a number of intermediate to experienced skier slopes. Kofler's Restaurant is on the slopes. There's Abom Restaurant at the base, and the Koo-roora hotel which includes a wine bar and disco. The Arlberg Hotel also includes a restaurant.

Mount Hotham

Advanced skiers special. Some slopes for beginners, but mainly for the dedicated. Hotels with eateries include Snowbird, White Crystal and Zirky's. There is a bottle shop. But, generally, it is a private lodge resort.

can save you a lot, even compared with the cheapest new skis. For example, early this year, Fleets in Sydney held a sale of old equipment. Skis and bindings went for $30, bib and brace overpants $10, parkas for $10 and boots for $10. The sale only lasted two days. You have to be quick.

However, unless a friend can assist you with good advice as to the quality of the skis and bindings, you should buy new skis. Ex-hire equipment has had a few years of rough treatment and the skis will certainly be damaged to some degree, and the bindings may no longer operate correctly. Ski soles (bottoms) can afford to be scratched, but not severely grooved. The bindings should operate smoothly and be securely clamped to the skis. Battered and loose bindings indicate they've had a rough time and could be unsafe.

Clothing need only be in reasonable condition. After all, you can supplement it with sweaters and warm underwear — just as long as there are no gashes in the material. Beware of boots. The price may entice you, but fit is paramount. You have to wear them all your skiing days. If your hired boots on your first trip were comfortable, try to pick them up on sale. But if you had difficulty, think seriously about buying new boots. Sales, again, are the time to buy. And don't be attracted by the price of a pair of boots. Don't even ask; just try on pair after pair. Talk with the sales people about fit. They can often adjust inner linings to aid grip and comfort. The boots must be tight, preventing your heel from lifting, yet comfortable for hours at a time. Combine questions with politeness and you will melt the hearts of the sternest salesmen. Do not be afraid, either, to try on a variety of boots on a number of occasions before buying. Return again and again. Keep a pair of boots on, fully tightened, for half an hour or so as you walk around the shop. You are investing in comfort and safety, and if you have to part with $100 or more, it will prove worthwhile in the long run. A good pair of boots will last for seasons.

Poles (or stocks) are just sticks to inexperienced skiers. The cheaper the better, as long as they don't break. For a season or so you will use them only to negotiate T-bar queues, as leaning posts when you get up after a fall or, most frequently, as wings.

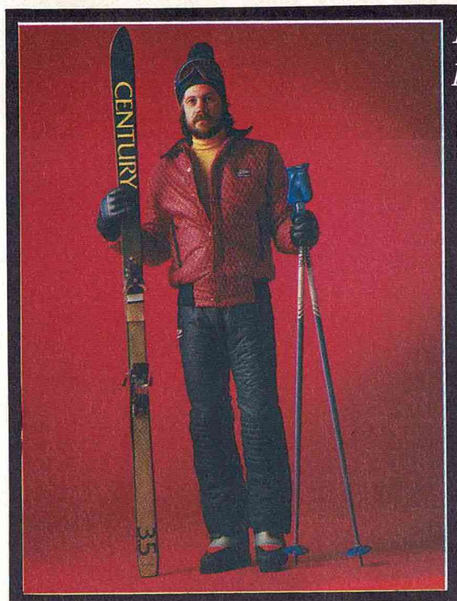
I've never come to terms with goggles. In sunny conditions everyone wears sunglasses — reflective glasses are *in*, but ordinary ones are quite adequate — but in overcast and, particularly, snowy conditions you will need goggles. They are usually yellow tinted and are supposed to highlight the bumps in the snow. All I've ever seen is a yellow murk. Make certain the goggles have adequate "breathing" holes around the glass or they will fog up.

Gloves and goggles fall into the same category as relatively inexpensive accessories, even top-of-the-line brands. So it may be worth lashing out here. You will use them for many seasons, unlike skis and boots and even clothing, so the investment may be a saving in the long run. Good quality goggles will cost about $30 and good, warm leather gloves about $25. You can buy inner gloves for extremely cold days.

And remember, if you drive to the snow you must have a set of snow chains for your car. They fit on to the drive wheels. The only way to buy or hire them is to ask a salesman in your ski shop for advice. And, once hired or bought, try fitting them at home before you undertake your journey. Learning how they operate in a snowstorm when your fingers are fast going numb is a harrowing experience. They have got to be fitted in snowy conditions, and they must be tight.

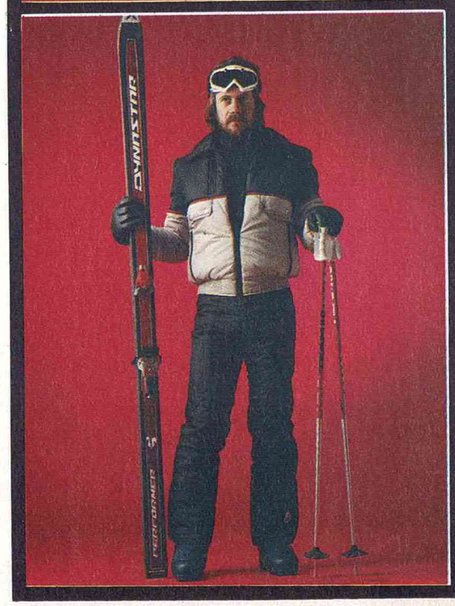
Now that you're informed, you're ready for the season. But what if you don't need to budget? Well, please read on.

Imagine that we live in Sydney, the home of all true playboys. First, you will not want to drive the Jaguar to the snow. It could be damaged on the icy roads and you'll have to leave it parked, unattended for the entire



High-cost performance

For the skier who wants the better performance regardless of cost: the Century 3.5 skis, $285; the Allsop poles, $44; the Skiyot Opdal Romb Parka, $239; Dale 'Skier' boots, $240; Skiyot Aare overalls, $187; Salomon 727 bindings, $118; the accessories shown are a Maser skivvy $18.95; Banff gloves, $25.50; Carrera Stratos Goggles, $25; and the White Stag hat, $15.50. All of the gear shown here is at the Kosciusko Ski Centre at 195 Elizabeth Street in Sydney. 267-3633.



Low-cost efficiency

For the first-timer with a limited budget: First, the Dynastar Performer Skis, the Tyrolia 160 bindings and the Bert poles come in a package deal, with ski brakes, for $138. The Nordica Gemini Ski Boots, $65; the Aski "Billy" suit, $68.50; the Speedo skivvy, $8.50; the Aski gloves, $9.95; and the Apollo goggles for $3.50. This gear will get the first-timer off to a safe and stylish start without breaking the bank. The gear is at the Kosciusko Ski Centre in Sydney.

week. Fly instead. Airlines of NSW is the only carrier to Cooma and its Fokker Friendships have only tourist class seats, $116 return fare. From Cooma, you can take a taxi to Perisher or Thredbo for $45. You could rent a car at the airport, but you may have to put up with the messy job of putting on chains in the snowfields.

Three of the best in the snow are The Man from Snowy River at Perisher, the Thredbo Alpine Hotel at Thredbo and (perhaps the finest of the lot) the Perisher Valley Hotel. This last opens for the first time this year.

We'll leave the best for last and begin with The Man from Snowy River Hotel. Just across the road from the ski centre at Perisher Valley, it offers sun suites in the original wing of the hotel or rooms in the new wing. The difference? The sun suites look out over the snowfields and come with a double bed, but they are slightly smaller than those in the new wing which have not so good a view and are equipped with three single beds. All rooms have bathrooms attached. The rates are $540 per week per person for the sun suites and $594 for the new wing rooms in high season.

The hotel's dining room offers a floor-to-ceiling view of the snowfields — great at breakfast time to help you decide just how quickly you should pack up your gear for the short walk to the T-bars.

If you don't feel like going out, there is a lounge with a beautiful open fireplace to spend your time reading or drinking and talking. Perhaps one of the most fascinating elements of The Man is that it offers an outdoor heated swimming pool. Come back from a morning on the slopes, strip off, sprint outside and jump into warm water. Then, perhaps, a sauna. The hotel was installing one during the past summer and hoped to have it operational for the ski season.

Dinner is a set menu in the dining room. You have a choice of dishes for each course, and cheese and biscuits are served after the meal. It's all part of the dinner, bed & breakfast package; the only extra is alcohol.

You prefer to stay in Thredbo instead? The Thredbo Alpine Hotel has a package deal for the wealthy beginner like yourself. Why not stay in the Chamonix or St Moritz suites? You will have a double bedroom with bathroom, lounge area and balcony overlooking the snow. The hotel offers a lounge bar with a resident piano player and a roaring fireplace. There are two spa pools, a sauna and a solarium. You have two alternatives for your evening meal — the main dining room is the Tom Groggin and there is a more intimate restaurant called the Stubl. Guest meals are part of the package in either restaurant — up to $13 each. After dinner, there is the Schuss bar or the Keller disco.

The package includes dinner, bed and breakfast for seven nights, six days' use of the Merritt's Spur lifts and tows, six one-and-a-half hour ski lessons and seven days hire of skis, boots and stocks.

The cost? Well, if you want the suite, you pay $539 per person for the week, plus a surcharge of $48 per day. Total: $1414 for the week. A double room with bathroom is the same price in the high season, without the surcharge.

Finally, what is perhaps the most sophisticated hotel in Australia, let alone in the snowfields: The Perisher Valley Hotel. It will accommodate only about 50 people in a style which speaks opulence. Let's choose a one-bedroom suite for two. The suite includes a bathroom and living room. The bedroom is on a mezzanine floor overlooking the lounge. When you arrive, you will be greeted in your room with a bottle of the best French champagne and a bowl of fresh fruit. You wake up to any breakfast you care to order, taken, perhaps, on the enclosed balcony overlooking the ski slopes. After a hectic day, leave your skis in the special ski room while your boots dry out in a heated locker. Upstairs, a cocktail bar awaits. Or perhaps you may care to freshen up in the hotel spa pool. Then, on to the dining room for a five-course meal prepared by Swiss chefs. (A lighter lunch is served in the dining room.) After dinner, move on to the billiard room — full-size table, of course.

Guests will find that their rooms are prepared with everything they could want. They need not even bring toiletries. All is provided.

Cost of a one bedroom suite for two people in the peak season is $2590. One deluxe bedroom, without lounge, is $2240 for two people in the peak. The two-bedroom suites, which will sleep four, cost $5180 per week in the peak season. And the Summit suite, for those who have won the Pools, includes three bedrooms. Price on application. The Summit suite must be the ultimate. The master bedroom includes *two* en suite bathrooms (the other two bedrooms are each serviced with one), large living room with a fireplace, dining room, kitchen, guest powder room spa room, ski room and even its own private entrance. A ski instructor and lift tickets for your week's stay at the Perisher-Smiggins complex are included in the Summit suite complex.

Climbing every mountain . . .

THERE ARE a number of ways to get to the top of a mountain.

The common non-walking way is by T-bar. This operates like a miniature chairlift, except that you ride on your skis. The bar is positioned under your backside and, in effect, pushes you up the mountain. The T-bar carries two people at a time and is quite easy to ride, so long as you keep in mind a few basic principles.

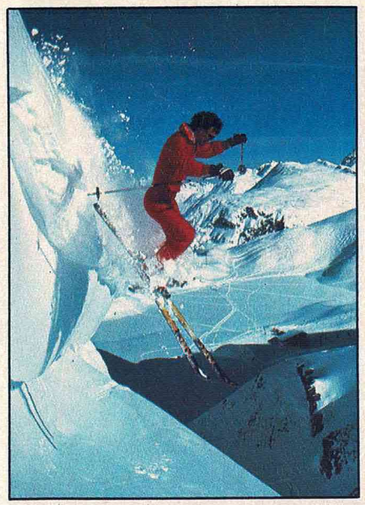
First, observe how others handle the bar. Second, try to ensure that your first few journeys on the bar are taken with an experienced skier. Third, get into positon quickly once the couple before you have moved off on their bar. Position yourself with your skis parallel and your legs comfortably apart. Stand up straight (if anything, lean slightly forward), and keep your knees slightly bent to act as shock absorbers on the bumps on the T-bar run. Your skis will move up and down independently, but you have nothing to fear as long as you keep them parallel, relatively close together, and you do not lean back.

When you reach the top of the T-bar run, one person should take hold of the bar as the other pushes away from it. Only after he/she is clear should the bar be let go altogether.

If you are unfortunate enough to fall from the bar, roll, crawl or wriggle away from the run.

A variation on the T-bar is the pomma, a device which fits between your legs rather than under your bum. There is also the J-bar, which carries only one person at a time.

The fourth means of ascending to the heights is by chairlift. Again, try to ensure that your first trip is with an experienced skier. Stand where the lift operators instruct, knees slightly bent. the chair will come up behind you and, as it bumps into the back of your knees, sit down. Only once all on the chair are settled should you lower the safety bar in front of you.



PISTE OFF OVERSEAS

europe and america's ski-tracks are breeding grounds for the world's best. rob luck presents this overview: from aspen to st moritz

LIMELIGHT AT Sun Valley, Idaho, USA, is strictly for the pros. It nestles right under the Warm Springs' 11 chairlift ride, a near vertical ascent through some 600 metres of pine-wooded slopes. From the security of the chairlift, Limelight looks like an upturned egg-crate, a series of bumps and grooves carved by short, fast skis worn by sharp, fast skiers. Down there on the snow, it is like hell frozen over. An endless succession of tortuous turns. It has been carved by high-speed skis so slow speed turns are impossible. The skis must be made to skate on the top edges of the humps, skipping from one bump to another, often airborne, only merciless jabbing turns on the hillcrests braking the headlong, runaway flight.

To the novice, skiing this slope has all the appeal of riding down Mount Fuji on a skateboard. It is spectacular and terrifying. And it is the sort of scene that ski movies use to glamorise the typical ski environment overseas. It is well removed from the truth.

At Sun Valley, Limelight is one of several slopes used by the experts. There are several dozen more slopes designed to accommodate the raw beginner, the absolute first-timer, the novice, the intermediate. There are a dozen long, gentle, sunkissed slopes just outside the restaurant bases, all fed by comprehensive beginner lift systems. There are easy bowls filled with soft snow, marvellous and mysterious traverses that wind easily down through the pine-wooded slopes, wide-open fully packed slopes sometimes half-a-kilometre across without an obstruction. It is all part of the something-for-everyone concept of the American and European ski resorts which makes them ideal for every level of skier, from beginners on up.

Indeed, you need one qualification only (apart from the money) before embarking on an overseas ski holiday — the proviso that you can handle the cold, the climate and the physical exercise of skiing.

Generally, there's plenty of snow lying about from November to April, and the peak is mid-December to mid-March. However, the North American season has been unpredictable in recent years in the fringe periods, including a "wipeout" this season just past. By comparison, Europe never fails, except if you push your luck at the fringe periods. Regardless, you can always do a rescue operation and ski at one of the summer resorts which have had good spring snow.

January is tops for snow but is bottoms for temperature. Don't even attempt to tackle it without the ultimate in clothing equipment — particularly dual-layer thermal underwear, full down-filled clothing (powder suits are best) and cover-everything headgear. The alternative is a tour of local medical establishments.

Inside the United States, the resorts are numerous, varied in style, and superbly organised.

You've most likely heard of Aspen, the "coke capital of the world". Aspen has 100 restaurants on the books, John Denver, Claudine Longet, four mountains and 1000 ways to have fun and get into trouble. It's typical of the US super-resorts — Vail, Sun Valley, and Mammoth Mountain.

There are others. Hundreds more of them. Copper Mountain, can be overlooked as you steam down the freeway to Vail. Nestling into the trees, it is now a Club Med resort with a magnificent system of gondolas and lifts. Steamboat Springs is pure raw American backwoods flavor, and Snowbird is Cottonwood Canyon deep powder at its best. Not to mention the newer instant resorts of Breckenridge, Telluride, Keystone, Winter Park, Crested Butte and Jackson Hole.

Then there are the Sierras — particularly Tahoe, the Nevada complex clustered around pure and pretty Lake Tahoe and dedicated to the gods of gambling and gamboling. There are six giant resorts spilling down the wooded slopes into the lake, among them the former Olympic Village of Squaw Valley.

American accommodation chiefly consists of condominiums, often with everything included — sun lamps, ray lamps and saunas.

A three-week round-trip can be had for as little as $2100 (plus meals). You can spend as little as $2500 or as much as $5000 all up, if you want to eat up big and ski up big (helicopter skiing for example). The freelancer will find lift tickets cost $18-$25 per day. He will not find accommodation easily in key resorts in the peak periods, not without advance bookings.

EUROPE tends to be known for Austria and Switzerland, picture-postcard resorts at numbered-bank-account prices. In reality, Italy probably has more resorts, Poland, Yugoslavia and Spain have cheaper places and Germany has resorts that are the equal of any of Europe's best-known locations.

If Europe is to be your first trip, then you'll doubtless want to round-out the visit with a few notable landmarks. If so, be selective. You can't have London pubs, the Eiffel Tower and the Leaning Tower of Pisa in a three-week ski trip. Select one and one only, stick to this decision, and settle on the resorts close to it.

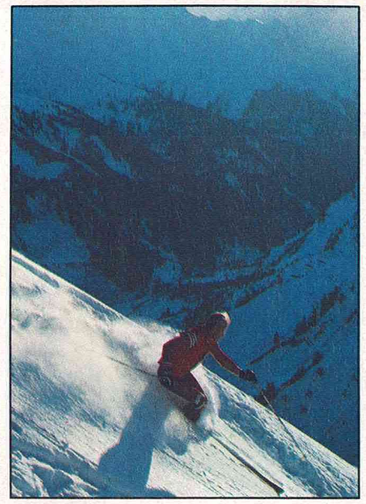
A Paris stay of two days still leaves time for a day trip to the Alpes du Nord region in south-central-eastern France. Allowing for your return trip, flights to and from Oz, all this will cost you one week of your ski holiday, but still leaving two weeks to sample France's delights — picturesque Megeve, the super-resorts of Val d'Isere and Courcheval (and nearby Meribel-Motarret, centre of Les Trois Vallees), Chamonix (French side of Mont Blanc — Courmayeur is on the Italian side), or the new super resorts of La Plagne, Les Arcs, Tignes, Avoriaz.

Most of these are outstandingly good and all very expensive. There is a certain snob component in this. Example: Les Gets (pron: layshjay) just "over the hill' from Avoriaz is comparable in style and services, utterly charming, and only two-thirds the cost.

This is a typical ski comparison in Europe. Another notable is the Swiss-Italian experience. Classic, picturesque, car-free Zermatt on the Swiss bank of the Matterhorn frequently costs double in lifts and services to bustling poky Cervinia on the Italian side (best known for its world speed ski course).

Not that Italy is always cheap. Cortina, for example, is outrageous (along with others), but the resorts in the Sud-Tirol (old Austria) are generally cheaper and as well-serviced as their Austrian counterparts.

Not that the Austrian resorts are to be sold short. The magnificent resorts of the Arlberg, Vorarlberg and Tirol have turned thousands of



Australians into real skiers over the years. They include Zurs and Lech, the quaint challenging resorts of Stuben and St Anton, and the giants like Kitzbuehel, Saalbach, St Johann, Zell-am-Zee or Kaprun.

In Switzerland, the reputation of resorts like St Moritz far exceed the reality for skiers — chiefly because they are tagged as playboy playgrounds. St Moritz is the centre of a resort complex that offers skiing at every level and every price. The same astonishing variety (considering the premium-only reputation) can be found in the other giants like Davos, or in the myriad smaller resorts.

Germany, never recognised as a ski country, nevertheless has an amazing range of quality resorts. In the Schwartzwald (the Black Forest — better known for some gastronomic excesses), you could ski a different resort every day for a month and not cover them all. South of Munich, you'll find Garmisch-Partenkirchen, and toward Salzburg, the magnificent resorts of the Chiemsee district where snow and pine forests spill down thousands of Alpine feet to the shores of the Lake.

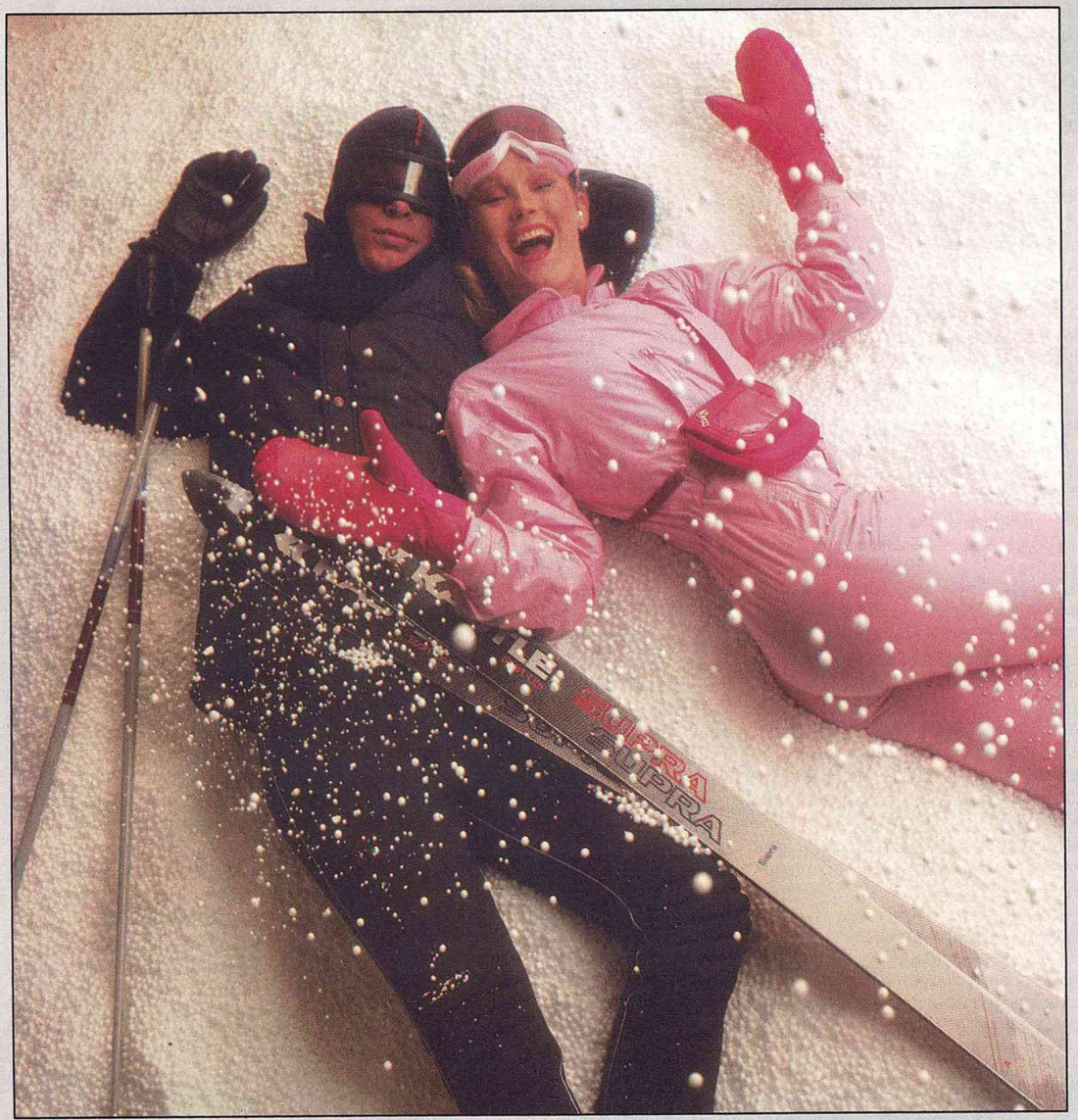
Lift tickets in Europe hardly vary below $20 in the prime resorts today. Bargains are to be had in the smaller resorts with better facilities, and some resorts with old facilities can be very cheap but very frustrating.

The less known Italian resorts offer the best cost-effective balance (places like Schnatstal near Bolzano, which has all-year-round snow (the Euro race teams train there), long runs, and reputedly the fastest tramway (cable-car) in Europe.

Poland, Yugoslavia and Spain should also be looked into if the economics of your holiday are a consideration.

Accommodation within Europe is available at virtually every price level. You can't ski at $5 per day, but you can live on $5 per day near some ski resorts. Look for guest-house or pension accommodation. Good accommodation in the units is generally available for under $200 per person per week, some hotels competing with this. It is cheaper generally to stay outside the resorts and make use of the excellent bus/public transport facilities provided.

If this rundown in any way prepares you for overseas skiing nothing will quite prepare you for the actual experience. The quality of snow is the first thing that strikes you. Then the organisation of the resorts. The flexibility, services, support systems, charm and variety of accommodation and culinary experience. Great!



DOWN: HILL FASHION

HIM: A blue boy in navy Banff jumpsuit, $106, with Jansport ski parka at $135. He's all wrapped up in gear from the Kosciusko Ski Centre, topped off for glare protection in the smartest Carrera Porsche goggles imported by Optyl.

HER: No longer poles apart in a pastel pink cotton/nylon jumpsuit by Skimer at $375, with ski accessories too, all from the Kosciusko Ski Centre. Goggles by Courrèges, imported by No 1 Sunglass Co, provide eye-level style.

Fashion by Kate Stead, Photography by Colin Stead.

HIM: Certain to look good and feel warm above or below the treeline in his red stretch jumpsuit, $202, and matching vest, $46.50. Athletic style is made for movement and both items can be found at Inski of York Street, Sydney.

HER: Dressed to melt a snowman's heart in white stretch pants by Bogner at $136, pure cotton polo neck sweater, $17, reversible black and red parka, $145, and woolly hat, $14.50. All from Inski, York Street, Sydney.

HIM: Alpine chic comes in an Italian two-piece by Colmar in cotton/polyester with a reversible wool knit jacket for $425. Earth tones plot a fashion switch, from the Kosciusko Ski Centre, with Carrera Goggles from Optyl.

HER: In color as soft and sensuous as powder snow. A mauve jumpsuit by Fusalp, $270, stands out in even the brightest T-bar queue. Suit and accessories from the Kosciusko Ski Centre and goggles from Optyl Playboy.

HIM: A vision of downhill daring in black stretch ski pants by Banff, $106, black/grey Jansport cowboy-style parka in waterproof gore-tex, $181. It's adaptable and very fashion-efficient. From the Kosciusko Ski Centre.

HER: In grey flannel finery of Fusalp pants, $130, topped by a matching Jansport nylon shell, down-filled vest at $102. Both items from the Kosciusko Ski Centre and goggles by Courrèges, through the No 1 Sunglass Co.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

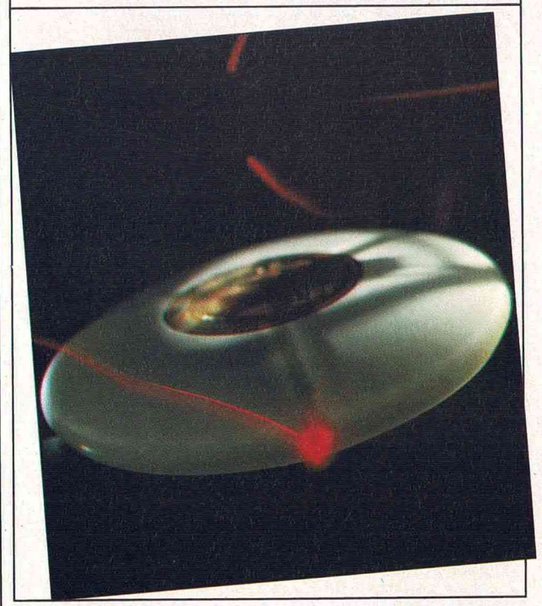
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

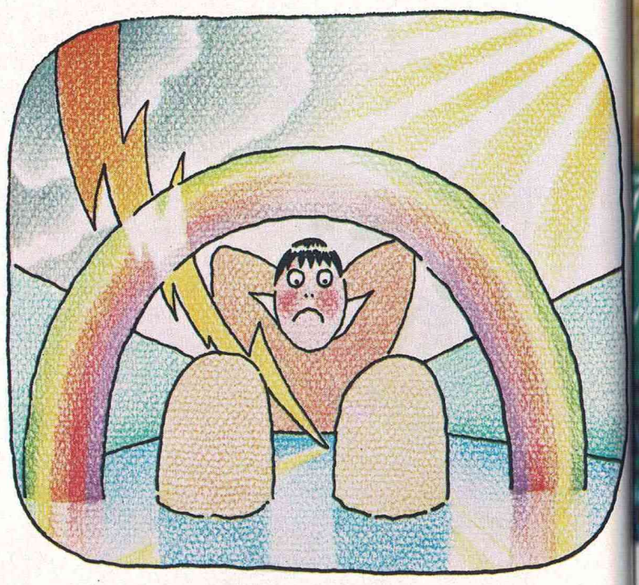
RADIO ACTIVE

You can listen to your favorite FM station while skating, flying, bathing, working, walking or indulging in any sort of activity with the FM Stereo Boy. The ultra-lightweight receiver provides quality stereo. From Myer and hi-fi stores, priced at about $90.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

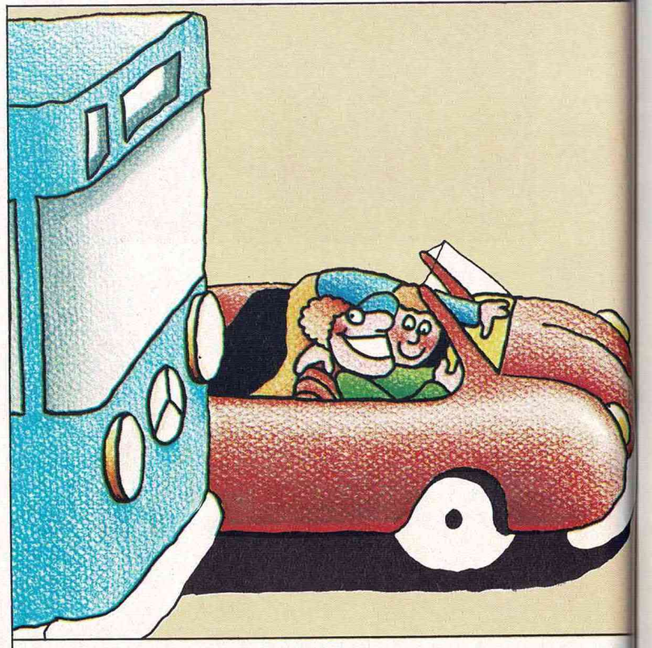
Here's the second best thing to do when the lights go out. It's called Future Flight and looks like a frisbee with red and yellow lights powered by a nine-volt battery. It's waterproof and is available for $13.95 from all major toy, sports, and department stores.





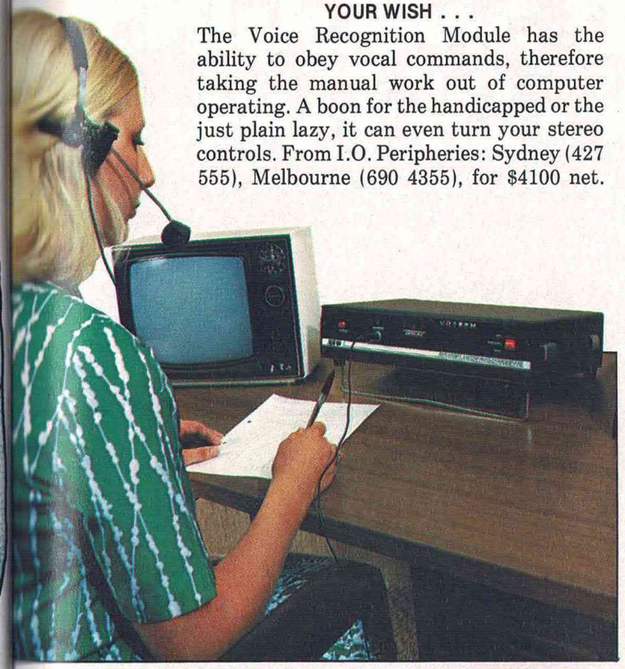
THE RIGHT ATMOSPHERE

How to master the elements at the flick of a dial: the Environment unit — a totally self-contained retreat — works as a steam bath, sauna or solarium with rain, heat or breeze all at your control. A four-person unit sells for $24,500 and two person $14,500. Kohler Australia, (02) 212 4200.



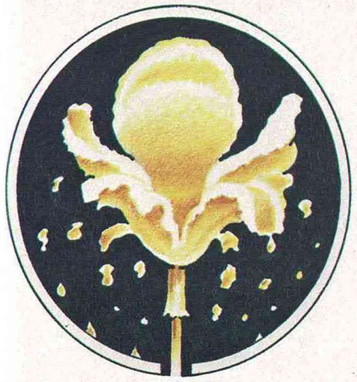
PITH STOP

For $7, the Auto-John offers relief for drivers when the call of nature becomes an emergency. Girls can settle on the Pith Helmet for the same price. By mail from Riley McKay, 18 Oxford Square, Darlinghurst 2010. And it's no joke.



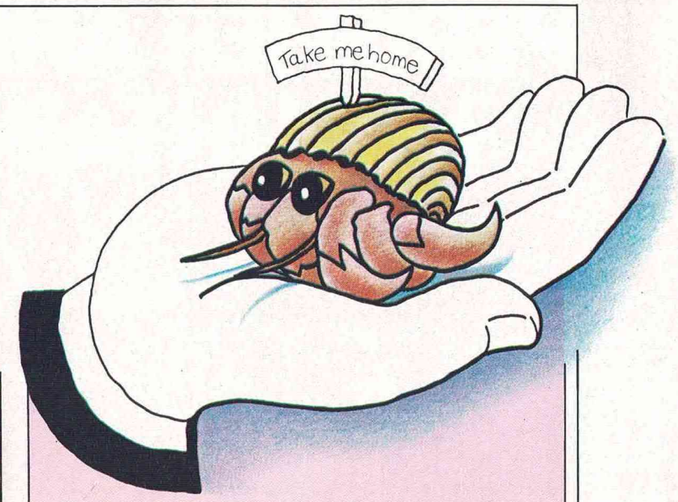
YOUR WISH . . .

The Voice Recognition Module has the ability to obey vocal commands, therefore taking the manual work out of computer operating. A boon for the handicapped or the just plain lazy, it can even turn your stereo controls. From I.O. Peripheries: Sydney (427 555), Melbourne (690 4355), for $4100 net.



ME OLD FLOWER

Most women love gifts. Especially flowers or jewellery. So why not just combine the two with orchids from Malaysia dipped in gold? As bracelets, necklaces and rings they are the most exotic of gifts. Cost depends on the rarity in a $29 to $73 range. Gifts Galore, 8D Shields Street, Cairns, Queensland.



A CASE OF CRABS

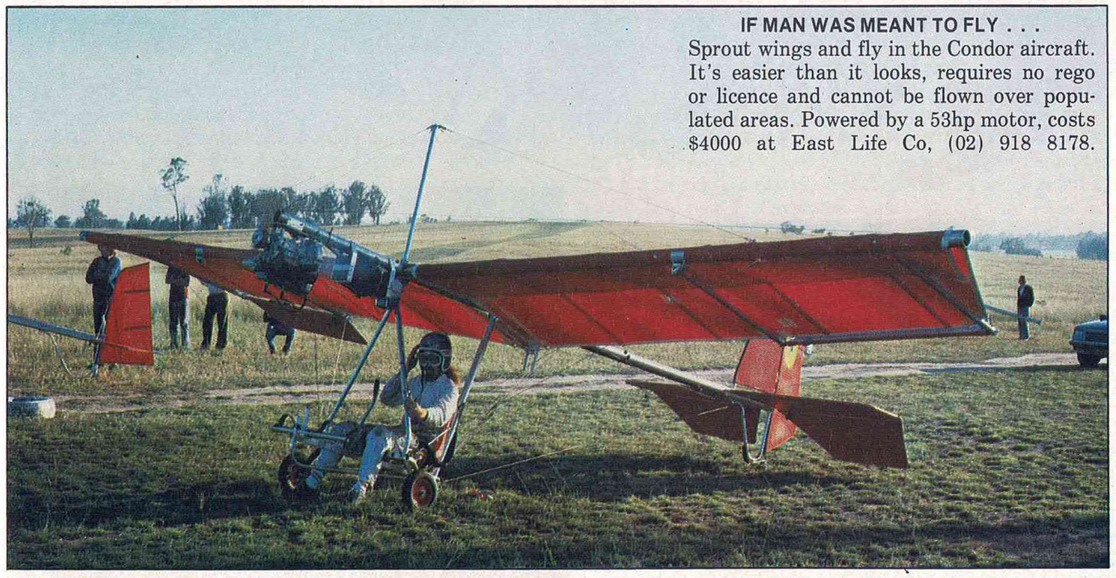
Land crabs are faithful companions, make clean pets, eat bread, cake, meat and fruit and sell for $4 to $9. From Toy Fisheries, Pets World and most pet shops.

BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER

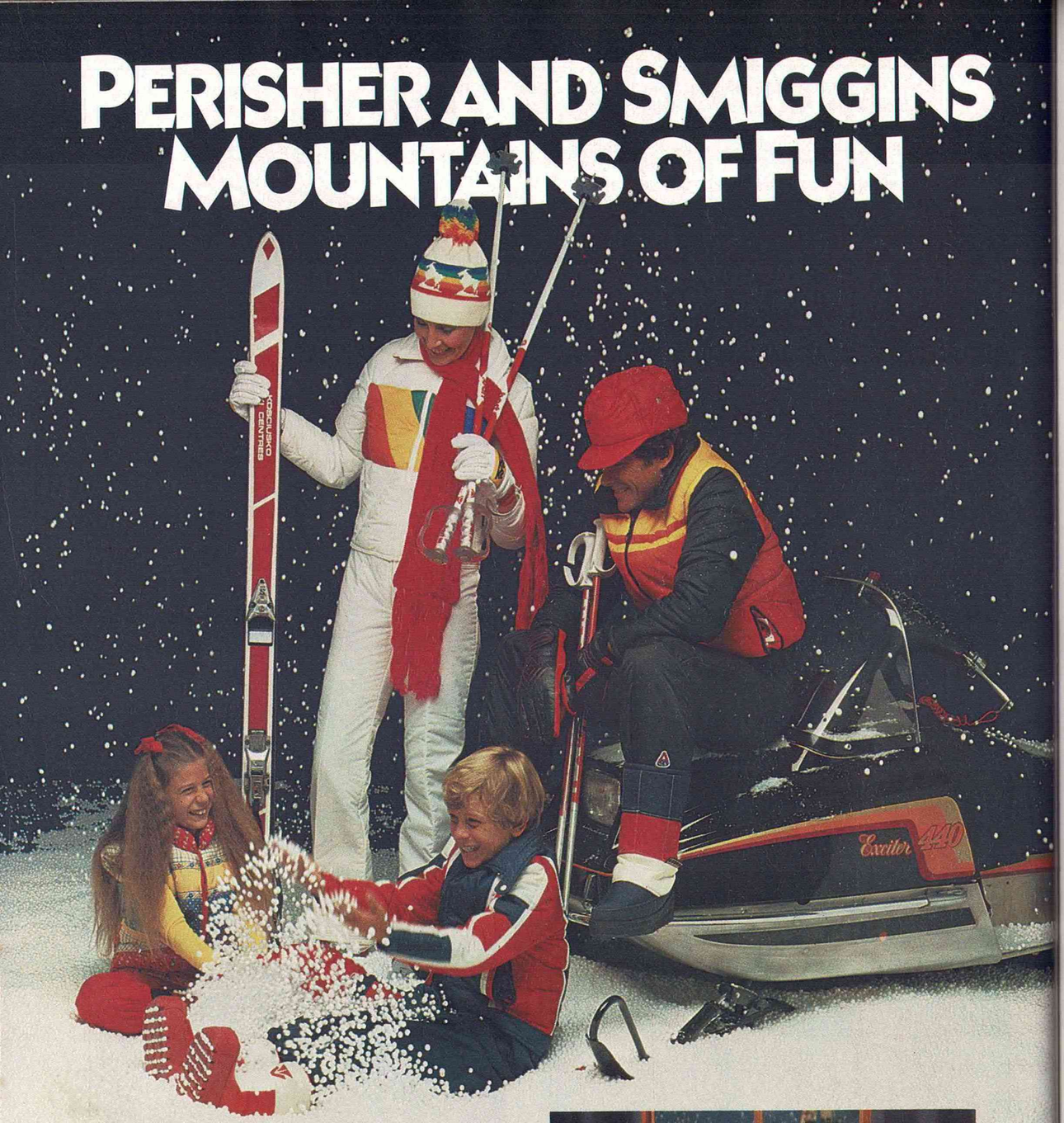
The Concorde STD cartridge handles warped and scratched records. By Ortofon, it's $65 from hi-fi stores.

IF MAN WAS MEANT TO FLY . . .

Sprout wings and fly in the Condor aircraft. It's easier than it looks, requires no rego or licence and cannot be flown over populated areas. Powered by a 53hp motor, costs $4000 at East Life Co, (02) 918 8178.



PERISHER AND SMIGGINS MOUNTAINS OF FUN



Come for the snow fun and stay for the night fun at Perisher and Smiggins.

Daytime is for the brisk exhilarating fun of Australia's prime snowfields.

Nightime is for — well you name it, you're likely to find it in one of Perisher's many nightspots.

Perisher and Smiggins — guaranteed to keep you smiling — day and night.

Clothes supplied by Kosciusko Ski Centre, Sydney. Yamaha 440 supplied by Peter Williamson Pty. Limited.

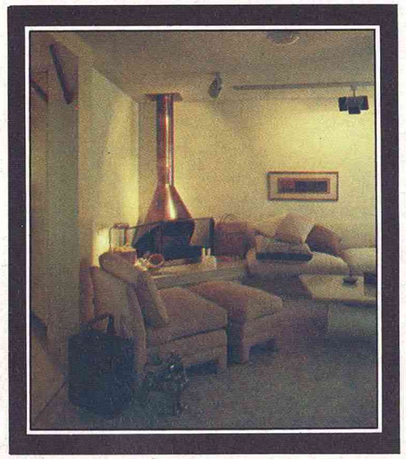
PVB319GSW

PUT A LITTLE LIGHT INTO YOUR LIFE

IF YOU want to throw a little light on the subject, take your time. Setting the scene for seduction can often be a slow and tedious business, and nothing does more for the lead-up (apart from maybe gin or diamonds) than does soft, muted lighting. But choosing the appropriate lighting can *also* be a slow and tedious business.

However, the end result, like the seduction, will undoubtedly be worthwhile. Lighting is probably one of the most neglected areas in most houses and, although electricity has been around for nearly a century, many rooms look as if they'd be just as well served with burning tapers or whale-oil lamps.

This is all the more surprising when you consider that most electrical authorities in Australia offer free advisory services, and specialist shops and department stores offer gratis advice, in many cases, on the subject. It would appear that most people are happy to settle for a single bulb in the middle of a room — with possibly a few ancillary fittings plopped in at what is considered a strategic location in a corner, or near the television set.



Playboy's Pipeline

Effective lighting will enhance an attractive room and boost a flawed decorative scheme by focusing attention on the best features and losing the worst in shadows. Lighting can also be used to control color so that hues which look garish in harsh daylight are, by night, soft and sympathetic. Even tired furniture seems to come alive with the aid of artificial light — which is why most people seem to prefer their rooms by night.

Good lighting should be carefully planned and selected to make certain of a balanced overall light with no uninvitingly dark corners, plus individual fittings for various situations. According to experts, a living room should have at least five lamps which should not emit glare and which should be positioned to utilise color — light walls will reflect, dark ones absorb. For preference, use pearl bulbs. They are suitable for most applications — although you can get a better effect with silica-coated lamps. Because of their glare, clear glass gives an illusion of greater light, but it casts hard shadows.

Before selecting your lamps and fittings, it is a good idea to frequent the lighting showrooms. The variety of designs may appear infinite, but basically they are very similar, with only the price and the materials used showing any wide margin. In making a choice, it is better to err on the side of simplicity.

Ideally, the lighting of a room should be included in the architectural design, but this rarely seems to be done, apparently because a lot of people have an inability, when preoccupied with walls and floors, to visualise where their furniture will fit. But hundreds of dollars can be saved by the correct positioning of switches and fittings, especially those requiring channelling into the walls. The placing of wall brackets is particularly important — above a chair for reading, to highlight a picture, above a desk or to illuminate a dining table.

For quite a few years now, there has been a trend toward multiple lighting layouts, both for practical and decorative purposes. Upward and downward lighting have come into their own, and as well as being the main light source, they can be used as complementary lighting, flanking a mirror or mantel, for example.

Many lighting companies undertake to stock, on a long term basis, replacement glasses for their wall bracket lights. Products include bedlamps, white glass designs and a selection of mini-spotlights, great for accentuating a picture grouping, indoor plant or treasured ornament.

With downlights, you witness the effect without the source. Because they are recessed, they go with all furnishing styles and leave ceiling lines uncluttered.

If you're into mood lighting, there's a spotlight kit mounted on a track with which you can play intriguing games with scallops of light and shade. The track gives you a chance to switch your lighting system around to highlight different objects in your lounge.

A major reason for plumping for a modern lighting system is that it can be easily installed, with a minimum of tools, thus saving on an electrician. And because they're easy to install, they're just as easy to dismantle when it comes to clean or shift them. If you check around, you'll find various systems which utilise any existing ceiling or cord-hanging light.

For traditionalists, most shops stock extensive patterns of pendant lights, featuring Victorian, Italian or Spanish styles. Pendants swoop and curve around a ceiling, using American traditional style, pulling down or casting a delicate glow from an elegant centrepiece.

Although most lamps are used for practical purposes, many contribute to a room's decoration. Of this genre, one of the most interesting is the table lamp which has a terrarium built into its base — a two-in-one, if you will.

It's a good tip when buying lamps for fitting, whether functional or decorative, to go for the best quality in the correct wattage. Electricity is not expensive and good lighting is one of the most economical means of letting down your financial hair — JOHN COCKERILL

THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DICK PULLER AND DAVE THE RAVE IN "WINE, WOMEN AND THONGS"

by TERRANCE HARRISON

BACK ON THE DOLE AGAIN AND CAUGHT UNDER THE IRON HEEL OF A NEWTOWN SLUM LANDLORD, DICK 'N' DAVE ARE ONCE AGAIN STRUGGLING TO... 'MAKE ENDS MEET'... IN AUSTRALIA'S AFFLUENT SOCIETY. LET'S LOOK ON AS THEIR LIVES ROCKET DOWN THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE AND THEY REACH OUT TO GRAB THEIR LITTLE BIT OF THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DREAM.

ESKY

THINGS WERE LOOKING PRETTY GLOOMY...

BILLS, BILLS, BILLS!.. WE CAN'T EVEN AFFORD OUR MEDIBANK COVER ANY MORE!

YOU MEAN... ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN US &...CERTAIN DEATH... IS A BOTTLE OF CALAMINE LOTION?

LOOK AT THIS DUMP... IT MAKES THE AMITYVILLE HORROR HOUSE LOOK LIKE A REAL ESTATE BARGAIN!

BOOT

...AND THIS FRIDGE! IT LOOKS LIKE THE SCENE OF SOME PREHISTORIC MURDER!

STRUTH! I DIDN'T THINK CURRYS WENT OFF!

I DON'T DARE GO INTO THE KITCHEN AFTER DARK... IT DISRUPTS THE COCKROACHES' BREEDING CYCLES!

I HAVEN'T USED THIS BRAND OF COFFEE SINCE MUM & DAD WERE POOR!

BRAND X

LET'S COOK WITH STALIN

EVEN MY DRIP-DRY, BRI-NYLON, HONG KONG SUITS DON'T PULL IN THE CHICKS LIKE THEY USED TO!

UNTIL

I'VE GOT IT DICK! WE'RE GONNA TURN THIS PLACE INTO AN INNER-URBAN, LOVE MOTEL AND START OUR VERY OWN... MALE ESCORT SERVICE!

YOU MEAN... ME, DICK PULLER... AUSTRALIA'S FAVORITE LEGACY CHILD... ...GOING COMMERCIAL? MY TRIM... TAUT... TERRIFIC BODY... ON THE OPEN MARKET?

RELAX... I'LL HANDLE THE FINANCIAL SIDE OF THINGS... ALL YOU HAVE TO... COME UP WITH... IS OUR 7½ INCH PROFIT MARGIN!

WOW, YOU'VE CONVINCED ME! C'MON, LET'S CLEAN THIS FLEAPIT UP!

© T. HARRISON

IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF DAYS BEFORE THE AD THEY PLACED IN... 'LURID LOOK' MAGAZINE HAD PENETRATED THE FAR WESTERN SUBURBS OF SYDNEY... THE HEART OF 50/50 DANCE COUNTRY... AND WAS COMING UNDER THE CAREFUL SCRUTINY OF DEBBIE DRUDGE.

I'M SO HOT FOR A BIT OF ACTION I'M WILLING TO TRY JUST ABOUT ANYTHING

DIAL-A-GROAN ESCORT SERVICE

...AND JUST A PHONE CALL & A TAXI RIDE LATER, DEBBIE FOUND HERSELF BEING PLYED WITH CHEAP DRINKS & EXPENSIVE CONVERSATION.

ISN'T IT TERRIBLE... ALL THOSE WOOLWORTH BOMBINGS?

YEAH, PROB'LY JUST SOME MAD POM TRYING TO BLOW UP ALL THE SOAP COUNTERS!

I LIKE THE VIEW!

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER BUT USUALLY ONLY AS FAR AS TEMPE TIP.

THIS ROOM'LL SMELL SO GOOD SHE'S BOUND TO SUSPECT SOMETHING!

PINE-O-ZONE

TWENTY MINUTES LATER THE "ALL-AUSTRALIAN-MALE" ESCORT SERVICE WAS SLIPPING INTO TOP GEAR.

IF YOU CAN WAIT TILL I SLIP INTO THESE SOCKETTES-OF-THE-MONTH... I'LL SHOW YOU MY FOOTBALL TROPHIES!!

ARE YOU IN FOR A GOOD TIME TONIGHT BABY! WHADDA YA THINK OF THESE MUSCLES?

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING

ALMOST AS IMPRESSIVE AS THESE MATCHING STAINS ON THE TOWELS & SHEETS?

I'M STILL FINISHING OFF THESE CHOPS SO YOU'D BETTER GIVE HER A DISCOUNT FOR HAVING TO START WITHOUT ME!

BEER

...AND SHE WANTS TO DO IT WITH THE LIGHT ON SO THAT'LL BE A $1:50 EXTRA FOR ELECTRICITY...

BILL

WHAT'S UP WITH YOU, YA NONG? EVEN PASSIVE PEOPLE HAVE SOME RESPONSIBILITIES IN A RELATIONSHIP!

DICK! DICK! IS THIS... TRUE LOVE?.. WILL THERE ALWAYS BE A COLD CAN OF BEER WAITING FOR ME IN YOUR FRIDGE?

DON'T GET INVOLVED WITH ME, DEBBIE. I'LL ONLY HURT YOU!

BLOODY STRUTH! SHE'S GETTIN' SERIOUS... WE'LL HAVE TO GET HER OUT OF HERE... PRONTO!

IN NO TIME AT ALL THEY WERE HEADING FOR THE BRIGHT LIGHTS OF NEWTOWN... ALL THE GLAMOR AND SOPHISTICATION OF PRE-WORLD WAR II THESSALONIKA LAY BEFORE THEM...

WHAT IS THIS... JERK FEATURES... THE AUSTRALIAN-OPEN, BUM PINCHING CHAMPIONSHITS?

YOU'VE GOTTA WATCH THESE FOREIGNERS, DAVY. THEY GO FOR ANYTHING IN A PAIR OF HIGH HEEL SHOES!

GEE, I'M GLAD I WORE MY FLATEES!

THE FIRST STOP FOR DEBBIE ON HER INCREASINGLY EXPENSIVE 'NITE-TO-REMEMBER' WAS THE LOCAL ★ PINBALL ★ PARLOUR ★

AS YOU'RE ON OUR DELUXE PACKAGE, IT MEANS WE'RE GONNA GIVE YOU THREE BALLS TO PLAY WITH FOR EVERY 20¢!

WELL, I SUPPOSE THAT'S ONE MORE THAN I USUALLY GET!

THAT'S PROGRESS FOR YOU... THE GIRLS ARE MORE PREDICTABLE THAN THESE COMPUTERIZED SPACE GAMES!

SPACE INVADERS

HIGH SCORE FREE GAME

DEBBIE'S INSATIABLE NEED TO SCORE SOON DROVE THEM OUT TO NEWTOWNS FARTHEST EROTIC FRONTIER...

THE RUB

RUDE GIRLS ON STAGE

GO GO GIRLS GALORE

DICK! I WANT YOUR BODY!

BUT FOR AN EXTRA $2.50 YOU CAN HAVE HIS MIND AS WELL!

THE NIGHT WAS YOUNG, THE SHOW WAS BLUE, DICK HAD SEEN IT THE WEEK BEFORE BUT FOR DAVE IT WAS ALL QUITE NEW.

LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE NOW, STUPID, YOU'VE SPILT THE POP CORN IN MY LAP AND IT'S GONE ALL SOGGY!

THEN IT WAS INTO A CONTINENTAL NITE SPOT WHERE THEY FIRST HAD TO FACE THE BAR-FLYS ANSWER TO ORAL SATISFACTION...

ROSE OF LEBANON NITE SPOT

WOW- THIS PLACE LOOKS PRETTY CLASSY!

...AN OBLIGATORY... CLUB SUPPER !!!

INSTEAD OF A DOORPRIZE WE GIVE A SPECIAL AWARD TO ANYONE WHO CAN GUESS WHAT THEYRE EATING.

WHAT DO THEY GET?

... FREE MEDICAL CARE FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING!

WE ARE REQUIRED BY LAW TO SERVE SOMETHING IDENTIFYINGLY EDIBLE AS A CLUB SUPPER

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE WHO FORGETS THEIR MANNERS... BUT THEN A BIOFEEDBACK, ACTION REPLAY OF THE SUPPER ADDS AN AUSTRALIAN TOUCH TO THE EVENING!

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN THIS CLUB USED TO BE SOPHISTICATED?

NO, I WASN'T HERE THAT NIGHT!

THAT'S FUNNY! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT I TASTED ALCOHOL IN THIS DRINK!

HEY! HOW COME HE GOT SEAFOOD AND I ONLY GOT CHICKEN?

YOU KNOW, THIS CLUB SURE CHANGES HANDS A LOT!

NOT NEARLY AS OFTEN AS THE PEOPLE WHO COME HERE

I THINK SHE'LL WANT A DISCOUNT FOR THAT, DICK.

ER- SHIT! WHAT HAPPENED?

STRUTH! THAT DISINFECTANT SMELLS WORSE THAN THE CHUCK!

DISINFECTANT! THIS IS OUR BEST HOUSE WINE!

GLAMOR COCKTAIL AFTER COCKTAIL, DEBBIE'S ACCOUNT GREW LONGER....

DICK, I THINK MY FOOT'S GONE TO SLEEP!

NO, IT HASN'T.. THAT'S JUST ONE OF THE SIDE EFFECTS OF THE SUPPER!

TWO MORE BLUE LAGOONS AND A VODKA GIMLET MAKES $9.50. PLUS 10% FOR ME...

HOW ABOUT A DANCE, DEBBIE? I'VE GOT SOME GUT-RATE BOSSA NOVAS ON THE LIST TONIGHT!

RUMBA $5.00
TWIST $5.00
STOMP $2.50
WATUSI $6
JIVE $4.50
SAMBA $3.00
DISCO - FREE

WOW, DEBBIE SURE CAN MOVE!

YEAH. I'D HATE TO BE THE ONE WHO HAD TO TELL HER THAT THE MUSIC STOPPED FIVE MINUTES AGO!

IT WAS ONLY AS THE ALCOHOLIC THRESHOLD OF THE EVENING WAS REACHED THAT THE BOYS REALISED... SOMETHING WAS WRONG!!!

HIS HAIR'S A LITTLE GREASY... BUT IT'LL BE OKAY WHEN IT'S WASHED...

YEAH, BUT WHO CAN WAIT THAT LONG?

THAT'S WHAT I HATE ABOUT THIS NEW, LO-ALCOHOL BEER. YOU STILL GET FAT... BUT YOU DON'T GET PISSED!

DEBBIE! COME BACK. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WITH US TONIGHT!

THERE'S A GUY OVER THERE EXPOSING HIMSELF... DON'T LOOK!

WHY NOT?

WE'RE GONNA PLAY HARD TO GET!

DATS-A WHAT I LIKE ABOUT DE AUSTRALIAN GELS... THEY HAVE NO SENSE OF COORDINATION!

YOUR-A RIGHT, MARIO, THEY DO SEEM TO HAVE TROUBLE KEEPING THEIR LEGS TOGETHER!

ULLO PUSSY CAT!

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE SITUATIONS WHEN I DIDN'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN!

OH! YOU MEAN YOU WEREN'T IN BED?

DICK 'N' DAVE WERE SOON TO LEARN THAT GIRLS FROM THE WESTERN SUBURBS HAVE A TIME-HONORED METHOD OF BURNING THEIR SOCIAL BRIDGES.

ER... DEBBIE... BEFORE YOU GET TOO INVOLVED WITH YOUR NEW FRIENDS, HOW ABOUT FIXING UP THIS ACCOUNT WITH 'DIAL-A-GROIN' THE ESCORT AGENCY YOU GOT IN TOUCH WITH THROUGH 'LURID LOOK'?

SORRY, BOYS! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE... I THOUGHT I ANSWERED AN AD TO JOIN THE... INTERCOURSE CLUB! THE ONE THAT SAID, NO FEES, NO DUES... JUST COME!

HEY MARIO! THERE'S SOME JERKS HERE ANNOYIN' ME... GET RID OF 'EM!

SHIT! DEBBIE WASN'T AS DUMB AS SHE LOOKED!

OKAY, YOU TWO GERMS!?!? HOW ABOUT MAKING YOUR FACES A BIT SCARCE AROUND HERE?

YEAH... SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'VE JUST BEEN HAD BY A GIRL WHO CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ECONOMIC FACKT & A COMMON PHALLACY!

DO SLEEKER LINES GO AGAINST THE VOLVO IMAGE?

Now you can no longer pigeon-hole a Volvo. As a functional car. Or a better-built car. Or a Dynamically Safe car.

To tempt you to think in a slightly different way consider the new 1981 Volvo 244 GLE.

It's our finest 240 Series car yet. For performance as well as appearance.

But unlike some cars, improved looks are the result of advanced engineering.

Note the new grilles, headlights, and body work. They contribute to a more aerodynamic shape.

Wrap-around indicator lights refine the car's appearance as they make it safer.

From side-on you're more visible to approaching vehicles. Blacking out the mouldings around the passenger compartment gives the car a lighter, slimmer look.

From the driver's seat visibility is excellent thanks to the big glass area and narrow pillars. Tucked tight to the body the bumper rides on new telescopic shocks.

Should you get a nudge you'll really appreciate their value.

While the new 244 GLE is sleeker in the showroom, it's also sleeker on the road.

In combination with improved braking and cornering capabilities, a more powerful engine gives you greater control at the wheel.

But the idea here isn't just to go faster, but safer.

You get speed when you need it most. For overtaking.

A car that performs better is one that can help you avoid accidents.

This is Volvo's unique concept of Dynamic Safety.

Even the interiors are engineered with this idea in mind.

You'll find the appointments luxurious. But definitely not "decorator pretty".

A newly designed instrument panel is meant to aid you.

Not dazzle you with frills.

The seats adjust infinitely to you. You won't have to infinitely adjust to them.

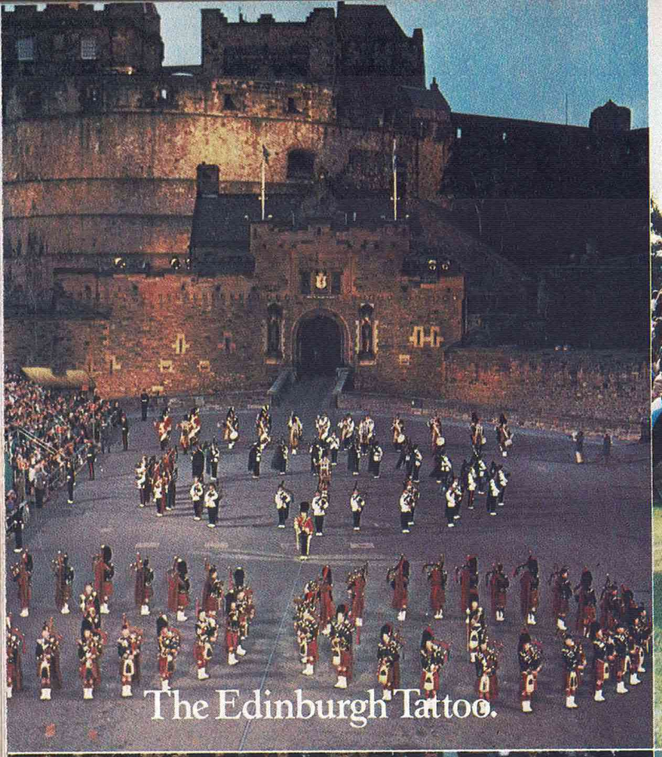
Spend a quiet moment behind the wheel of a new Volvo.

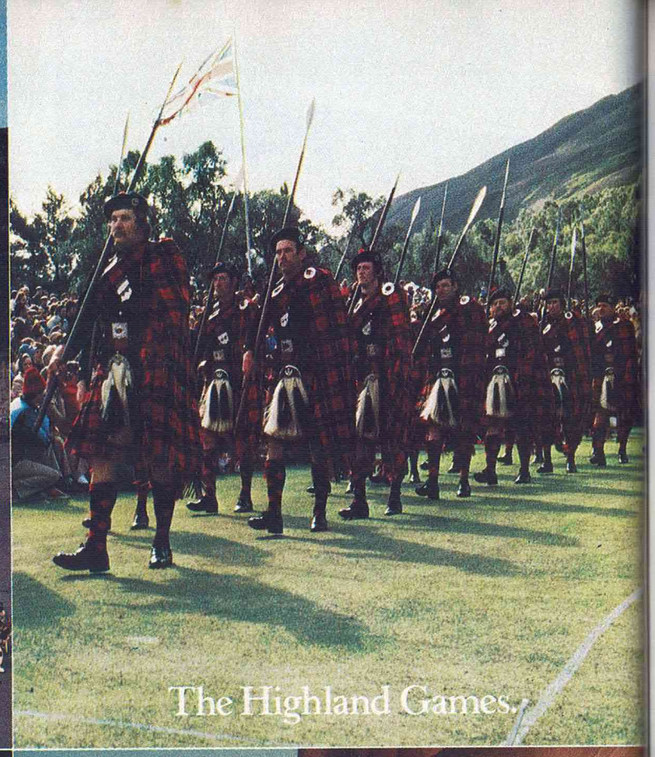
We wouldn't be surprised if you thought the interior was comparable to cars costing thousands more.

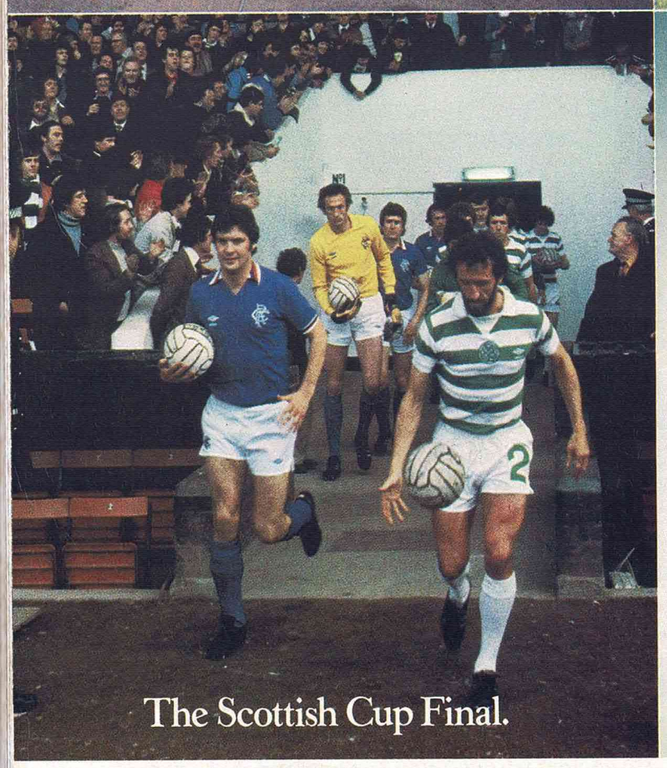
Take our car onto the road.

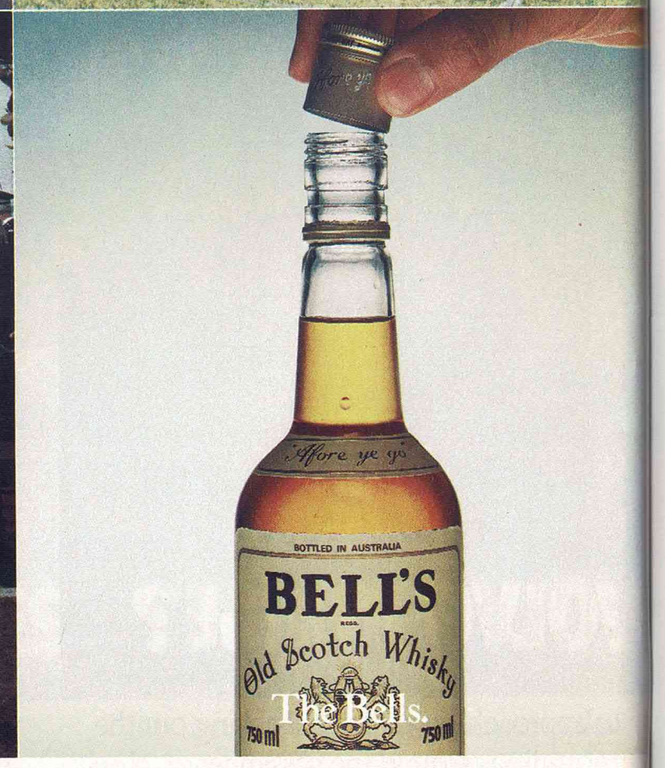
You'll discover the Volvo image hasn't changed. We've just polished it. **VOLVO** More performance, more everything else.

Dailey/V135









The most popular opening ceremonies in Scotland.

Bell's. The most famous Scotch in Scotland.

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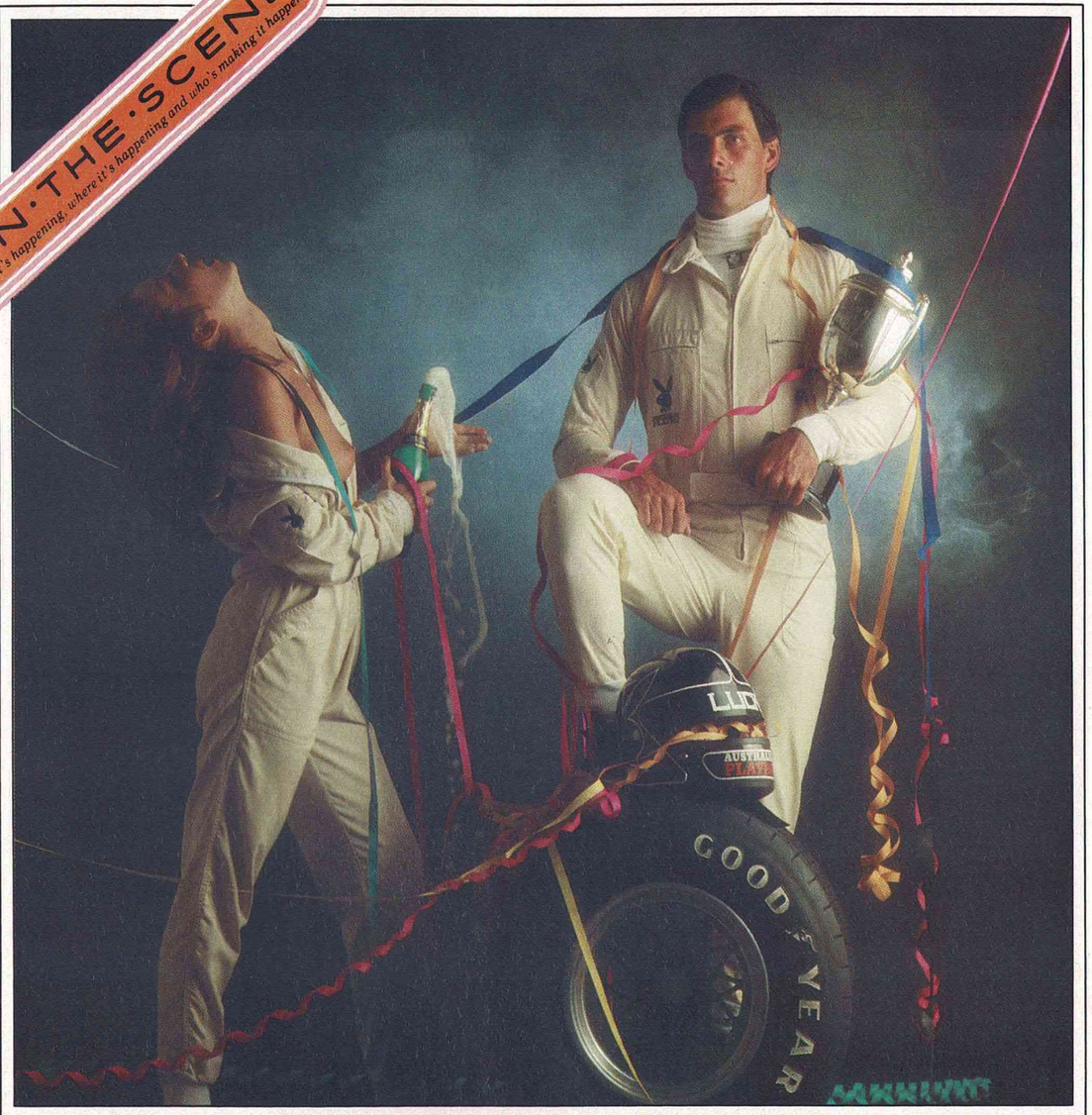
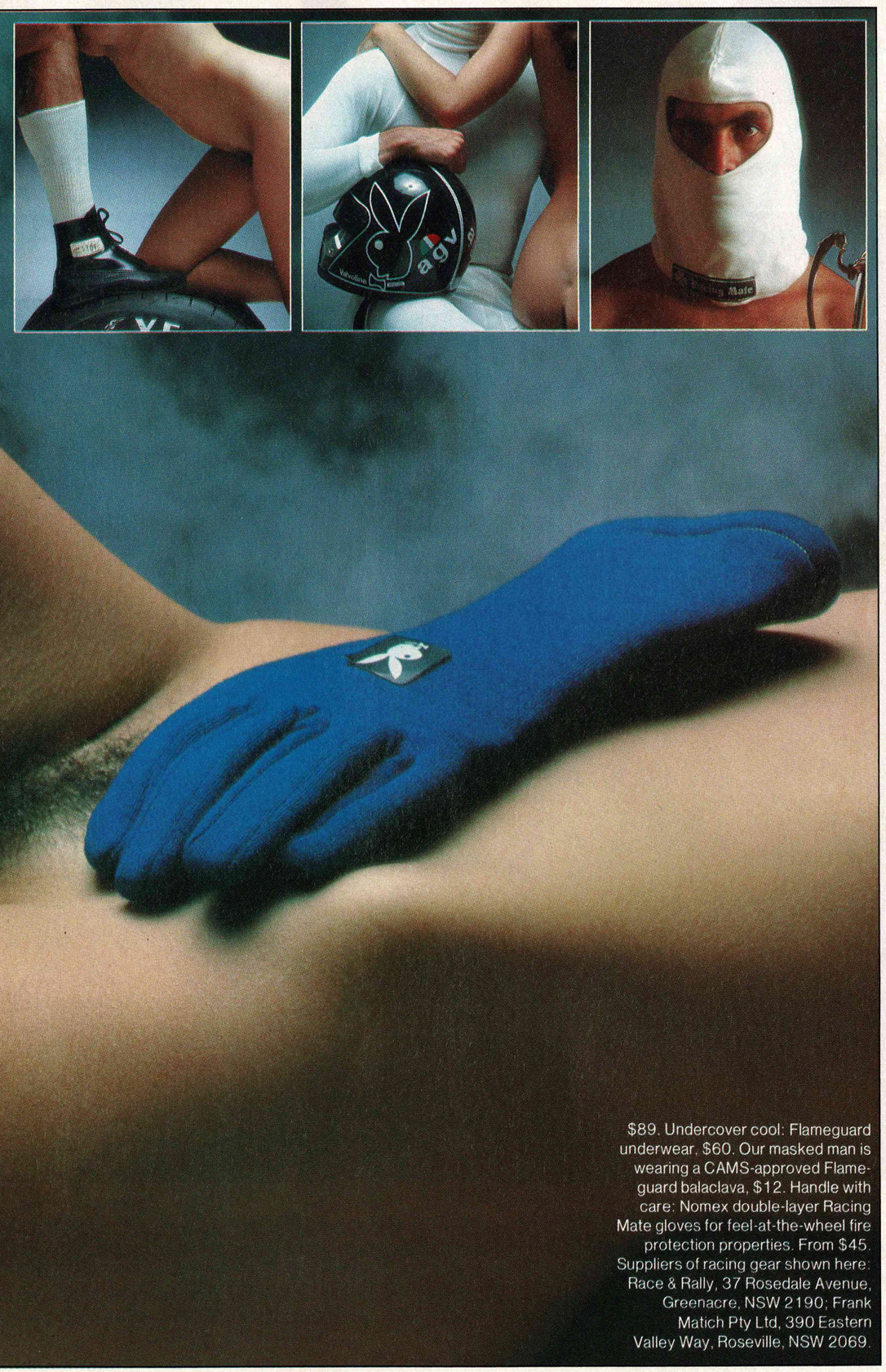


GEARED TO GO

MOTOR RACING is very dangerous. Even your entry ticket says that. But motor racing is also safer than ever before. Protective clothing and equipment has made it that way — along with roll-bars, battery isolators, fuel cells, automatic fire extinguishing systems and so on. Protective clothing is now compulsory. This is PLAYBOY's guide to gear to go, compiled with the help of Race and Rally, Frank Matich-AGV and the ARCD. When the flag drops, you can pull out all the stops. In safety.

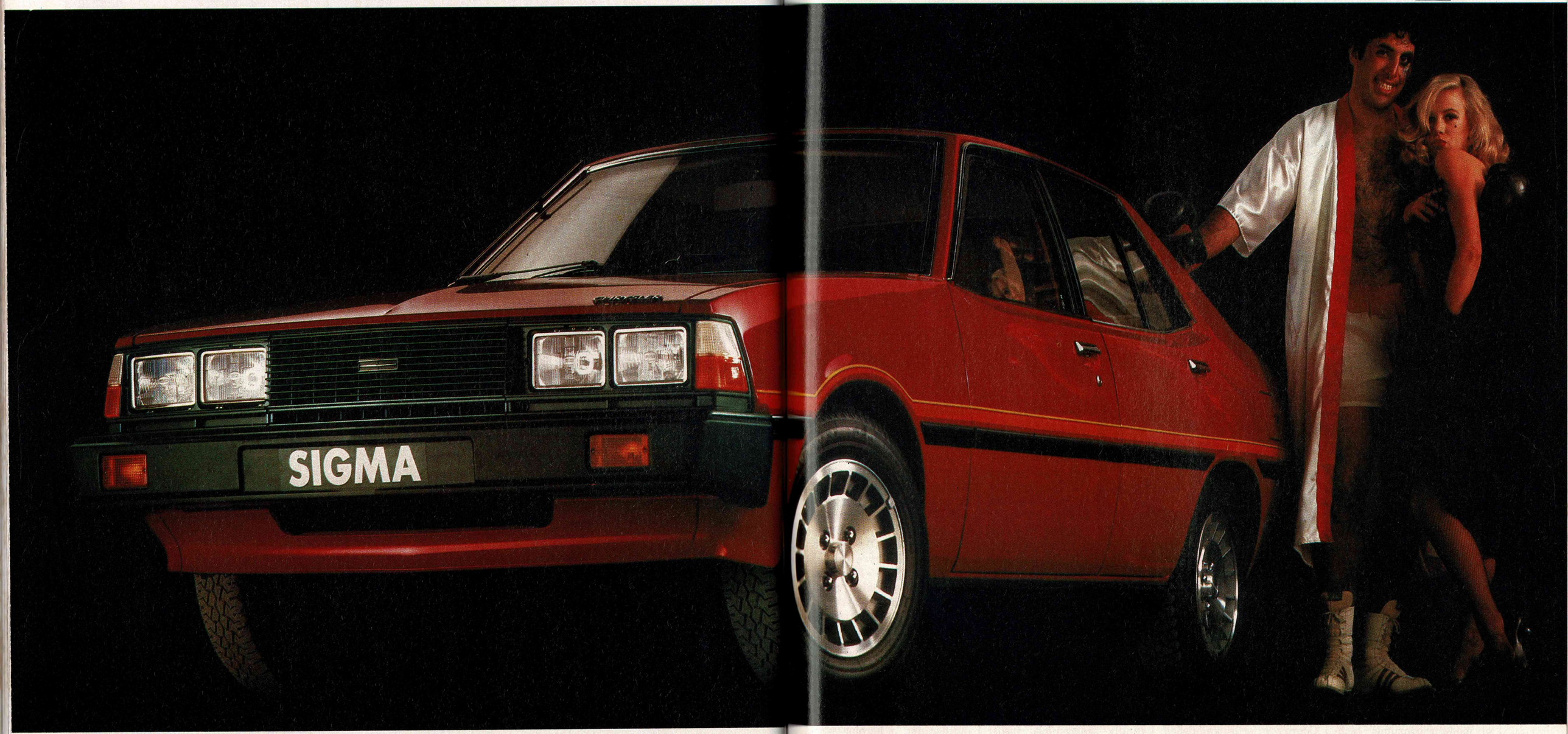
The toast of the track: his and hers fireproof racewear. Ultimate protection from the ultimate flame-resistant fabric, Nomex — lightweight, cool, and attractive. Full suits in one or two pieces for $150, made to measure $20 extra. Overpage: fast footwork. Nomex racing sox, $10, under Westover racing shoes in a range of styles, from $75 a pair. For the car: *the* racing boots by Goodyear (yes, Aussie World Champ Alan Jones wears them too). Keep your head with a AGV helmet. Shown is the top-line X3000/S, priced from

Photography by Luis Martin



$89. Undercover cool: Flameguard underwear, $60. Our masked man is wearing a CAMS-approved Flameguard balaclava, $12. Handle with care: Nomex double-layer Racing Mate gloves for feel-at-the-wheel fire protection properties. From $45. Suppliers of racing gear shown here: Race & Rally, 37 Rosedale Avenue, Greenacre, NSW 2190; Frank Matich Pty Ltd, 390 Eastern Valley Way, Roseville, NSW 2069.

Punch and Beauty.



Mitsubishi Motors Australia Ltd.

It's a knockout.
The Sigma GLX Sportspack.
The spoilsport. The punch comes from the 2 litre power-packed Astron engine with a 4-speed manual, 5-speed manual or 3-speed automatic transmission. Or, there's the optional 2.6 litre engine, a classy contender with 5-speed manual or 3-speed automatic transmission.

Work the Sigma Sportspack into a corner. Feel the grip of wide steel belt radial ply tyres on styled or optional cast alloy wheels.

It's a beauty.
And beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Behold. Smoked glass covered instrumentation. With tacho and digital clock. Soft grip sports steering wheel. And body contoured, sports-stripe cloth seating. All the beauty of a butterfly with the sting of a bee.
Sigma GLX Sportspack.

THE SIGMA GLX SPORTSPACK SPOILS YOU. AGAIN.

SEE YOUR AUTHORISED MITSUBISHI DEALER.

MITSUBISHI MOTORS

Y&R AVG 525

MOVIES

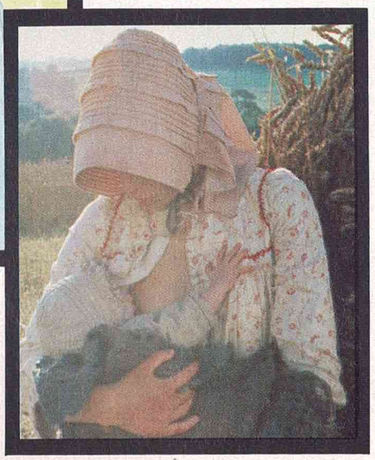
lily tomlin shrinks but doesn't, alas, manage to vanish along with this movie

SHOT ALMOST entirely in dreamy pastel shades that suggest a homemaker's magazine endorsing springtime, **The Incredible Shrinking Woman** is less a satire of science fiction than an effusive sendup of our consumer society. *That's* been done so often that it seems trite to cast Lily Tomlin as a pert suburban cipher who helps her husband (Charles Grodin) invent advertising slogans and tries to control the children — dreadful beasties raised on Toltoys and junk food, behaving like refugees from *The Exorcist.* When she starts to grow small, Tomlin is funny because Tomlin *is* funny, given half a chance. She does her best bits here by grabbing both halves of a dual role, sharing the screen as her housewifely self and as a prune-faced approximation of an Avon lady. Grodin has a few fine moments as the patented middle-brow male, who finally complains of his miniaturised *Frau* "She showers in the *sink* . . . I almost *sat* on her last night."

All the same, as written by Jane Wagner (Lily's accomplice in the dubious *Moment by Moment,* if memory serves) and directed by Joel Schumacher, *Shrinking Woman* tries too hard to satirise too much. There's even a spoof of *King Kong* when several big-business baddies kidnap the heroine, hoping to unlock the secret of shrinkage and conceal the fact that her odd condition has been caused by new improved detergents, instant foods, vaginal sprays and a few other miracles of modern consumer technology. The minuscule Lily winds up in a lab with a caged but perceptive gorilla, and by that time, *Shrinking Woman* has begun to seem a bit desperate. As the jokes wear thin, the plot thickens, and the sappy ending merely reminds us that the original *Shrinking Man,* back in 1957, was much better.

•

If there exists a better American movie actor to be seen anywhere than Robert Duvall in *Apocalypse Now,* it would most likely be Robert Duvall in **The Great Santini.** For the first time — and high time, too — Duvall has won top star billing to portray a US Marine Corps fighter pilot named Bull Meechum, nicknamed Great Santini, a role not far in spirit from his vivid show-stopping stint as Colonel Kilgore, the surf-obsessed war lover of *Apocalypse.* Meechum could easily be



Lily Tomlin (left and above) shrinks, but boringly; the boy Wesley Ivan Hurt (above right) is already tiny, but delights; and Nastassia Kinski (far right) is just the right size and simply stunning in new films, *The Incredible Shrinking Woman, Popeye, and Tess.*

Kilgore declawed during the early '60s when there were no towns to search and destroy or dogfights to win. It's peacetime, and flying ace Meechum must invent enemies for Santini, his idealised warrior self, who attacks every problem with heavy artillery. Writer and director Lewis John Carline's perceptive adaptation of the novel by Pat Conroy affords anguished, intimate glimpses into the private world of a professional soldier who rules his own home as if it were boot camp. He browbeats his wife, pushes his teenaged son so relentlessly — he will not permit his boy to be a loser — that at one point he disrupts a high school basketball game, raising more hell than General Patton in the thick of World War Two. Duvall gets strong support from Blythe Danner, shrewdly underplaying a wife whose gentleness is her strength; and he nearly meets his equal in the boy, young Michael O'Keefe, a scene stealer even against two such pros. Stan Shaw as Toomer, O'Keefe's black chum featured in a crucial subplot, is also fine. Admittedly, I'm a Duvall fan, yet this minor drama of toe-to-toe confrontation between a rigidly programmed father and a rebellious son who loves him but won't obey him could make it on just substance — even without Duvall's brand of stardust.

•

Roman Polanski's **Tess** is extremely beautiful but not a movie I'd recommend to people who say they slept through *Barry Lyndon.* Languid, lovely films based on literary classics are the still water of cinema, made in a contemplative mood, and this serene adaptation of Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* is hardly what audiences have learned to expect from Polanski. There is a touching dedication "to Sharon" (his wife, Sharon Tate, victim of the Manson gang) discreetly added to the opening credits of *Tess,* and that grace note sets the tone for everything that follows. Of course, there's violence as well as delicacy in *Tess* — rape and murder and a heroine who comes to a pretty bad end, albeit she's more sinned against than sinning. But Polanski spins out Hardy's tale of a poor country lass and her misadventures in a flow of pastoral images so breath-taking that nearly every frame of the picture looks like museum-quality art. The views of the English countryside (shot mostly in Normandy, as a matter of fact) serve as a fittingly eye-filling epilogue to the career of the late Geoffrey Unsworth, who shares the cinematography credit with Ghislain Cloquet.

The final test of *Tess* has to be Tess herself, however, and Polanski defied the odds when he gave the role to the German-born Nastassia Kinski, scarcely 17 as the filming began. Kinski turns out to have been a magnificent choice, a stunning screen presence who bears an almost uncanny resemblance to the young Ingrid Bergman back in the days when Ingrid was shyly but surely asserting her claim to superstardom. Nastassia's accent wavers from time to time, and she is probably too girlish and tentative for the plucky Tess conceived by Hardy. What she does lack in accomplishment, director Polanski covers brilliantly by using her passivity to trigger the plot — as if she were a lustrous pearl out of her element, sullied by the wicked, grasping old world. Among those who undo Tess in a splendid supporting cast, the nonpareil is Peter Firth as Angel Clare, who loves her, marries her, leaves her to fate after she confesses on their wedding night that she has borne another man's bastard child. Nearly three hours long, the movie takes its own sweet time — yet measures up as time well spent.

•

While I won't go along with the wags who have referred to producer Robert Evans' **Popeye** as *Evans' Gate* — in other words, a disaster comparable with *Heaven's Gate,* 1980's *primo* cinematic fiasco — a lot went wrong with the celluloid version of E. C. Segar's durable comic strip. *Popeye* is a letdown in many ways, including Robin Williams. Yet, director Robert Altman also scores points for what went right with the movie. First, there's the inspired casting of Shelley Duvall as Olive Oyl — an angular, offbeat actress in a role she was born to play. Marvelous. She can't sing or dance, and this is supposed to be a musical comedy but Shelley makes even gawkiness endearing. Then, there's a tyke by the name of Wesley Ivan Hurt as Swee'pea, stealing scene after scene with a squeak or a chortle and making you wish Altman (little Wesley happens to be his grandson) and Jules Feiffer (who wrote the screenplay) had worked this infant prodigy into the plot a bit sooner. If they could only stunt the kid's growth, he'd be bigger than Lassie as a lovable series star. The town of Sweethaven, created in Malta, also *looks* wonderful. Both the costumes and settings are top notch.

Which brings us to the debit side, a pretty long list. Robin Williams as Popeye and Paul Dooley as Wimpy the hamburger addict are nearly perfect replicas of the originals — unfortunately, merely dead ringers, like wind up dolls in a novelty shop. Duvall is luckier in that respect, as are both Ray Walston as Poopdeck Pappy, Popeye's long-lost father, and Paul L. Smith as the bearded, bullying Bluto. Although *Popeye* is technically a musical, its slew of new ditties supplied by Harry Nilsson are mostly undistinguished. They are also performed with no particular flair and have a distant pre-recorded sound that destroys any illusion of immediacy when the entire village of Sweethaven bursts into song.

Overall, *Popeye* is such a mish-mash of good, bad and indifferent that one begins to wonder whether transmuting cartoons into flesh-and-blood comedies is such a good idea in the first place. *Superman* may be the exception that proves the rule. Still, Olive and Swee'pea are reasons enough for people to go to see *Popeye.*

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

•

Thirteen years ago Frank Sinatra played a hard-bitten New York cop in a movie called *The Detective,* and the one shot that somehow sticks in my memory showed Sinatra removing his gun holster before making love. It was typical of the movie's vivid observation and its odd, affecting balance between the realities of police work and the repressed humanity of the characters. The same shot occurs, no doubt by chance, in **Fort Apache, the Bronx,** which also, again, (no doubt by chance) has the same setting, the same central character and much the same story. Well, almost.

This time Paul Newman is Murphy, the cop with a conscience, pitted against scores of pimps and pushers, muggers, junkies, maniacs, crooked colleagues and other sweepings from the slums of the world's richest city. Fort Apache is the nickname of Precinct 41 — the neighborhood's only refuge.

As entertainment the film is grimly and grippingly good. Rachel Ticotin is Newman's beautiful Puerto Rican girlfriend and Edward Asner is excellent as the hard-pressed police chief. A powerful and depressing film, with some brisk dialogue and superb camerawork by John Alcott.

— EVAN WILLIAMS

What to have with fish.

Barossa Valley
Kaiser Stuhl
Gold Medal Rosé

AB.279/80

SHOWBIZ

nail down the scones, flo, the pirates are coming, the pirates are coming

QUEENSLAND may well find itself the centre of much international hilarity by the end of the year, but not of the sort that confines itself to following the behavior of pumpkin scone bakers and peanut farmers. Those distinguished Brit' loonies Graham Chapman and Peter Cook have written a pirate movie and want to shoot the thing off the coast from Flo and Joh land. Mr Chapman has already spent some time lazing around tropical islands in a relaxed location test, and all could be underway by August. It doesn't do to reveal the actual plot (people have a nasty habit of pinching ideas and getting in first) but Mr Chapman did mutter in a distracted fashion about an aged, not terribly clever, pirate called Yellow Beard. The rest, I can assure you, is everything we've come to expect from Messrs Cook and Chapman.

•

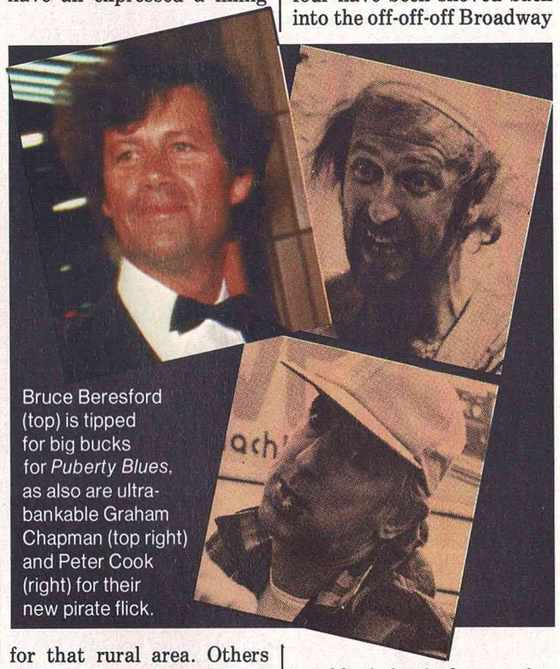
Speaking of the extremely weird Graham Chapman, every Monty Python freak is strongly advised to read his latest book, *A Liar's Autobiography: Volume VI*. Mr Chapman describes it thus: "It's bits of truth interspersed with bits of fantasy. No, that's not right. It's really fantasy with bits of truth. No, that's a lie as well. Come to think of it, it's all lies. Well, some of it anyhow. Yep, it's all truth with some lies, or alternatively it's lies based on truth. No it's not. Aw shit, I don't know." After having elicited that comment from the author I went away and read the thing myself, and found it obviously true, very funny and at times bizarre confusion. If nothing else, it's also a fascinating look at what it took to make Mr Chapman and his Monty Python mates the stars they are today.

•

Real estate notes: Judging by the strange people purchasing land near Picton, NSW, Australia really is the land of Oz to heaps of your leading international megastars. Mick Fleetwood is already a well-established land-holder in the district, and ever since his arrival, the local real estate agents report a positive flood of famous faces. Harry Nilsson, his close mate Graham Chapman (there's that name again) and George Harrison have all expressed a liking for that rural area. Others said to be more than a little interested in land are Bette Midler, Boz Scaggs and Willie Nelson. The reason is a firmly held belief among all concerned that Ronnie Reagan is about to blow the northern hemisphere into little bits, and Oz would seem to be the best place to be in such circumstances. One wonders how they'll go at the local dance.

•

One of the great tragedies about Mr Michael Willesee's chickening out of the comedy front-line in favor of the much easier, and now thoroughly passé hard-hit approach is the lack of regular work for people who will be responsible for Australian TV humor during the '80s. Geoff Kelso and Lance Curtis are filling in time trying to get a new satire show on the road, and there is the prospect of a couple of pictures, but the prospect is slight. Doug Mulray and Ken Stirling are still making a quid out of Willesee with the appalling and completely unamusing character, Bob Gladfinger, but basically all four have been shoved back into the off-off-off Broadway world of the Sydney underground theatre.



Bruce Beresford (top) is tipped for big bucks for *Puberty Blues*, as also are ultra-bankable Graham Chapman (top right) and Peter Cook (right) for their new pirate flick.

•

All is not lost, however. All the Channel 7 heavies have to do is follow the never to be repeated Andrew Saw masterplan to make a successful weekly comedy show. To begin with, Mr Willesee should get his head off the tube and do a David Frost. In other words, make use of his producing ability to set up a series. The next step is to use the option the Channel 7 has on Mike Carlton, the former *Current Affair* TV star, who is now languishing quite cheerfully in morning radio. He's having a good time sending the ladies into hysterics with his skits (all his own voices and production) and Mike's material really is very funny, but on the lobotomy box is where he should be. He's got the charm, comic ability and brains to head a little burster of a satire series and, of course, the experience to make the most of Kelso, Curtis, Mulray and Stirling. If Channel 7 doesn't use them, someone else (like Rupert Murdoch) certainly will jump in.

•

Movie notes: Despite the wall-to-wall films currently under local production, only two have been tipped for big bucks at the box office next Christmas. The first is Bruce Beresford's effort, *Puberty Blues*, and the second is *Heatwave*, Phil Noyce's first major production since *Newsfront*. *Puberty Blues* is based on the outrageous "surfie chick" saga by Sydney's Salami Sisters, Kathy Lette and Gabrielle Cary, and according to the people close to Beresford, it has produced some of his best direction yet. Judging by the rushes, the same is certainly true of Don McAlpine's cinematography. *Heatwave* represents another burst of social realism, this time on the theme of big city land redevelopment, and the nasty behavior which can result. When PLAYBOY went to press, Mr Noyce was still up to his armpits in a rapid shooting schedule, but the performances so far from the stars Judy Davis, Billy Hunter and Richard Moir are rumored to be more than excellent. Not surprisingly, both will play a major part in the Oz contribution to next year's Cannes Film Festival . . . assuming as we do that they can match what results from *Gallipoli* and *The Man From Snowy River*, both of which are going desperately for the blockbuster tag.

— ANDREW SAW

TRAVEL

temptations of the flesh pursue Abigail to Club Med's Tahitian paradise

CLUB MEDITERRANEE was given to the world by the French as a way of enjoying a soothing and civilised holiday. It's perfect, I thought, as I thumbed through the brochures. Even the eternal sex symbol needs a rest sometimes.

Tahiti was the chosen paradise, so I collected my manager, Mark, and we took off in the arms of UTA. Tahiti and Club Med were all that was promised; a coconut palm thatched hut to sleep in built on stilts bored into the sea bed, food that was rich in variety, and some excellent new friendships. We laughed, lounged, listened to stories, watched the vibrating hips of the *tamare* dancers, enjoyed the beautiful Tahitian faces. But a lady's public past often catches up with her, and mine did, in spades.

Bewildered after some confusion with a UTA stewardess over whether I wanted tea or coffee (I speak fluent French, can even swear like a Parisian tart, but fluency did not work this time), I ended up with neither and was wandering thirsty through the terminal when a thin-reeded female voice piped: "Miss Abigail."

I raised my arm in acknowledgement and a slender, beautiful Tahitian girl came running up, put a sweet-smelling lei round my neck and promptly vanished. "Oh well," I thought, "at least I *am* expected."

Little did I know. In the Tahitian romantic atmosphere, I met many captivating "friends" who had seen a certain Australian television show of the past. But as for falling foul of temptations of the flesh, I have never been overkeen on five minute knee-tremblers behind a bush, even if it is a magnificent poinsettia.

I embarked on no less than a dozen conversations with delectable strangers who all whispered something like "*voulez-vous couchez avec moi?*". When I replied "*non*" in hushed terms, the loud retort was: "It only takes five minutes and we can just go over there." Admittedly, people in holiday environments know that time is elusive, but five minutes? One lad even came up to me wanting to prove how quick it *could* be done. I was not impressed.

(A word to the wise: Abigail and Club Med are so respectable that *Number 96* characters couldn't cope.)

From Papeete, the next step was a light plane trip to a Club Med village: a one hour, 10 minute flight with breath-taking views of coral reefs to the island of Bora-Bora and our thatched palm huts. The sun was blazing, the natives friendly and the scenery magnificent. That night, I slept soundly above the sea lapping the hut.

Next morning, I was entertained by the charming GOs (gentle organisers) who work for the club. They are mainly bright, attractive, very friendly and eager to help or entertain you. The GMs (gentle members) were us, the fun-seeking public. The GOs and GMs have equal status. We played, ate, drank and sportified (indoor and outdoor) together. Or, if you just wanted to rot on the beach beneath the glorious Sun, you could.

On our first day we took a quick boat trip to an uninhabited island with the kind of long, sandy beach cynics say vanished years ago. But it was still there, unspoilt by man's encroachments. Perfect for rotting. In true Tahitian fashion we ate piles of food, drank as much as we wanted *(Sangria)* and then frolicked on the beach.

Mark frolicked right into the sea, only to emerge with a bleeding foot. Our *chef de village,* Monsieur Bellings, a big, brave Belgian who liked to bellow *bon appetit,* was temporarily nonplussed. So was I. But, thinking quickly, I rushed to the drinks to get a brandy to revive the dear boy. When I saw his wound up close, I drank it.

The Tahitians decided a little fellow who lived below the sand and disliked ever being disturbed was responsible. Monsieur Bellings now came into his own, and the minor wound was carefully tended. His injury didn't really spoil the rest of the day . . . we lounged, lazed, laughed on and returned to the *Sangria.*

In the evening, we piled into the boat for Bora-Bora. A few were carried aboard babbling about the beauty of tropical sunsets and girls whose tops would have had to be prised off them with can openers early in the day, now sailed back, breasts bared like ships' figureheads.

That night we dined amid burning wooden spikes, listening to the waves break upon the shore. Hostesses had ushered us to eight-seater tables, which was to serve the purpose of introducing you to three sets of strangers a day. But woe betide you if you are the only fly in the ointment among seven non-English speakers. The wise quickly learn to form a circle of friends who cling in a group always asking for a "table for eight".

A word on meals, they're delicious, but Club Med, I suspect, believes the GMs starve at home for there are three enormous servings a day. Wine and fruit juices are unlimited with meals. Drinks at the bar are paid for in beads purchased on a string as long as a necklace. If you drink too fast, necklaces all too quickly shorten to bracelets.

At night, the sounds of the tropical birds in the trees are one way of realising you're far removed from the chilly, vehicle-laden, smog-ridden city which is home. On our second night, we found that the birds did not become silent as soon as we decided it was time for sleep, but I have listened to worse cacophonies at Double Bay parties. Later, sitting on a warm verandah watching the myriad fish playing in the moonlit waters wasn't such a painful alternative.

After a few days, most of our friends departed for the larger island of Moorea. We planned to join them later, but first we stayed on to enjoy the seclusion: Bora-Bora is a beautiful, tiny island surrounded by coral reefs. The sand is white, the water clear blue and the vegetation lush. The club reaching out over the sea won my heart with its sheer beauty.

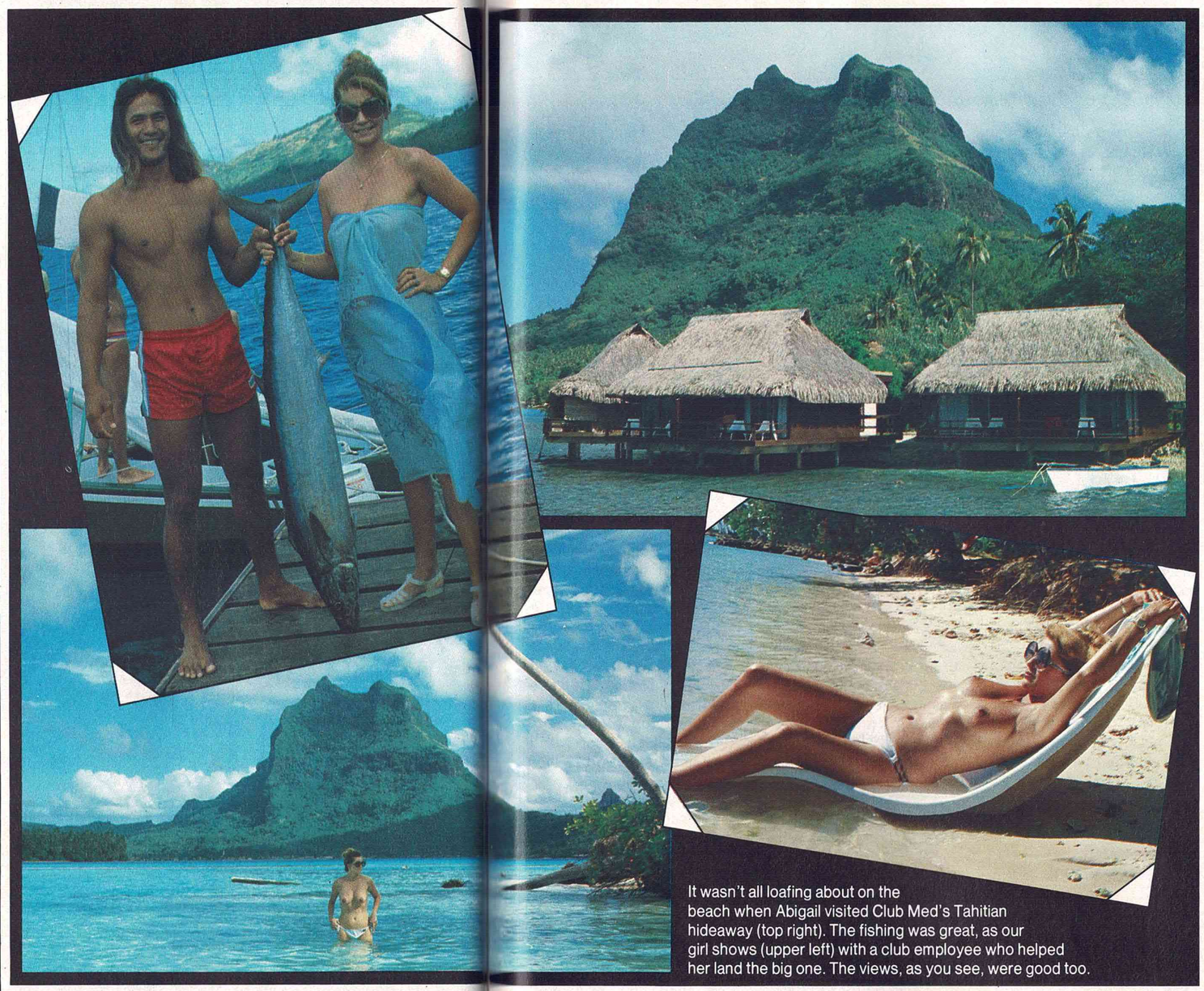
We reached Moorea, via Papeete, on the Americans' Independence Day, July 4, of last year. Tahitians love Americans, so the bands were out, the flags up, the processions marching and the party was *on.* In the Moorea club's dining area, a huge roasted pig, gagged with an apple, was the centrepiece. A gong sounded for lunch and I witnessed a sight only paralleled the following week (on Bastille Day) as a rush of people piled food on top of food on their already overflowing plates. It was the kind of feast Tahitians *should* have.

Do I miss it now that I'm back in the smog-ridden city? Of course, and comparing the costs with those of an unorganised vacation was a delightful surprise. But bear in mind that single room accommodation is not available and sharing a room with a total stranger isn't to everyone's taste.

Looking beyond these typed lines I remember a few special people: Arsene, the poet and legionnaire from Brittany whose *tamare* and clowning hid a complex personality; Big Betty, the manager of a McDonald's restaurant in the States who paraded around one night in pink paint and called me "meshugenah"; Sol for his twinkling eyes and innocent heart; Jean-Christophe for well-balanced lechery; Al, the well-educated Colombian whose eloquent conversations always turned toward grass stronger than what the cows eat; Marco for trying; Don for not trying; Myra and Wally for being the life and soul; and Jean-Pierre for the way he simply said goodbye to me.

— ABIGAIL

Note: The $404 charge for 10 days at Tahiti's Club Med does **not** include air fares, as gremlins made us say in April. Sorry.



It wasn't all loafing about on the beach when Abigail visited Club Med's Tahitian hideaway (top right). The fishing was great, as our girl shows (upper left) with a club employee who helped her land the big one. The views, as you see, were good too.

MUSIC

arc of a diver produces one dimensional splash for veteran british rocker

GRANTED THAT pedigree carries little relevance in this rock era, Steve Winwood knows that his second solo album, *Arc of a Diver* (Island) must stand on its own merits. Sixteen straight years of recording, touring and creating with rock legends of the marque of the Spencer Davis Group, Traffic, Blind Faith and the project ensemble, Go, have been dramatically reduced in importance with the passing of time. Winwood was in the vanguard of the first *and* second British Invasions of the US and his multi-instrument talent, his distinctive vocals and writing style have carried him and a host of great contemporaries of his through a range of styles from R & B to jazz.

Arc of a Diver is essentially a "songs" album, creatively bolder than the previous self-titled work but still not yielding the full fruit of Winwood's many talents. At any rate, as a recording exercise it is quite important because he recorded it himself on his own 16-track, played all instruments and provided all vocals. Winwood co-wrote all songs with Will Jennings, George Fleming and Viv Stanshall and, despite their separate contributions, the album conveys a one-paced effect which has hardly been the trademark of much of Steve's previous material. Night Train, with its rhythmic intro, is an exception, but, like everything else, suffers from a shortage of invention. The root of the problem, as Winwood admits, is that there were not enough minds let loose on the enterprise. That said, experience tells us that Winwood appreciates quality and his professionalism is a redeeming factor, so much so that he had vowed to involve more people next time.

•

Those who've been catching them live around the night traps, particularly in Sydney, have always said Matt Finish were capable of punching out a good studio album. *Short Note* (Giant) is the product, and it proves that Matt Finish aren't destined to hang their coats on the hook of "this month's fad". Sure, Mancini Shuffle could have been written by Police instead of by guitarist/vocalist Matt Moffit, but the rest of the album shapes as a nice test case to decide whether a local band pushing imaginative, non-gimmicky R & R can make it on their merits.

The title cut highlights Moffitt's class as a lyricist and his detached, patient vocals fit the words like a clenched fist in a rubber glove. Save for a brief piano stint by Cold Chisel's Don Walker on Younger Days, *Short Note* is Matt Finish's baby. It was produced by Peter Dawkins and recorded at Sydney-based Paradise Studios. With a bit of radio backing it should sell more than a few copies beyond the ranks of the band's already considerable live following.

•

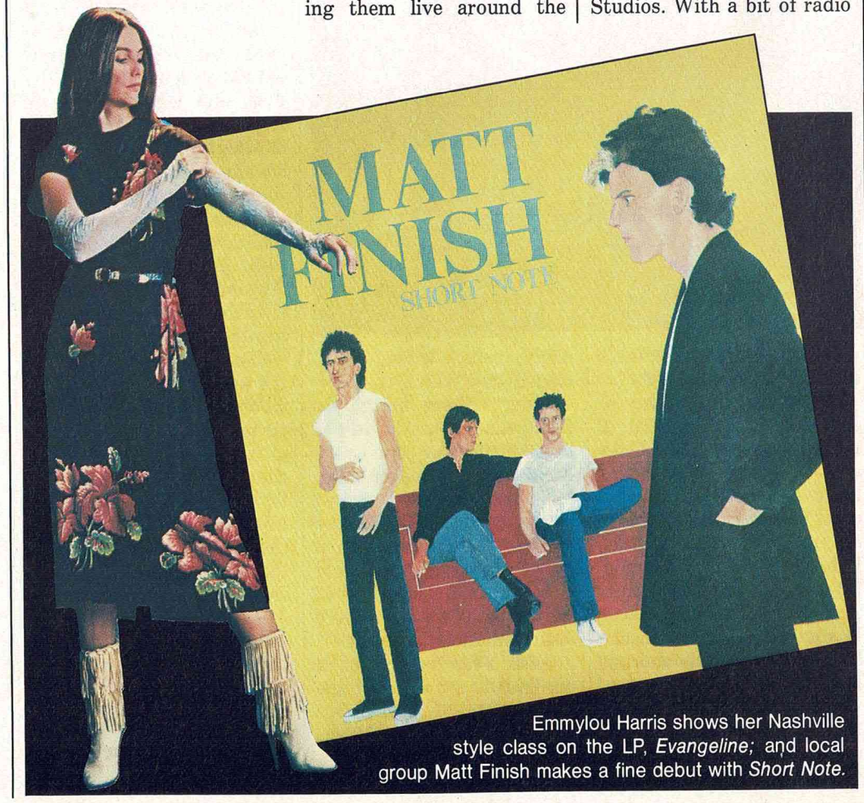
No, Cyndi Lauper is not a Debbie Harry sound-alike and yes, sometimes her vocals do get mixed up between '50s revivalism and the '60s surf sound. But it doesn't stop *Blue Angel's* self-titled album (Polydor) qualifying as an interesting if not exactly invigorating listen. The New York five piece features songs written by Ms Lauper and saxophonist John Turi. And although as often as not wearing paper thin in the musical backing area, the band can't disguise the fact that Cyndi would have been something of a vocal success in any era. Her sly slide into *Anna Blue* has all the guile of the Stones' *Heart of Stone* and, with Turi's sex solo and the lady's energetic live performance, would really be something in concert. Arthur Neilson is not a brilliant guitarist but his feel for form fits in well.

Blue Angel pay too close a heed to their influences to be compared with the B-52s. Any musical shortcomings on this set underline just how hard they'll have to struggle to make it as an albums band. But the rock verve of cuts such as Late and their remake of the old Mann-Weil hit I'm Gonna Be Strong promise plenty.

— NEIL JAMESON

•

A *good* story never dies. It picks up new textures with each re-telling until time distances it comfortably between the fact and the myth. The various components of 20th century communications — film, record, radio and television — have made the American West a mother-lode for the manufacturing of myth from harsh reality. With *The Legend of Jesse James* (A & M Records), a concept album from Paul Kennerley,



Emmylou Harris shows her Nashville style class on the LP, *Evangeline;* and local group Matt Finish makes a fine debut with *Short Note.*

The Lengend and the Legacy will delight the admirers of the great Ernest Tubb. New group Blue Angel (below) show lots of verve.

there is yet another notch added to the James and Younger brothers' mystique of post-Civil War guerilla warfare against the all conquering North. The pendulum, though, swings closer to reality than myth.

Two years ago, Kennerley and producer, Glyn Johns (Ol' Slowhand Eric Clapton's man at the panel) combined on *White Mansions,* a concept album in which they spun an epic, yet personal tale from the Civil War, gathering Waylon Jennings, Jesse Colter and John Dillon, Steve Cash (The Ozark Mountain Daredevils) and Eric Clapton, to depict the various factions of the great American tragedy. Much hailed by music scribes, to the shame of radio (a pox on them!) and the record buyer, the album sunk somewhere between Donna Summer and the Bee Gees . . . it just wasn't *disco!*

Not thwarted, Kennerley and Johns returned to their history books to fashion a tasteful piece of western lore around the James boys.

This is Kennerley's album and Johns respects the story he has to tell, as do the performers who allow themselves to remain subservient toward the post-Band, post-Eagles country backing; Helm on drums and harmonica, Daniels, fiddle, slide guitar, Kennerley himself on acoustic and electric guitar, Bernie Leadon, banjo . . . a fusion of Nashville and Los Angeles (where it was recorded) colorings. With Donna Summer giving herself over to "new wave" non-vocalising, the Bee Gees to the point of self-parody with even more meaningless songs in even higher voices, perhaps the 'umble record buyer will do better by Kennerley and Johns this time out. They deserve it — risk taking in today's music is practically non-existent. It deserves some reward.

•

Albert Lee, hot British session guitarist out of the '60s, joins with Emmylou Harris on her latest LP, *Evangeline* (Reprise) . . . and if a person is known by the company she keeps, the lady reeks of *class.* Los Angeles-based, but Nashville influenced (George Jones being the strongest from that town), Emmylou has shared the microphone on past albums with Willie Nelson, Cash, Phil Everly (their voices recreating the Everly Brothers sound to the point of *tears*), but this time around, the lady pouts the topper on her duets. Waylon Jennings comes in for a turn of Spanish Johnny, Linda Ronstadt and Dolly Parton on the title track . . . and a killer revival of the Fifties hit, Mr. Sandman. With Emmylou, each takes turn at lead vocal on a verse and chorus with the other two handling harmony. For a number of years now the three have been threatening to put down a vocal trio album. Until it surfaces, the two tracks here will have to suffice. Dammit!

•

At 67 years of age, Mr Ernest Tubb is an institution. A founding member of Nashville's country community, a Grand Ol' Opry regular since the early '40s and first country act to work New York's Carnegie Hall, his influences over two generations of Country music is unquestionable. Celebrating *The Legend And The Legacy* (Tee Vee) is a double album set of that title not released in Australia, but worthy of country *aficionados* attention.

Produced by steel guitar El Supremo, Pete Drake, specifically as a TV marketing exercise, the album features Tubb dueting with . . . wait for it — Willie Nelson, Johnny Cash, Charlie Rich, George Jones, Loretta Lynn, Charlie Daniels, Marty Robbins, Johnny Paycheck, Merle Haggard and Conway Twitty. Quite a list!

Drake is quoted on the sleeve: "Thank God for giving us Ernest Tubb, who had the foresight to make Country Music what it is today for all of us." The Ben Hur cast underlines the debt. Staying true to Tubb's sound (which may jar in its down-home sparseness to the ear brought up on '60s and '70s country), the *creme de la creme* of country bows to the grand old man of honky tonk, conjuring days of pick up trucks, the Opry beaming through the static to battered radios in isolated farmhouse and communities, lone voices pining to the heart of working class America . . . to where Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis and their ilk dreamed.

Tubb is now irrevocably etched into American folk lore, and *The Legend And The Legacy* serves as a suitable salute to his achievement. Those wishing to share the salute should contact Tee Vee Records Inc., 1710 Grand Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee 37203, USA. — DENIS WHITBURN

•

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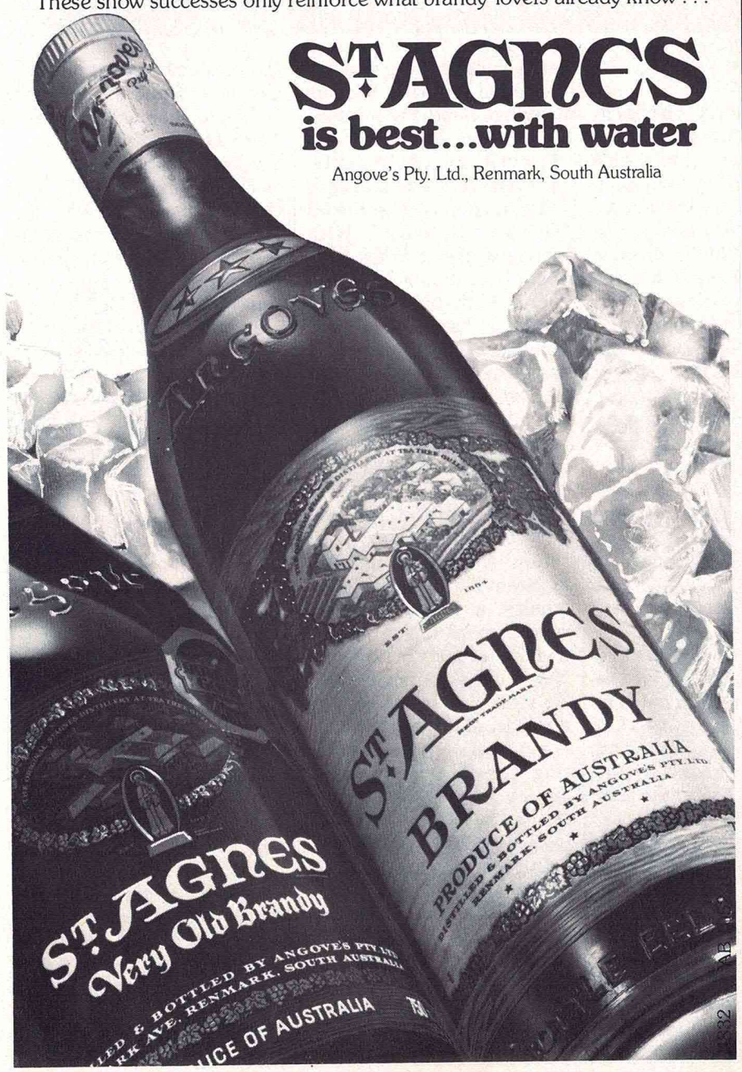

Jimmy Witherspoon, in Australia. The occasion was marked by a superb record for the Jazzis label that must surely constitute one of the finest collaborations between overseas and local talent yet put down.

The instrumental backing came from trumpeter Peter Gaudion's Blues Express and together they do Spoon really proud! Especially pianist Bob Sodergreen who is in top form.

The tunes are all those long associated with this unique jazzman — ones he has recorded in the past with the likes of Ben Webster, Gerry Muligan, Buck Clayton, Kenny Burrell and Jay McShann. Kansas City, Goin' To Chicago, Roll 'Em Pete, Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out, Trouble In Mind.

I am sure this release will be acclaimed far beyond Australian shores — rightly so. It is top class.

•

The world's top rated jazz group of today is Weather Report now some 10 years old. The only originals are keyboard star Joe Zawinul (who now prefers to drop his first name — reminds me of a former Goodman pianist who played jazz under the name of Mel Powell but when he turned his attention to classics he preferred Melvin Powell!) and reedman Wayne Shorter. These two are still the mainstays of this superb group.

While, unlike earlier releases, this album may contain no show-stoppers, it does have its moments.

Dream Clock has that customary ethereal quality that features Shorter on both tenor and soprano saxophones whilst the admirable Jaco Pastorius' bass and drummer Peter Erskine complement the mood in a moving performance in the best Weather Report manner.

Night Passage jumps! As does Fast City on which Shorter's tenor takes off. Perhaps the most intriguing track of the album is the re-working of the Duke Ellington opus Rockin' In Rhythm on which this talented quartet make like an entire big band that really works.

Fans of Weather Report will love this one! If you have not become acquainted with the group, try *Night Passage* (CBS).

•

Guitarist Eric Gale has a new one out on CBS — *Touch Of Silk*. Most of it is the usual fusion stuff. Superbly performed, but a trifle undistinguished apart from the leader's recognisable sound. Two tracks lift the album way up. They are both performed by the same group that included one of the greatest of jazz organists, Charles Earland, who is indeed a great and true individualist — KYM BONYTHON

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BOOKS

foods for thought, shock waves for art and sci fi for insomniacs

REMEMBER ABOUT 10 years ago the arrival of the *Sunday Review* — the joy at having something to read on Sunday after you finished the tabloids? Remember the trials and tribulations of that ill-fated journal, the *Nation Review,* the death of a newspaper? And, amid the journalists of said paper who vied for pedant of the year award, remember Sam Orr casting brick bats and old chop bones at the way we ate and reflecting with the vengeful humor and the sadness of a true romantic on the way we lived?

Now, you lovers of things nostalgic, we have *Roll On Brave New Bloody World* by Orr (Angus and Robertson), a compilation of the wittiest, the most meaningful, least libelling of whatever seemed to fill columns to form the heady days of the *Review.*

Richard Beckett, Orr's benevolent (or should that be malevolent?) keeper has forced Sam to organise his prolific output into a five-part work which comments on the Australian lifestyle, primarily the culinary side, during the past decade. And, because these pieces were all written immediately, not upon misty reflection after the indigestion passed, they provide a sharp reminder of the way it really was.

And despite the five-part format, this is a rambling work covering all manner of things. Sam opens his treatise with the state of Australian home cooking — and how it got that way. He rails against high-priced lollies and has a mean swipe or two at a few Melbourne restaurants before moving with a vengeance to Sydney.

On his travels, Sam takes us through a few of the food haunts of Sydney's homeless men to decidedly non-trendy pubs and all manner of places only he would dare to visit. And he has a none too subtle dig at us for our vicarious thrill seeking and basic complacency. He has a less than successful reunion with Luna Park and pays tribute to the competition wood chopper. And, when the bus trip from the city to his Lilyfield retreat finally proves too much and the uneasy peace at home reaches the breaking point, Sam moves to the country. Here he rediscovers fuel stoves, a few more home truths and lots of goodies at the tip. And that wombats just might like Chiko rolls.

In slightly more than 100 pages, this book manages to evoke a feel for the decade by recording what we ate and, just maybe, why we put up with it. From fish fingers to fresh pippies, Sam gave the lot a go. He probably compiled this work just to support his Quik-Eze habit. He lets us laugh at ourselves because he's always laughing at his own foibles. And, if he is ever wont to forget, Michael Leunig, whose cartoons graced the *Review* and who illustrated this book, will remind him.

— DIANE PARKS

•

Australian critic Robert Hughes' handsome latest book *The Shock Of The New* (BBC), based upon an eight-part television series of the same title which will be launched on ABC television on May 24, is a stunning addition to anyone's library.

Hughes, who has lived in New York for the past 10 years as the renowned art critic for *Time* magazine, is one of the most influential figures in today's art world.

It seems a long time since his days as a painter in the early 1960s, a period he seems anxious to forget. A pity, as he was not at all bad! At that time his breezy writings regularly graced such local publications as the now-defunct *Nation,* and were among the most exhilarating in Australia.

But he left that all behind when he took on the world in 1970. He has not looked back since. His spectacular series for our ABC on the history of local art is still regarded by many as setting a new high standard for Australian TV. No doubt this new project will be equally entertaining and, of course, will reach far greater audiences. Judging by the contents of this book, I am sure it will be first-class viewing and, as always with Hughes, destined to raise more than a few hackles.

The volume (just like the BBC series) is in eight parts. The Mechanical Paradise sets out the relationship between the art of Delaunay, Leger, Picasso and of Duchamp and the "nineteenth century notions of industrial perfectibility." The Face of Power deals with the impact of World War One and its role in Dada, Weimar Germany, post-revolutionary Russia, Picasso's Guernica and fascist art.

The Landscape Of Pleasure draws comparisons between the works of Seurat, Monet, Cézanne and Matisse and the two moderns Noland and Diebenkorn.

Trouble In Utopia deals with all architecture, from Corbusier to Buckminster Fuller and also that constructed curiosity, the city of Brasilia.

The Threshold Of Liberty deals with the fantastic art of Magritte, de Chirico, Dali, Miro, the primitives and finally, Pollock and Gorky.

The View From The Edge ranges from Van Gogh's emotional response to nature to Munch's despair and his loneliness.

Culture As Nature gives us Pop Art, a genre so much exploited by the media that brought art closer to the masses than perhaps ever before, even if not always favorably, while The Future That Was recognises the fact that modernism cannot last forever and poses the question as to where (if anywhere) it goes from here.

So much present day art writing seems to me to be an exercise in verbiage designed to deter with incomprehensible jargon that, surely, only the writers themselves can claim to ever understand, rather than to enlighten. Hughes was never thus! His lack of pretension coupled with his inspired turn of phrase invariably make enthralling reading. The written word mirrors the man's spoken enthusiasm that is a characteristic of his on-camera appearances.

Naturally, his writings convey some of his own prejudices but, overall, it is an infectious, lively summary of art during the past century that is always entertaining while still educative and enlightening, even if the reader is not an art buff — or was not until confronted with this treatise! His turn of phrase, so much a mark of his earlier work, is often little short of miraculous, as when he writes of the dachshund as . . . "that low-slung modern animal, the sports car of the dog world". Or when he claims that "Monet was to trees and sky what Renoir was to women's skin." "Thanks to Anthony Quinn, everyone knows something about Paul Gaugin" or Matisse "inventing the Mediterranean." "The gawdy animism of Miro expressed with a sharp, quizzical line that springs and chirrups like a grasshopper in Catalan dust." He describes Dali whose "bodily trademark, his moustache, was the only rival to Van Gogh's ear and to Picasso's testicles." About surrealism: (it) "left behind a testament of works of art, a perfume of revolt, but not a changed world at all."

Perhaps predictably, Australian art rates no mention, although among the often lesser exposed masterpieces reproduced here is one by Monet that confirms the homage of one of our greatest painters, Lloyd Rees, especially in his later works.

Writing of the notorious Jackson Pollock connection — "If one sets aside the Wagnerian gush which has been decanted on Blue Poles over the years and considers the painting instead, it will be seen more like an abstract Tiepolo, all airy blue space and incisive 'drawing' rather than a message from the Abstract Sublime."

Of the future, Hughes states that, by 1975, all the isms (had become) wasisms. "The avant-garde no longer needed to fight the Academy; it was the Academy. (Now) Art discovers its true social sense . . . by opening the passage from feeling to meaning . . . for those who want to try."

Fascinating, stimulating and illuminating reading!

— KYM BONYTHON

•

Once upon a time science fiction was pretty simple stuff. The goodies were poor yet still dedicated young scientists and the baddies were three-headed monsters or man-eating tomatoes. Then we got into time warps and black holes, and things got a bit more complicated. Now it's getting to the stage where you need a degree in physics to understand the chapter titles.

The latest local example of the There-is-but-one-true-God-and-John-Donne-is-his-prophet school of SF writing is Damien Broderick's *The Dreaming Dragons* (Norstrilia Press). Don't get me wrong. This is an interesting and extremely readable book as long as you don't spend too much time trying to work out exactly what some passages are all about. For that you would need to have gained a diploma from the Erich von Daniken Institute of Applied Mumbo-Jumbo.

The plot goes something like this: Alf Dean, a poor but dedicated Aboriginal anthropologist, and his autistic nephew, known as the Mouse, stumble into a time portal in the Tanami Desert which whisks them into a massive vault under Ayers Rock, 600 kilometres to the south. The vault houses a sphere which has anti-social tendencies toward anyone who gets too close. But Alf and Mouse are rescued from the vault and find themselves tangled up in a combined US and Russian operation to find out just what the hell is going on.

Without wishing to spoil the ending (beginning?), it can be revealed that the sphere is a souvenir left behind by a race of feathered reptiles who once ruled the world and provided the Aborigines with the Rainbow Serpent of the Dreamtime, which is what Alf was looking for in the first place.

Puzzling, confusing, demanding, *The Dreaming Dragons* will make you think, probably more than you want to if all you are interested in is a little light relief. Science fiction fanatics will all love it. But I found myself asking: where's Buck Rogers when you really need him? — GRAHAM GOODMAN

Four illustrations from *The Shock Of The New* by critic Robert Hughes. Clockwise from the top: Les Demoiselles d'Avignon, Picasso; Persistence of Memory, Dali; The Dance, Matisse; and Roxy, Cottingham. The book would make a stunning addition to an art lover's bookshelves.

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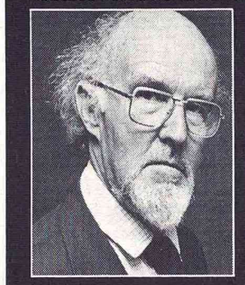
NEXT MONTH

AGELESS ASIA'S HONG KONG



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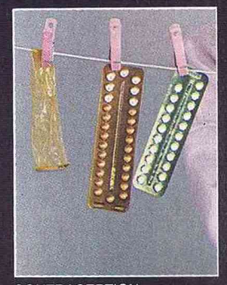

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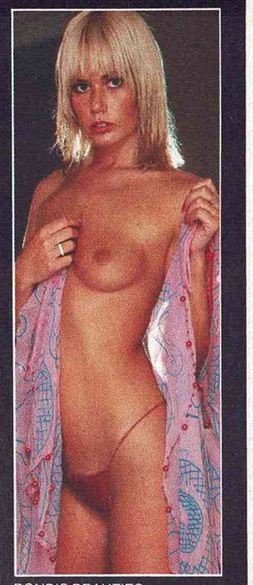

BOND'S BEAUTIES

JAMES BOND'S GIRLS — ZOWIE! THEY'RE TERRIFIC! AND, YES, BOND'S BACK IN *FOR YOUR EYES ONLY*. WE'VE GOT HIS WOMEN IN STARK, UM, SNEAK PREVIEW. THERE'S VANYA, VIVA, KIM AND LALLA AND MORE — ALL DELICIOUSLY, JOYOUSLY NAKED FOR THE MOST PART. FORGET ABOUT THE FILM, JUST LOOK AT THE PICTURES

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: — AUSTRALIA'S PHILOSOPHER AND HISTORIAN SPEAKS ABOUT THE COUNTRY HE SPENT A LIFETIME ANALYSING, INVESTIGATING, CONTEMPLATING. THE VISION OF MANNING CLARK COMES INTO PERSPECTIVE

BEYOND THE PILL: BIRTH CONTROL IN THE '80s — IN THE '50s, MEN WERE RESPONSIBLE (WITH A CONDOM IN THE WALLET); IN THE '60s, THE PILL AND IUDs MADE WOMEN THE GUARDIANS. NOW YOU CAN'T BE SURE — COUPLES MUST TALK ABOUT IT, EVEN NEGOTIATE. **DAVID BLACK** HAS A LOOK AT THE FUTURE OF BIRTH CONTROL, AND WHAT IT MEANS FOR RELATIONS BETWEEN THE SEXES

NUKES AND SCARE TACTICS — WE'VE ALL BEEN TOLD HOW AMERICA LAGS BEHIND THE RUSSIANS IN MILITARY STRENGTH, AND WE'VE ALL BECOME NERVOUS BELIEVERS. OKAY, BUT THERE'S ANOTHER SIDE TO THE STORY, ONE THAT NEVER GETS MUCH PLAY. WE'VE GOT IT FROM **ASA BABER**

A SINFUL (AND FATTENING) GUIDE TO ASIA — INVETERATE ASIAN TRAVELLER, **GEOFF PIKE,** TAKES PLAYBOY READERS ON A TOUR OF THE MOST INTERESTING AND EXCITING PARTS OF HONG KONG, MANILA AND SINGAPORE. AND ONE OF THE MOST TASTY PARTS OF THE ARTICLE IS A CULINARY TRIP THROUGH THE FAMOUS RESTAURANTS OF SOUTH-EAST ASIA — YOU'LL NEVER SETTLE FOR JUNK FOOD AGAIN

SEX AND THE FAMOUS — WHO WAS IT THAT FIRST SAID CONTRACEPTIVES SHOULD BE USED ON EVERY CONCEIVABLE OCCASION? WE'VE GOT THE MOST INTIMATE THOUGHTS OF THE MOST FAMOUS PEOPLE ON THE MOST INTIMATE OF ALL POSSIBLE SUBJECTS

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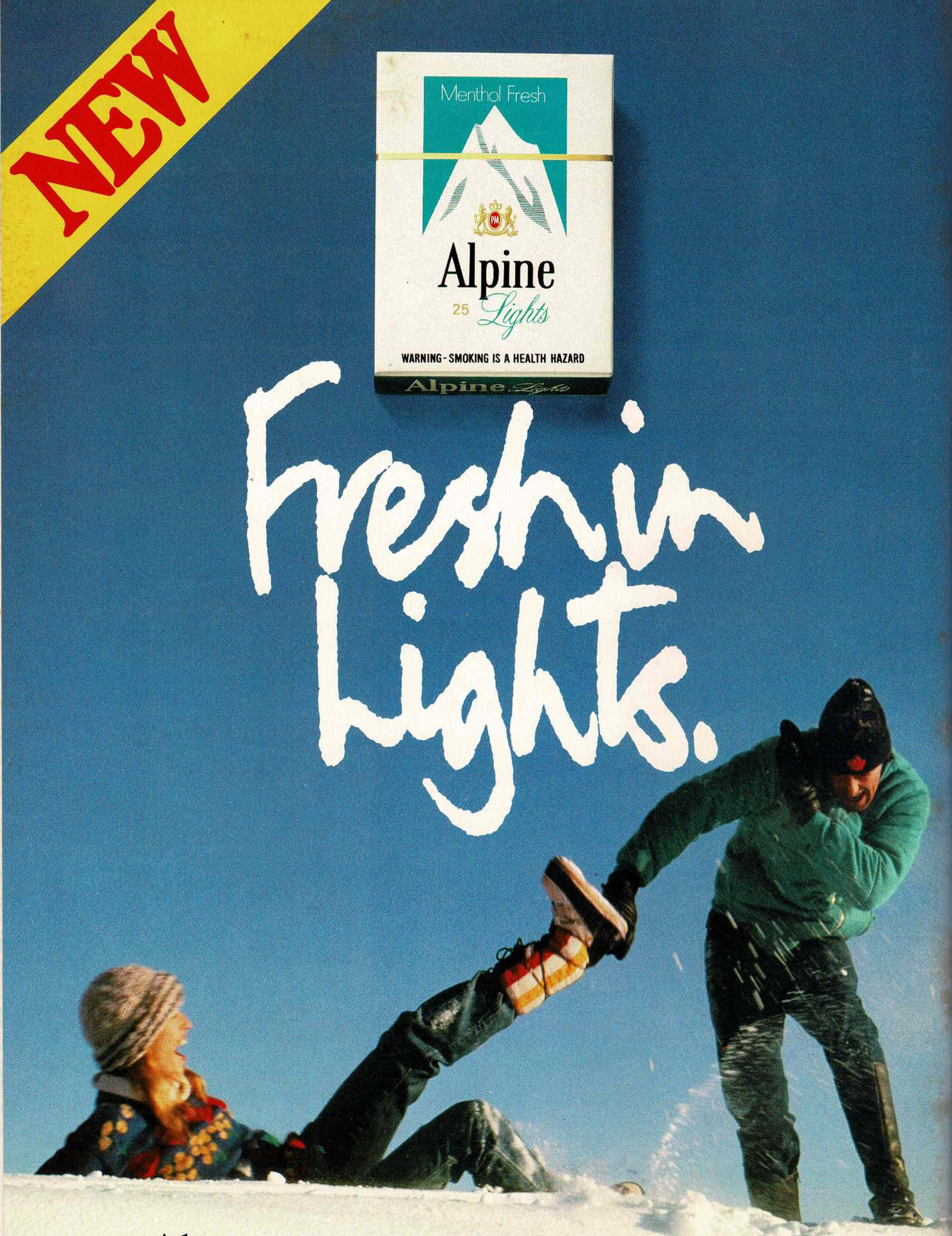

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